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ART. I.—*The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III. and IV. Longmans.

MONDAY, the 17th of December, 1855, was a great day in the annals of Paternoster-row. Twenty-five thousand copies of the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay were to be delivered to eager purchasers. The book had been bought to that extent before it appeared; so confident were booksellers of an unprecedented demand. Mudie, the enterprising librarian, had taken a house next to his premises to contain the five thousand five hundred volumes which fell to his share in the great literary scramble. The counters of retail booksellers, generally quiet, and seldom startled by the appearance of even one quite new work, this day groaned beneath a pile of purple volumes. As to the expectant public—although really far less agitated and eager than was anticipated—it manifested, in certain circles, a determination to enjoy the work, such as perhaps has not been felt since the Waverley novels appeared. To judge from a single instance: we happened to call on the greatest anatomist of our day, and found him already halfway through the first volume, promising himself to sit up all that night to finish it; neither the charms of the Ant-eater he was then engaged in dissecting, nor the attractions of fossil remains of the Musk ox, could draw him from Macaulay's page. And the book which the great philosopher sat up all night to read, was read with scarcely less avidity in boudoirs by very fine ladies, and by perfectly stupid gentlemen in clubs.

Not a century ago, that is in 1776, the first volume of the
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Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire met with a success which was as enormous, *toute proportion gardée*. 'I am at a loss,' said Gibbon in after years, 'how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day.' What was the number of copies in each edition? Unhappily he has not specified. The first was one thousand copies; five hundred having been originally agreed on, but "the number having been doubled by the prophetic taste" of the printer; what the second and third editions were we are left to guess; but we may be certain that they made a very small approach to Macaulay's twenty-five thousand, the readers of those days bearing but a small proportion to the readers of our day. The *Decline and Fall* (which, for the consolation of struggling authors, we may add was refused by one publisher) certainly had a success as great as the *History of England* at the time of its appearance; and we must leave to our grandchildren to compute whether eighty years hence Macaulay will have maintained an equal share of reputation. Time has in many respects only sanctioned Gibbon's fame; and the labours of successive scholars working in his track have only made his merit still more eminent. The conceptions of men respecting History have been modified, yet Gibbon still maintains his rank, while Hume and Robertson decline every year. Will Macaulay bear this test of time? To answer such a question we must examine his work with reference to certain indisputable principles. Instead therefore of reviewing it in the ordinary way, which would be altogether superfluous with a work already so well-known, we propose to consider it as a specimen of historical writing which commands the widest popularity, and shall endeavour to ascertain in what respect it fulfils, and in what it falls short of that standard of historical composition which the nineteenth century must apply. We hope to be misled into no unfairness in so doing. Our purpose is not that of applying an *ideal* standard which must necessarily dwarf all real performances. Nor do we intend to pursue the negative, and futile, method of applying an abstract and theoretic standard of our own which Macaulay could hardly be expected to come up to, for the simple reason that he could never have heard of it. We will try the honest, if less easy, plan of judging him by standards he himself acknowledges, by standards which the generality of his readers will accept.

History is a form of literature which has gone through many changes, and is still too far from anything like the definite settled condition which would admit of absolute dicta respecting it. Some regard it as a science, others as a ponderous mode of pamphleteering; some employ it for philosophical instruction, others for artistic representation; some to show how erudite they are, others to serve the party-questions of the day. Who is right? Are they all wrong? Time was when the present writer would have pronounced very decidedly on this matter; *fuit tempus!* and "years which bring" (not always) "the philosophic mind," have made him waver in those confident opinions, and feel that to set forth the full requirements and conditions of History, is not easier than to set forth the requirements and conditions of any other story. Indeed, if we consider it, History may justly subserve *any* purpose it is made to subserve. Why may not the pamphleteer employ it if he can? Why not the theologian, if he can? Why not the doctrinaire, if he can? Why not the antiquary, the scholar, the artist, if they can? History is the story of a nation's life. Like the story of a man's life it may be well told or ill-told, according to the talent and the temper of the narrator; we are not bound to read it, not bound to be amused by it; we may tell it better, if we will, and can; all that our criticism has to do in the matter is to pronounce whether it be good of its kind; whether its philosophy be sound, or shallow; its erudition honest, or sham; its temper truthful, or the reverse; and whether its "stability of dates and punctuality of citation" would please critics like Dr. Johnson. There is no absolute standard. No one can say: "This is History, and this only." He can only say: "This History has such and such qualities."

The only perfect History at present possible, or rather the only subjects which admit of treatment on rigidly defined principles, are Science and Philosophy; and a glance at what constitutes a History of Science may enable us to come to a distinct, if only approximative, conception of History in general. The history of a science would be that record of the successive stages of Speculation, Experiment, and Discovery through which the laws now forming the body of doctrine have been ascertained. It would include the failures and mistakes, the absurdities and guesses, of various thinkers; in a word, all the retarding causes, as well as the accelerating causes—the movement, the oscillation, and the final progress of each truth. Any art of presentation by which the writer could vividly set this story before us, would be legitimate means towards his end. He might be picturesque, anecdotal, discursive, reflective, polemical, anything but dull. His object being to make us follow the gradual development of

true ideas amid a mass of absurdities, we may allow him to choose the method he thinks most suitable to achieve his object, and not trouble him by reflections on the "dignity of History," and so forth.

If this is an accurate conception of what the history of a science should be, it may help us to form a conception of what the history of a nation should be. What a body of doctrine is to Science that is Civilization to the Nation: the solid deposit left us by the retiring waves of Time. The real purpose of the grave historian, when writing history for history's sake, and not for the sake of some collateral purpose, is, and must be, to trace the story of the nation's growth, to select from the mass of records those typical incidents, grave or trifling, which, when skilfully marshalled in order, shall present, as in a panorama, the successive stages of social and political development through which the nation passed in its progress towards those final results civilization had reached at the period when the historian ceases. He must set forth the hopes and the despairs, the wild schemes and sullen acquiescences, the terrible moments of enthusiasm and the still more terrible moments of lassitude, the heroisms and the infamies, which acted as accelerating and retarding causes of the movement, of the oscillating sweep, and the final advance in the direction of progress; *how* he must set them forth, criticism dare not prescribe; it can only judge whether he has done so effectively or ineffectively.

Here then, without having recourse to any abstract ideal standard, we seem to have reached a point of view from which criticism may regard Macaulay. The first question to be asked is—Has he told the story of the Nation's growth? Has he written History for History's sake, or made History subservient to purposes of momentary influence, or of personal display? The answer cannot be dubious. He has written History, and written it worthily. He has traced for us the various episodes through which moves the story of our English civilization, and he has done so with a fulness of detail and general impartiality such as no predecessor has equalled. What shortcomings, both in matter and manner, a severe scrutiny may detect, will be of quite minor importance beside the general excellence of his work. Let them be stated with all frankness; let him be corrected even to his commas; but do not let us in our critical pride forget the good service he has done. Critics are apt to be very intolerant, and, in their haste to give prominence to errors they detect, forget that the substantial excellence of a book is the test alone by which it can live, the test alone by which it ought fairly to be estimated. The crime of mistaking a date, and declaring A to be the second cousin of B, when 'every

well informed student knows' that he was only B's cousin by marriage, is, after all, a crime for which exile is scarcely the proper punishment. A minister may have pimples on his face, and yet serve his country efficiently. It would be better for him, and pleasanter for his associates, if his face were wholesome and radiant; but pimples will not hinder his work, and it is the work he does for which we are to be grateful.

Among the broad palpable excellences of Macaulay's History we reckon the emphatic lesson it presents implicitly in every chapter, and explicitly in many a sentence, of the slow but steady progress which England has made in moral, social, and political life. Better than pages of elegant declamation is the silent but irresistible force of historical demonstration. The growth is vividly depicted; the facts are irresistibly eloquent. Carlyle and Kingsley, the Puseyites, and the young gentlemen of a mediæval turn, who vapour about the degeneracy of our age, the decay of public spirit, and the greatness of our ancestors, may have served a good purpose, inasmuch as they opposed the senseless declamation of men equally one-sided, and always clamorous on the claims of 'our wondrous mother-age,' as if earnestness, honesty, and desire for progress had never been known before. But although useful as a corrective reaction, this idolatry of the past is essentially vicious in philosophy. It cannot withstand the confrontation of facts. In what were our ancestors superior to us? In health and physical strength? The simple fact of enormous decrease in the rate of mortality answers, No. If we live longer, it is because we live more wisely. In material prosperity, which results from a more complete subjugation of nature to our wants, no one pretends that we are not greatly superior: to deny material progress would be to deny the sun at noon. Does our inferiority lie in the moral life? And if so, where?

The declaimers whom we are now combating are forced to stake their arguments on the moral superiority of our ancestors, who, they affirm, were more earnest, more religious, more simple than we. What are all 'the steamships, and the railways, and the thoughts, which sway mankind?' What are our splendid cities, our palaces, our Birmingham and Sheffield produce, our Manchester goods, our cheap press, cheap clothes, and cheap conveyances; what our industrial triumphs, and our political freedom, but the poor prosperity of shopkeepers forgetful of their souls? Where is the martyr-spirit,—where is the heroism of our sturdy forefathers? Where is their deep religious earnestness, and their rude but homely virtues? We rot in wealth. Our prosperity is a fiction based upon a cheat. Our morality is commercial, obeying no law but that of the 'higgling

of the market.' Our food is poisoned ; our drugs are poisoned ; our literature is poisoned ; our religion is a mockery and pretence.

As long as declamation supplies the place of argument, he who is blessed with the stoutest lungs will generally prevail. But if any one of these assertions comes to be tested, its ludicrous want of basis will be at once disclosed. To examine them *seriatim* would lead us far beyond our limits ; we will content ourselves with a slight examination of only one, and for that purpose we will select the strongest and most generally accredited one, Religion. The devout earnestness of the Puritans and Covenanters, to which so many look back with a fondness which breeds a despair over our degeneracy, may be compared with the religious spirit of to-day. Every one must see that in this case we have chosen the point on which our antagonists are strongest. The Puritans were devout, showing the spirit of believers and martyrs, ready to sacrifice everything to the object they deemed sacred, and displaying the utmost alacrity in sacrificing everyone else. As no one gainsays the earnestness, sincerity, and heroism of the Puritans, we need occupy no space with circumstantial details. Let all that is claimed be granted to the full ; what does it prove ? A superficial glance at the England and Scotland of that period will detect one fact which our antagonists seem utterly to ignore, namely, that Puritans and Covenanters formed a small minority in a nation assuredly not blessed with heroic earnestness in religious matters. The sincere and devout formed an extremely small element in the indifferent mass. Even counting all who took up the garb of piety as belonging to the party, it was still a small one ; and if intellectual scepticism was then far less frequent than it is in the nineteenth century, moral scepticism and indifference, as the times of the Restoration show, were abundant enough. Now, that which was certainly the case in the seventeenth century, and before it, namely, the existence of a sincere minority amid an indifferent majority, is unmistakably the case in the nineteenth century ; but with this difference :—the minority, although perhaps relatively less numerous, is absolutely far more numerous ; it may be opposed by a greater mass of indifference and scepticism, but it consists of a far larger number of human souls, and its sincerity is not only as earnest as that of the Puritans, it is also more tempered by Christian spirit, more religious in all senses. To talk of heroism and martyrdom being extinct, in the presence of our missionaries wandering all over the globe ; to talk of earnestness being extinct, in presence of the deep and active influence of religious men and religious bodies, is the idlest disregard of palpable facts. Our sects, with their schisms, their bigotries, and their hypocrisies, may not seem so devout and so heroic to our

eyes, as the Puritans and Covenanters seem through the gloaming of the past. But if earnest belief is to be taken as the sign of a higher moral condition, it cannot be denied that such earnestness is far more frequent in our day than it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; if there is less superstition there is assuredly more religion.

As a question of fact, and limiting it to the simple case of *earnestness* in belief, we assert that the present age exhibits decided progress; precisely because men are more moral, are they more in earnest. The intellectual propositions to which they assent may be different, but the earnestness with which they assent to, and try to work out, the propositions, is more common. That the standard of moral conduct is everywhere raised, scarcely admits of dispute. The chiefs of our parties, the heads of our churches, although not by any means realizing the ideal we may form, would be utterly and for ever disgraced in every mind, if, in one weak moment, they consented to the basenesses which were of everyday occurrence in the reigns of Charles, James, and William. We talk, indeed, in lax railway talk, and in laxer leading articles, of ministers being in the 'pay of Russia,' and 'conniving with our enemies;' but who seriously *believes* this? And if any idiot believes it, what miserable shred of evidence has ever appeared to justify the belief? Imagine such events as the Bloody Circuit or the massacre of Glencoe in our day! They belong to the nightmares of romance; no man can fairly realize them to his mind as truths. William Penn is probably held to be a more illustrious example of the Society of Friends than John Bright; and William Penn was one of the purest men of his day; yet no antagonist, in the most acrid moments of hustings oratory, would for one instant be betrayed into hinting that Bright's conduct could be stained with the infamy of Penn's. Macaulay shall here be laid under contribution for one of his striking and characteristic summaries of parliamentary corruption:—

'The history of the rise, progress, and decline of parliamentary corruption in England still remains to be written. No subject has called forth a greater quantity of eloquent vituperation and stinging sarcasm. Three generations of serious and of sportive writers wept and laughed over the venality of the senate. That venality was denounced on the hustings, anathematized from the pulpit, and burlesqued on the stage; was attacked by Pope in brilliant verse, and by Bolingbroke in stately prose, by Swift with savage hatred, and by Gay with festive malice. The voices of Tories and Whigs, of Johnson and Akenside, of Smollett and Fielding, contributed to swell the cry. But none of those who railed or of those who jested took the trouble to verify the phenomena, or to trace them to the real causes.

‘ Sometimes the evil was imputed to the depravity of a particular minister: but, when he had been driven from power, and when those who had most loudly accused him governed in his stead, it was found that the change of men had produced no change of system. Sometimes the evil was imputed to the degeneracy of the national character. Luxury and cupidity, it was said, had produced in our country the same effect which they had produced of old in the Roman republic. The modern Englishman was to the Englishman of the sixteenth century what Verres and Curio were to Dentatus and Fabricius. Those who held this language were as ignorant and shallow as people generally are who extol the past at the expense of the present. A man of sense would have perceived that, if the English of the time of George the Second had really been more sordid and dishonest than their forefathers, the deterioration would not have shown itself in one place alone. The progress of judicial venality and of official venality would have kept pace with the progress of parliamentary venality. But nothing is more certain than that, while the legislature was becoming more and more venal, the courts of law and the public offices were becoming purer and purer. The representatives of the people were undoubtedly more mercenary in the days of Hardwicke and Pelham than in the days of the Tudors. But the Chancellors of the Tudors took plate and jewels from suitors without scruple or shame; and Hardwicke would have committed for contempt any suitor who had dared to bring him a present. The Treasurers of the Tudors raised princely fortunes by the sale of places, titles, and pardons; and Pelham would have ordered his servants to turn out of his house any man who had offered him money for a peerage or a commissionership of customs. It is evident, therefore, that the prevalence of corruption in the Parliament cannot be ascribed to a general depravation of morals. The taint was local: we must look for some local cause; and such a cause will without difficulty be found.

‘ Under our ancient sovereigns the House of Commons rarely interfered with the executive administration. The Speaker was charged not to let the members meddle with matters of State. If any gentleman was very troublesome he was cited before the Privy Council, interrogated, reprimanded, and sent to meditate on his undutiful conduct in the Tower. The Commons did their best to protect themselves by keeping their deliberations secret, by excluding strangers, by making it a crime to repeat out of doors what had passed within doors. But these precautions were of small avail. In so large an assembly there were always talebearers ready to carry the evil report of their brethren to the palace. To oppose the Court was therefore a service of serious danger. In those days, of course, there was little or no buying of votes. For an honest man was not to be bought; and it was much cheaper to intimidate or to coerce a knave than to buy him.

For a very different reason there has been no direct buying of votes within the memory of the present generation. The House of Commons is now supreme in the State, but is accountable to the nation. Even those members who are not chosen by large constituent bodies

are kept in awe by public opinion. Everything is printed: everything is discussed: every material word uttered in debate is read by a million of people on the morrow. Within a few hours after an important division, the lists of the majority and the minority are scanned and analysed in every town from Plymouth to Inverness. If a name be found where it ought not to be, the apostate is certain to be reminded in sharp language of the promises which he has broken and of the professions which he has belied. At present, therefore, the best way in which a government can secure the support of a majority of the representative body is by gaining the confidence of the nation.

‘But between the time when our Parliaments ceased to be controlled by royal prerogative and the time when they began to be constantly and effectually controlled by public opinion there was a long interval. After the Restoration, no government ventured to return to those methods by which, before the civil war, the freedom of deliberation had been restrained. A member could no longer be called to account for his harangues or his votes. He might obstruct the passing of bills of supply: he might arraign the whole foreign policy of the country; he might lay on the table articles of impeachment against all the chief ministers; and he ran not the smallest risk of being treated as Morrice had been treated by Elizabeth, or Eliot by Charles the First. The senator now stood in no awe of the Court. Nevertheless all the defences behind which the feeble Parliaments of the sixteenth century had entrenched themselves against the attacks of prerogative were not only still kept up, but were extended and strengthened. No politician seems to have been aware that these defences were no longer needed for their original purpose, and had begun to serve a purpose very different. The rules which had originally designed to secure faithful representatives against the displeasure of the sovereign, now operated to secure unfaithful representatives against the displeasure of the people, and proved much more effectual for the latter end than they had ever been for the former. It was natural, it was inevitable, that, in a legislative body emancipated from the restraints of the sixteenth century, and not yet subjected to the restraints of the nineteenth century, in a legislative body which feared neither the king nor the public, there should be corruption.

‘The plague spot began to be visible and palpable in the days of the Cabal. Clifford, the boldest and fiercest of the wicked Five, had the merit of discovering that a noisy patriot, whom it was no longer possible to send to prison, might be turned into a courtier by a goldsmith’s note. Clifford’s example was followed by his successors. It soon became a proverb that a Parliament resembled a pump. Often, the wits said, when a pump appears to be dry, if a very small quantity of water is poured in, a great quantity of water gushes out: and so, when a Parliament appears to be niggardly, ten thousand pounds judiciously given in bribes will often produce a million in supplies. The evil was not diminished, nay, it was aggravated, by that Revolution which freed our country from so many other evils. The House of Commons was now more powerful than ever as against the Crown,

and yet was not more strictly responsible than formerly to the nation. The Government had a new motive for buying the members; and the members had no new motive for refusing to sell themselves. William, indeed, had an aversion to bribery: he resolved to abstain from it; and, during the first year of his reign, he kept his resolution. Unhappily the events of that year did not encourage him to persevere in his good intentions. As soon as Caermarthen was placed at the head of the internal administration of the realm, a complete change took place. He was in truth no novice in the art of purchasing votes. He had, sixteen years before, succeeded Clifford at the Treasury, had inherited Clifford's tactics, had improved upon them, and had employed them to an extent which would have amazed the inventor. From the day on which Caermarthen was called a second time to the chief direction of affairs, parliamentary corruption continued to be practised, with scarcely any intermission, by a long succession of statesmen, till the close of the American war. Neither of the great English parties can justly charge the other with any peculiar guilt on this account. The Tories were the first who introduced the system and the last who clung to it: but it attained its greatest vigour in the time of Whig ascendancy. The extent to which parliamentary support was bartered for money cannot be with any precision ascertained. But it seems probable that the number of hirelings was greatly exaggerated by vulgar report, and was never large, though often sufficient to turn the scale on important divisions. An unprincipled minister eagerly accepted the services of these mercenaries. An honest minister reluctantly submitted, for the sake of the commonwealth, to what he considered as a shameful and odious extortion. But during many years every minister, whatever his personal character might be, consented, willingly or unwillingly, to manage the Parliament in the only way in which the Parliament could then be managed.'—pp. 541—546.

The truth is, the whole moral nature of man has been elevated. He is less and less of an animal, more and more of a human being. The triumph of civilization is seen in the gradual predominance of the *moral* over the *animal* tendencies, the sympathetic social instincts over the egoistic instincts; and this growth is intimately allied with industrial progress, enfranchisement from manual labour, and the extension of conquest over physical resources. It is an error to isolate our progress, industrial and social, from our moral progress, as if manufactures, steam-engines, and commerce could advance, without at the same time inducing a corresponding advance in intellectual and moral culture.

The progress which has been made in every department, industrial and moral, may be gathered from Macaulay's vivid narrative, of which, indeed, this may be called the ultimate aim. Such an aim was necessarily unthought of by ancient historians, for the conception of progress is modern. Even in the seventeenth cen-

ture History had no other purpose, when its purpose was philosophic, than that of presenting a moral or religious lesson, such as we see in Bossuet's grand panorama, the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, written to prove the axiom—*l'homme s'agit, Dieu le mène*. History when not thus used, was only thought of as a repertory wherein erudition could discover political analogies, or the ancient forms of contemporary speculations. Pascal had, it is true, given utterance to that new and noble thought which connected the life of individuals and nations with the continuous life of Humanity; but no historian attempted to demonstrate the connexion. In the eighteenth century it was even worse with History. The eyes of men were fixed on the future; and the past, when not spoken of with contempt, was seldom studied in any philosophic spirit. The past was ransacked for examples of the tyranny of rulers and the villany of priests, for the crimes of the great and the superstitions of the many. If Greece and Rome, as the classic nations, were still revered, they were ill understood, and only prized as centres of liberty, of literature, and of art. A few potent voices were raised in favour of a nobler conception. Vico and Herder, Lessing and Condorcet, in ever-memorable accents, spoke of Humanity as one continuous life, of which History was the story; but they were not historians. Voltaire, Gibbon, and Hume are the three types of the epoch, and the three most illustrious historians; to all three such a conception of History as the one we are alluding to would have seemed no better than an idle play of fancy. It is probable, indeed, that Macaulay would side with them on this point. He is not what is called a philosophic historian, nor is he specially a philosophic thinker. We remember no passage in all his writings which would lead us to suppose that he had ever considered History in this light, and we could cite passages which imply the contrary. Let us not therefore palm upon him an intention which he might reject. Let us only note that he unconsciously submits to the influence of his age, and helps the spread of a doctrine which he has never perhaps seriously considered.

Another excellence in his volumes is the lesson they teach of the importance to a nation, no less than to an individual, of adhering conscientiously to justice. As an axiom, this is of commonplace vulgarity. No one disputes the abstract truth of the proposition that It is wiser, as well as nobler, to forego seeming advantages when they can only be purchased by a violation of justice. Yet, in the conduct of both men and of masses, the axiom is incessantly disregarded. This history is full of striking examples both of the evils which follow the neglect, and the

advantages which follow the observance of the principle. And if England is greater than any other nation, her greatness can be shown to arise from the simple fact, that in the great crises of her history she has adhered more to justice, and obeyed more implicitly the established law, than any other nation. The respect with which Englishmen surround and sanctify Law lies in the best part of their character. It has often been a source of ludicrous folly and serious obstruction. It generates an adherence to the letter, which every on-looker can perceive to be a direct violation of the spirit; and thus injustice is perpetrated out of the very bigotry of justice. But the fault implies a virtue. The bigotry is belief run to seed. Better that notorious malefactors should escape through a rigid adherence to the letter of the law, than that the law itself should be made elastic to suit the interpretations of the moment. Tennyson has finely said of England that it is the land—

‘Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.’

We may laugh, or we may sneer, at the ludicrous formality which adheres so religiously to precedent, but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Freedom *does* broaden slowly down, and if slowly, with a certain constancy of progress not visible in other nations. Macaulay abounds in illustrations. We will quote only one, and that shall be a ludicrous instance. When Schomberg, about to set out for Ireland, expressed his gratitude to the House of Commons for the munificent reward given to his services, Macaulay observes :—

‘The precedent set on this interesting occasion was followed with the utmost minuteness, a hundred and twenty-five years later, on an occasion more interesting still. Exactly on the same spot on which, in July, 1689, Schomberg had acknowledged the liberality of the nation, a chair was set, in July, 1814, for a still more illustrious warrior, who came to return thanks for a still more splendid mark of public gratitude. Few things illustrate more strikingly the peculiar character of the English government and people than the circumstance that the House of Commons, a popular assembly, should, even in a moment of joyous enthusiasm, have adhered to ancient forms with the punctilious accuracy of a College of Heralds; that the sitting and rising, the covering and the uncovering, should have been regulated by exactly the same etiquette in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth; and that the same mace which had been held at the right hand of Schomberg should have been held in the same position at the right hand of Wellington.’—Vol. iii. p. 414.

Passing from generalities to particulars, we have now to inquire how Macaulay has accomplished the task which he has

undertaken. That he has accomplished it with a success such as no other historian of England ever approached, is the general verdict every impartial reader will pronounce. That he has a rare combination of faculties peculiarly suited to such a task, and has employed those faculties conscientiously, even loud detractors will admit. Whatever faults they may espy, and whatever emphasis they may give to their blame, they cannot point to any work which better fulfils their requirements, or which deserves to be preferred to it as a narrative of English History. Of course the reader does not expect to find the work free from faults, nor expect that the critics should pass faults over. Let every latitude be given to criticism, so that recognition be generously given to merits which the work displays.

Some seven years ago* we attempted in this journal to sketch the characteristics of Macaulay's mind, with such estimate of his excellences and defects as we had been able to arrive at. If we may venture to refer the reader to that article it will save us from many pages of repetition, for our opinions have not altered since that article was written; and the space at our disposal may be more fitly occupied with some illustrations of the manner in which Macaulay writes History.

That he has made History even more attractive than a three volume novel, is, in our eyes, no crime at all, but an eminent virtue. We have but a quite mediocore admiration for the 'dignity of History.' Life itself is careless of such dignity, and no story is called upon to be more magnificent than the life it depicts. The first object is to tell the story truly; the second is to tell it so that men shall read and remember it. Macaulay has told it as truly as he could, and as effectively. He has not spared pains, nor has he wanted talent. If he does not always represent characters and actions with that fidelity which commands assent, the fault lies in the deficiencies of his materials or the peculiarities of his intellect, never in any negligence of research, never in any disregard of truth. He does not lie, even for the Whigs. He often falsifies for the sake of effect, but this is a transparent falsification which can deceive no careful reader. Words have sometimes to him the force of things; an antithesis coerces his mind, and prevents its perceiving anything beyond the points juxtaposed. We may say of him what Johnson said of Shakspeare's fondness for conceits—'Antithesis was the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.' This antithesis is often a very powerful artifice of rhetoric: it clenches a sentence, and assists the memory in retaining an idea; but it becomes fatiguing, as

* *British Quarterly*, No. XVII.

every artifice does, when prodigally employed; and to the writer it is a snare. Just as the ruling desire to preserve the dignity of History caused his predecessors to eliminate from their narrative all those details to which no dignity could be lent, so does the ruling desire to cast History in the mould of antithesis cause Macaulay to pass over the inconvenient facts, which would disturb, and often destroy the symmetry of a sentence, and the startling effect of unforeseen juxtaposition. Among the very best and most characteristic specimens of Macaulay's use of this artifice is the following passage, which occurs after the description of the battle of Landen :—

‘Never, perhaps, was the change which the progress of civilization has produced in the art of war more strikingly illustrated than on that day. Ajax beating down the Trojan leader with a rock which two ordinary men could scarcely lift, Horatius defending the bridge against an army, Richard the Lionhearted spurring along the whole Saracen line without finding an enemy to stand his assault, Robert Bruce crushing with one blow the helmet and head of Sir Henry Bohun in sight of the whole array of England and Scotland, such are the heroes of a dark age. In such an age bodily vigour is the most indispensable qualifications of a warrior. At Landen, two poor sickly beings, who, in a rude state of society, would have been regarded as too puny to bear any part in combats, were the souls of two great armies. In some heathen countries they would have been exposed while infants. In Christendom they would, six hundred years earlier, have been sent to some quiet cloister. But their lot had fallen on a time when men had discovered that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind. It is probable that, among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers that were marshalled round Neerwinden under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.’—Vol. iv. pp. 409—410.

With what a glow he must have written the last sentence. The germ of the whole passage is an antithesis, and it bursts into a flower at the close.

Among the worst cases are those in which *character* is sacrificed to antithesis. Indeed, if we are to speak frankly on this point, we must declare that we cannot echo the general applause of Macaulay's powers of portrait-painting. His portraits, in our eyes, have, all of them, two fundamental faults—they are neither true as portraits of the individuals, nor true as portraits of human beings. We sometimes see hanging on the walls of the Academy ‘a portrait of a gentleman,’ which is the portrait of no living being, and yet has a certain superficial linear resemblance to the Mr. Smith who sat for it. There are portraits,

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such as Titian's 'Young Man with a Glove,' in the Louvre, which may be very unlike the men they represent (at any rate, we have no means of ascertaining the closeness of the resemblance), but which nevertheless speak irresistibly to all spectators as marvellous representations of human beings. The bad painter may succeed in fixing on his canvas with great accuracy Mr. Smith's Roman nose and faltering chin; he may copy the mole with some exactness, and indicate the cut of the whisker to perfection; but we all resolutely aver that the portrait is *not* that of a man, and consequently only a linear likeness of Mr. Smith. The fine painter may have been careless in hitting off such linear details, but we feel that he has represented the man. Macaulay, to our apprehensions, fails in both these merits. He paints by means of sentences and antitheses, which fall agreeably on the ear, but either call up no image to the mind, or call up one which is a caricature of human nature. Sometimes they are trivial in their vagueness, sometimes ludicrous in their exaggeration. We are constantly informed that a man's temper was bland, his manners engaging, his diction elegant, his private life vicious, and his principles lax; and not only are these phrases vague, but in nine cases out of ten they are wholly superfluous; since, whether the person's diction were elegant or clumsy, and his temper bland or vehement, the scenes in which he figures as an actor would in nowise have been varied. But vagueness is the least of Macaulay's sins in portrait-painting, and exaggeration is the greatest. He paints in black and white: he cares nothing for intermediate shades. He paints by antitheses, without any apparent recognition of the excessive complexity of character, and without any of the philosopher's or the poet's delight in unravelling and depicting these complexities. He is a rhetorician; and rhetoric delights in startling contrasts, clear definite points which carry the easy conviction of the audience, because they present no perplexities. Hence it is that we see him pounce upon an apparent contradiction with an eagerness which expresses itself in ingenious terms, and which serves to increase instead of to resolve the contradiction. This defect was noticed at some length in the article to which reference has already been made; and we must notice it again in speaking of the characters presented in this history. Our limits do not permit an examination of these portraits, which we leave to the leisure of the reader, contenting ourselves with the remark that James, William, and Marlborough—the three leading figures—by no means impress us with a sense of *vraisemblance*; we refer our readers for a further illustration to his description of Lord Wharton (Vol. iv. pp. 456—460); the passage is too long for extract.

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Honest Tom had assuredly his faults ; but even his own party would not have called him 'Honest Tom' had he been the man Macaulay paints. He had probably a religion of his own, which made him contemptuous towards the religion of his family. His devotion to a political party, which Macaulay represents as purely disinterested, suggests an integrity of character which renders perfectly ludicrous the antithesis that 'the falsest of mankind in all relations but one, he was the truest of Whigs.' Of this portrait of Lord Wharton we simply assert that, on the face of it, it is a caricature.

His remarks on character are often so trite as to excite surprise, and sometimes so superficial that only the haste of composition could excuse them. We will cite but two examples, for we wish rather to indicate than to dwell on the points which criticism will note in these volumes. Of Montague he says :—'It is a remarkable proof of his self-knowledge that, from the moment at which he began to distinguish himself in public life, he ceased to be a versifier.' If no proof more remarkable than that existed, Montague's reputation would scarcely have descended to our days. Had he persisted in writing bad verses, *invita Minerva*, after a great public career was opened to him ; had he neglected the work in which his power was recognised, for the scribbling which even friends could not warmly praise, we might perhaps have called *that* a proof of his wanting self-knowledge ; but his neglect of a feeble talent when opportunities incessantly claimed all his power, is the sort of self-knowledge exhibited every year by thousands of bad poets who become good citizens and efficient common-councilmen, who make fortunes or reputations in other regions, leaving Parnassus to all who covet the laurel with intenser desire.

The Duke of Devonshire, when the Lords were discussing the question of Fenwick's attainder, had voted against Fenwick, hoping that fear would induce Fenwick to make a frank confession ; but when that hope was at an end, the Duke refused to go further : the question being, whether a man should be put to death by an Act of Parliament, Devonshire said that he must answer, 'Not content.' Upon this Macaulay remarks : 'It is not easy to understand on what principle he can have thought himself justified in threatening to do what he did not think himself justified in doing.' As Macaulay finds something not easy to understand in this, we must presume there is a difficulty ; but to our minds the great difficulty is to conceive *what* he considers to be difficult in the matter.

The triteness of many remarks is less disagreeable, because less obtrusive, than the elaboration with which he delights

through several pages to demonstrate a truism. Whenever he says 'the reason of this is obvious,' and he says it frequently, be sure that you are about to undergo several paragraphs of illustration and argument, meant to *prove* the obvious. We have learned where to skip by this signal. As a single specimen of this kind of moralizing take the following :—

'The enthusiasm with which men of all classes had welcomed William to London at Christmas had greatly abated before the close of February. The new king had, at the very moment at which his fame and fortune reached the highest point, predicted the coming reaction. That reaction might, indeed, have been predicted by a less sagacious observer of human affairs. For it is to be chiefly ascribed to a law as certain as the laws which regulate the succession of the seasons and the course of the trade winds. It is the nature of man to overrate present evil, and to underrate present good; to long for what he has not, and to be dissatisfied with what he has. This propensity, as it appears in individuals, has often been noticed both by laughing and by weeping philosophers. It was a favourite theme of Horace and of Pascal, of Voltaire and of Johnson. To its influence on the fate of great communities may be ascribed most of the revolutions and counter-revolutions recorded in history. A hundred generations have elapsed since the first great national emancipation, of which an account has come down to us. We read in the most ancient of books that a people bowed to the dust under a cruel yoke, scourged to toil by hard taskmasters, not supplied with straw, yet compelled to furnish the daily tale of bricks, became sick of life, and raised such a cry of misery as pierced the heavens. The slaves were wonderfully set free: at the moment of their liberation they raised a song of gratitude and triumph: but, in a few hours, they began to regret their slavery, and to murmur against the leader who had decoyed them away from the savoury fare of the house of bondage to the dreary waste which still separated them from the land flowing with milk and honey. Since that time the history of every great deliverer has been the history of Moses retold. Down to the present hour rejoicings like those on the shore of the Red Sea have ever been speedily followed by murmurings like those at the Waters of Strife. The most just and salutary revolution must produce much suffering. The most just and salutary revolution cannot produce all the good that had been expected from it by men of uninstructed minds and sanguine tempers. Even the wisest cannot, while it is still recent, weigh quite fairly the evils which it has caused against the evils which it has removed. For the evils which it has caused are felt; and the evils which it has removed are felt no longer.'—Vol. iii., pp. 5—7.

Pages 441 to 450 are devoted to a recapitulation of those arguments for and against non-resistance which he never seems tired of repeating, but which we are excessively tired of skipping. Indeed, a not very fastidious pen might strike out so many pages

of mere surplusage from these volumes, that their bulk would be sensibly decreased, and the reader much benefited.

While we are thus finding fault in detail with a work which, on the whole, we greatly admire, let us not omit to allude to the many brilliant and specious passages which captivate the unwary and astonish the few. The best example for the historian we can think of at this moment, is the much quoted passage about the scenery of the Highlands. It is eminently characteristic:—

‘It is not easy for a modern Englishman, who can pass in a day from his club in St. James’s-street to his shooting-box among the Grampians, and who finds in his shooting-box all the comforts and luxuries of his club, to believe that, in the time of his greatgrand-fathers, St. James’s-street had as little connection with the Grampians as with the Andes. Yet so it was. In the south of our island scarcely anything was known about the Celtic part of Scotland; and what was known excited no feeling but contempt and loathing. The crags and the glens, the woods and the waters, were indeed the same that now swarm every autumn with admiring gazers and sketchers. The Trosachs wound as now between gigantic walls of rock tapestried with broom and wild roses: Foyers came headlong down through the birchwood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness; and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalp of Ben Cruachan rose, as it still rises, over the willowy islets of Loch Awe. Yet none of these sights had power, till a recent period, to attract a single poet or painter from more opulent and more tranquil regions. Indeed, law and police, trade and industry, have done far more than people of romantic dispositions will readily admit, to develop in our minds a sense of the wilder beauties of nature. A traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines and rich tints of the hills. He is not likely to be thrown into ecstasies by the abruptness of a precipice from which he is in imminent danger of falling two thousand feet perpendicular; by the boiling waves of a torrent which suddenly whirls away his baggage and forces him to run for his life; by the gloomy grandeur of a pass where he finds a corpse which marauders have just stripped and mangled; or by the screams of those eagles whose next meal may probably be on his own eyes. About the year 1730, Captain Burt, one of the first Englishmen who caught a glimpse of the spots which now allure tourists from every part of the civilised world, wrote an account of his wanderings. He was evidently a man of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind, and would doubtless, had he lived in our age, have looked with mingled awe and delight on the mountains of Inverness-shire. But, writing with the feeling which was universal in his own age, he pronounced those mountains monstrous excrescences. Their deformity, he said, was such that the most sterile plains seemed lovely by comparison. Fine weather, he complained, only made bad worse; for, the

clearer the day, the more disagreeably did those misshapen masses of gloomy brown and dirty purple affect the eye. What a contrast, he exclaimed, between these horrible prospects and the beauties of Richmond Hill! Some persons may think that Burt was a man of vulgar and prosaic mind: but they will scarcely venture to pass a similar judgment on Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith was one of the very few Saxons who, more than a century ago, ventured to explore the Highlands. He was disgusted by the hideous wilderness, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country round Leyden, the vast expanse of verdant meadow, and the villas with their statues and grottoes, trim flower beds, and rectilinear avenues. Yet it is difficult to believe that the author of the *Traveller* and of the *Deserted Village* was naturally inferior in taste and sensibility to the thousands of clerks and milliners who are now thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond. His feelings may easily be explained. It was not till roads had been cut out of the rocks, till bridges had been flung over the courses of the rivulets, till inns had succeeded to dens of robbers, till there was as little danger of being slain or plundered in the wildest defile of Badenoch or Lochaber as in Cornhill, that strangers could be enchanted by the blue dimples of the lakes and by the rainbows which overhung the waterfalls, and could derive a solemn pleasure even from the clouds and tempests which lowered on the mountain tops.'—Vol. iii., pp. 300—302.

With what gusto he must have brought Goldsmith into contrast with the thousands of clerks and milliners! Yet if he had meditated the passage a little longer, we believe he would have seen a fallacy running through his argument. It is a fact that the feeling with which scenery affects most persons of sensibility in our day is a modern development. But this feeling had quite another origin than the mere sense of security. It belongs to the history of culture. The Greeks knew it not; the Romans never thought of scenery as a predominant poetical element; the great Italians, much as they may have loved the Alps, never went into modern raptures about them. French literature was dead to all scenic influences until Rousseau came to open that inexhaustible source. This is no place to write the history of the development, but we can answer Macaulay with a very simple reference to fact. He maintains that the traveller must be freed from apprehension before he can be charmed by bold outlines and rich tints of the hills. The traveller in Spain and Albania, —not to mention the more venturous excursions into Central Africa and so forth—is every day and night in very great apprehension of being robbed or murdered; does he not enjoy the beauty of the scenes through which he ventures? and will not his enjoyment of the Trossachs be proportionately less, than of any similar scene *away* from the improvements of civilization "

We will not answer for the clerks and milliners, who may perhaps prefer Ben Lomond to Monte Rosa because it is reached with more ease, with less expense, and calls for no greater linguistic accomplishment than understanding broad vowels and monotonous intonations. But every real lover of scenery will confess, that the less it reminds him of law, police, and industry, the stronger the thrill it produces in him. The great master of poetical scenery, William Wordsworth, was so far from Macaulay's way of thinking on this point, that the project of 'vulgarizing' the lake scenery by bringing a railway into its neighbourhood, drew from him a very indignant, though not very wise, sonnet.

The style of these volumes strikes us as less finished than Macaulay's previous writings. It has the old excellences, but the old defects are even more apparent, and the diction is sometimes negligent to a fault. The trick of iteration is carried beyond the needs of clearness into wearisome tautology. Something of his influence on the mass of readers springs from a peculiarity which is the cause of many weak passages, namely, the care with which he elaborates a sentence, the sort of framing and glazing he gives to every little picture. The image which another writer, if he used it at all, would be content to place in the middle of a passage, there to contribute to the general effect, Macaulay throws into relief, gives it one, two, or three sentences to itself, frames and glazes it, and forces the reader to contemplate it for some moments. By this means an economical writer will produce more effect than the prodigal who casts his illustrations into the current of his text; and Macaulay is at once prodigal in illustration and economical in his method of distribution. He has a large account open at his bankers, yet makes every farthing purchase its full value. Two examples of this style may be cited, which will be read with interest by all critics. At the close of the justly celebrated chapter on Manners, there is an allusion to the tendency of men to be dissatisfied with the present, and to look lovingly back on the past, or hopefully forward to the future. 'In truth,' he adds, 'we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes, and see a lake, where, an hour before, they were toiling through the sand.' We have always considered this as one of the most characteristic specimens of Macaulay's happiest style. Nothing can be more common-place than the comparison; few good writers would venture to employ again so

well-worn an ornament; and, if they did venture, would do so parenthetically, and say,—‘the illusion of the past and future is like the mirage seen in the desert,’—whereby the whole effect would be lost. But Macaulay takes the old image, pictures it to his mind, and paints it for the reader. He makes as much of the old comparison as if it were a novelty of his own. He frames and glazes it; the reader is detained, and made to admire.

Our second example is equally characteristic, but not equally felicitous; the comparison is old, and is not improved by the framing and glazing process:—

‘It has long been usual to represent the imagination under the figure of a wing, and to call the successful exertions of the imagination flights. One poet is the eagle: another is the swan: a third modestly compares himself to the bee. But none of these types would have suited Montague. His genius may be compared to that pinion which, though it is too weak to lift the ostrich into the air, enables her, while she remains on the earth, to outrun hound, horse, and dromedary. If the man who possesses this kind of genius attempts to ascend the heaven of invention, his awkward and unsuccessful efforts expose him to derision. But if he will be content to stay in the terrestrial region of business, he will find that the faculties which would not enable him to soar into a higher sphere will enable him to distance all his competitors in the lower.’—Vol. iv., p. 453.

Nevertheless, make what deductions you will, it becomes evident that a writer who thus elaborates his illustrations must produce a great effect on the mass of readers. He saves all effort of imagination. He prevents our hurrying past a picture with a careless casual glance. He detains us before it, not long enough to weary us, but long enough to let us see what in our haste we might possibly overlook. If

True wit is Nature to advantage drest,
Oft thought before, yet ne’er so well expressed,

Macaulay is the truest of wits, for he expresses what every one has thought, expresses it better than any one else, and rarely attempts to think what no one has thought before him.

Even critics fastidious in style must cordially admire the breadth, clearness, rapidity, and picturesqueness of his expositions. As a specimen of his manner at once rapid and picturesque, read this brief passage describing the Irish when they rose at the call of Tyrconnel.

‘Never in modern Europe has there been such a rising up of a whole people. The habits of the Celtic peasant were such that he made no sacrifice in quitting his potatoe ground for the camp. He loved excitement and adventure. He feared work far more than danger. His

national and religious feelings had, during three years, been exasperated by the constant application of stimulants. At every fair and market he had heard that a good time was at hand, that the tyrants who spoke Saxon and lived in slated houses were about to be swept away, and that the land would again belong to its own children. By the peat fires of a hundred thousand cabins had nightly been sung rude ballads which predicted the deliverance of the oppressed race. The priests, most of whom belonged to those old families which the Act of Settlement had ruined, but which were still revered by the native population, had, from a thousand altars, charged every Catholic to show his zeal for the true Church by providing weapons against the day when it might be necessary to try the chances of battle in her cause.'—Vol. iii., pp. 154, 155.

Or we might quote the whole of the massacre of Glencoe did not space fail us. Here is one passage:—

'In the Gaelic tongue Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some stormbeaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness: but, in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter which it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder. Nothing could be more natural than that the clan to which this rugged desert belonged should have been noted for predatory habits. For, among the Highlanders generally, to rob was thought at least as honourable an employment as to cultivate the soil; and, of all the Highlanders, the Macdonalds of Glencoe had the least productive soil, and the most convenient and secure den of robbers.'—Vol. iv., pp. 191, 192.

How admirable the details, and how artfully introduced!

One noticeable characteristic of this history is the marvellous care with which it has been composed. The historian never

flags. He has no passages which betray a weary pen. If the language is sometimes careless, the matter has always been arranged with care. All the documents have been consulted; the distribution of the matter has been duly considered. Even episodic details are treated as if they were of primary importance; a digression is an essay; a sketch is not sketchily touched; if the pages occupied are few, we see that the learning employed has been exhausted. Macaulay 'paints out' every corner of his picture; he does not 'scumble in.' The knowledge implied and employed in these volumes is equal to that of Gibbon, and surpasses that of every other historian with whom we are acquainted. Inconsiderate people grumble at the enormous space devoted to the transactions of only eight years. We may safely assert that many of these very people would have grumbled at his omissions, if he had told the story in less detail. For our own parts, we confess that nothing would so much have pleased us as a History of England told with the spirit and brevity of his preliminary sketch; but since his purpose was quite different, since he meant to tell his story in detail, we cannot venture to blame him for doing thoroughly what he sat down to do.

Although never professing to write the 'philosophy of history,' Macaulay tells his story too thoroughly not to furnish the philosopher with ample material. A great deal of healthy political wisdom may be drawn from his pages; seldom in the way of direct inculcation, generally implied in the very tone of his narrative. A good example, from many, may be cited, because its practical application is still not quite obsolete:—

'Some weak men had imagined that religion and morality stood in need of the protection of the licenser. The event signally proved that they were in error. In truth the censorship had scarcely put any restraint on licentiousness or profaneness. The *Paradise Lost* had narrowly escaped mutilation: for the *Paradise Lost* was the work of a man whose politics were hateful to the ruling powers. But Etherege's *She Would If She Could*, Wycherley's *Country Wife*, Dryden's *Translations from the Fourth Book of Lucretius*, obtained the Imprimatur without difficulty: for Dryden, Etherege, and Wycherley were courtiers. From the day on which the emancipation of our literature was accomplished, the purification of our literature began. That purification was effected, not by the intervention of senates or magistrates, but by the opinion of the great body of educated Englishmen, before whom good and evil were set, and who were left free to make their choice. During a hundred and sixty years the liberty of our press has been constantly becoming more and more entire; and during those hundred and sixty years the restraint imposed on writers by the general feeling of readers has been constantly becoming more and more strict. At length even that class of works in which it was formerly

thought that a voluptuous imagination was privileged to disport itself, love songs, comedies, novels, have become more decorous than the sermons of the seventeenth century. At this day foreigners, who dare not print a word reflecting on the government under which they live, are at a loss to understand how it happens that the freest press in Europe is the most prudish.'—Vol. iv., pp. 606, 607.

In another way, and as a hint to legislators, we may quote the remarks with which he concludes his account of the passing of the Mutiny Bill:—

'Thus was made, without one dissentient voice in Parliament, without one murmur in the nation, the first step towards a change which had become necessary to the safety of the State, yet which every party in the State then regarded with extreme dread and aversion. Six months passed; and still the public danger continued. The power necessary to the maintenance of military discipline was a second time entrusted to the crown for a short term. The trust again expired, and was again renewed. By slow degrees familiarity reconciled the public mind to the names, once so odious, of standing army and court martial. It was proved by experience that, in a well constituted society, professional soldiers may be terrible to a foreign enemy, and yet submissive to the civil power. What had been at first tolerated as the exception began to be considered as the rule. Not a session passed without a Mutiny Bill. When at length it became evident that a political change of the highest importance was taking place in such a manner as almost to escape notice, a clamour was raised by some factious men desirous to weaken the hands of the Government, and by some respectable men who felt an honest but injudicious reverence for every old constitutional tradition, and who were unable to understand that what at one stage in the progress of society is pernicious may at another stage be indispensable. This clamour, however, as years rolled on, became fainter and fainter. The debate which recurred every spring on the Mutiny Bill came to be regarded merely as an occasion on which hopeful young orators fresh from Christchurch were to deliver maiden speeches, setting forth how the guards of Pisistratus seized the citadel of Athens, and how the Prætorian cohorts sold the Roman empire to Didius. At length these declamations became too ridiculous to be repeated. The most oldfashioned, the most eccentric, politician could hardly, in the reign of George the Third, contend that there ought to be no regular soldiers, or that the ordinary law, administered by the ordinary courts, would effectually maintain discipline among such soldiers. All parties being agreed as to the general principle, a long succession of Mutiny Bills passed without any discussion, except when some particular article of the military code appeared to require amendment. It is perhaps because the army became thus gradually, and almost imperceptibly, one of the institutions of England, that it has acted in such perfect harmony with all her other institutions, has never once, during a hundred and sixty years, been untrue to the throne or disobedient to the law, has never once defied the tribunals or

overawed the constituent bodies. To this day, however, the Estates of the Realm continue to set up periodically, with laudable jealousy, a landmark on the frontier which was traced at the time of the Revolution. They solemnly reassert every year the doctrine laid down in the Declaration of Rights; and they then grant to the sovereign an extraordinary power to govern a certain number of soldiers according to certain rules during twelve months more.'—Vol. iii., pp. 46, 47.

The rise of the national debt is another example :—

' During the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution the riches of the nation had been rapidly increasing. Thousands of busy men found every Christmas that, after the expenses of the year's house-keeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and how that surplus was to be employed was a question of some difficulty. In our time, to invest such a surplus, at something more than three per cent., on the best security that has ever been known in the world, is the work of a few minutes. But in the seventeenth century a lawyer, a physician, a retired merchant, who had saved some thousands and who wished to place them safely and profitably, was often greatly embarrassed. Three generations earlier, a man who had accumulated wealth in a profession generally purchased real property or lent his savings on mortgage. But the number of acres in the kingdom had remained the same; and the value of those acres, though it had greatly increased, had by no means increased so fast as the quantity of capital which was seeking for employment. Many too wished to put their money where they could find it at an hour's notice, and looked about for some species of property which could be more readily transferred than a house or a field. A capitalist might lend on bottomry or on personal security: but, if he did so, he ran a great risk of losing interest and principal. There were a few joint stock companies, among which the East India Company held the foremost place: but the demand for the stock of such companies was far greater than the supply. Indeed the cry for a new East India Company was chiefly raised by persons who had found difficulty in placing their savings at interest on good security. So great was that difficulty that the practice of hoarding was common. We are told that the father of Pope the poet, who retired from business in the City about the time of the Revolution, carried to a retreat in the country a strong box containing near twenty thousand pounds, and took out from time to time what was required for household expenses; and it is highly probable that this was not a solitary case. At present the quantity of coin which is hoarded by private persons is so small that it would, if brought forth, make no perceptible addition to the circulation. But, in the earlier part of the reign of William the Third, all the greatest writers on currency were of opinion that a very considerable mass of gold and silver was hidden in secret drawers and behind wainscots.

' The natural effect of this state of things was that a crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, employed them-

selves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word stockjobber was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Swordblade Company. There was a Tapestry Company which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class and for all the bedchambers of the higher. There was a Copper Company which proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye like that of a cyclop; and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery: two thousand prizes were to be drawn; and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the Company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, japanning, fortification, bookkeeping and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffeehouses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares. Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1846, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward

of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the coggng dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave Senators of the City, Wardens of Trades, Deputies, Aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten.'—Vol. iv., pp. 319—322.

We cannot find room for the excellent remarks with which he disposes of the outcry against the national debt, and answers all the predictions of ruin by a triumphant appeal to facts, which show that when the debt was fifty millions, and croakers were certain of our immediate ruin, trade flourished, the nation became richer and richer, and when the increase rose to eighty millions, to a hundred and forty millions, to two hundred and forty millions, and to eight hundred millions, still the ruined nation grew richer and richer, till now there is no one who doubts that the England of 1856 is better able to pay her eight hundred millions than the England of 1692 was to pay fifty millions.

From what has been here rapidly said, it will be gathered that we greatly admire Macaulay's work, and consider it immeasurably our best English history for its period, and as likely to preserve its pre-eminence. The freedom with which we have criticised certain details of the execution is an earnest of our sincerity. It is but the opinion of an individual we have expressed, but it is a genuine opinion; and we should be doing ourselves an injustice if we closed this notice without the most explicit acknowledgment of our admiration of the work considered in its totality. We confess not to have yet reached that eminence from which certain critics look down upon Macaulay, and peremptorily declare his work 'is not history.' If it is not history, we should be grateful to learn whose work *is* history. Are we to consider Herodotus, Thucydides, Tacitus, Sallust, Voltaire, Gibbon, and Hume historians, and, if so, in what respect does Macaulay fall short of the conditions these writers have fulfilled? Or is it solely because Macaulay is brilliant, and very readable, whereas the historian ought to be, as indeed he mostly is, opaque and heavy? If the 'dull dogs' are to bear away the palm, let it be explicitly proclaimed in all quarters. Let us respect Guicciardini, Thuanus, Mr. Roscoe, and Mr. Prescott, as the grandest priests of the historic muse. Let us declare that the dignity of history lies in dulness, and that to be readable is to be historically con-

temptible. If Macaulay's charm of narrative is to make us despise his laborious erudition, and if, because he makes history readable as a novel, we are to tell him with supercilious brevity that he has completely failed, and that what he, poor man, imagines to be history is 'really nothing of the kind;' it is desirable that we, the ignorant, the reading, and the fascinated public, should know the precise grounds of such a judgment. When we are told *why* Macaulay has not written history, and *what* history really is, we can then make up our minds—to read Macaulay, and leave history to his critics.

Here the writer of this article stops. But has he said all that should be said, even within our narrow limits, concerning such a publication and such a man? Not quite. This history will live, and will be read, talked about, and written about, a hundred years hence as earnestly as now. We can imagine the number of some new 'Quarterly' for January, 1956, making its appearance with an article on English historians, in which grave things are said touching a defect in Macaulay, of which we have made no mention. 'In one respect,' says the critic to come, 'Great Britain has not been fortunate in her historical literature. Religion has suffered much from the hands of her ablest writers in this department. Robertson, indeed, was a clergyman; but his religion was an accident, not a growth. It was a cold conventionalism, to which even the most worldly could hardly take exception. Hume extended his scepticism not only to the foundations of all religion, but to the foundations of all knowledge. He had no faith in God; and no more faith in man than sufficed to teach him that nations exist as a material heritage, to be used at pleasure by potentates and courts. Gibbon, with a scepticism less developed and settled, betrays a like low conception of man as man, and an irreligious tendency more impulsive and mischievous. Of Hallam, all that can be said is, that his writings are not adverse to religion. Of good old Sharon Turner, that he was smothered in his material; and of Lingard, that he had no conception of Christianity, except as a system which should invest a priesthood with the privileges of a caste. From Macaulay, who came in the wake of these writers, something better might have been expected. His large and generous soul, and his hearty appreciation of everything just, and pure, and noble in man, seemed to say, that with so general a sympathy with all that man should be towards man, there would surely come high thoughts as to what all men should be in relation to the Existence above them all. But this further insight does not appear to have been reached, and this deeper feeling failed

‘to be realized. Religion, in some form or other, is the power beyond all others which gives this historian phase after phase of the story he narrates.’ But the question whether this religion was in any sense a reality, or a something as factitious as the political schenings of the cabals of the hour, does not seem for a moment to have occurred to him,—certainly it is a question on which he makes no sign. His world is a world in which there is no higher agency than that of man; and his humanity is a humanity with no higher existence than the present. The affairs which he describes are a very mesh of entanglements—a moral chaos, almost frightful in its confusions: Such he finds the case to be; as such he deals with it, and as such he leaves it, without one word to indicate that he has ever paused to inquire as to its whence or to its wherefore. Of course, no one expected the historian to diverge into sermonizing, or into disquisitions about the origin of evil, or final causes. But that the grand questions concerning human existence and human destiny should have been thus left by such a mind, and that the sceptics of aftertime should have been allowed to appeal, as they have done, to this implied and practical scepticism (however unjustly) as being clearly in their favour, is a fact which cannot be recorded by the Christian without regret and sorrow.’

So our critic of 1956 may be supposed to write. Will this ‘imaginary’ criticism become a reality? The day must declare it.

ART. II.—*Chapel and School Architecture.* By F. J. JOBSON. 8vo. Hamilton.

HALF a century since, good architecture was understood to consist in the closest possible imitation of what was called the Roman style. The more nearly a building raised for Christian worship resembled the edifices reared two thousand years ago for the worship of the gods and goddesses of the Roman Capitol, the nearer it approached to what was deemed proper in such matters. Civic buildings, at the same time, were approved in the measure in which they were repetitions of the palaces or the amphitheatres which adorned, or had once adorned, the banks of the Tiber. This Roman, or Romanesque style, which came in with that revival of letters and of classical taste that may be said to have preceded the Reformation, continued to be the prevailing style of our architecture until within the memory of the older men of the present generation.

Edifices for secular purposes are still raised, for the most part, after models supplied by Rome or Greece. But our religious architecture has diverged into another path. The Sir Christopher Wren style of building, as a new building, is now of rare occurrence in our church architecture. The mediæval, and especially the Gothic, has almost supplanted everything else. Even secular buildings have come considerably under the influence of the current taste. The mediæval comes before us in the shape of cottages, and guildhalls, and palaces, and even in new houses of parliament. Some who rail at it to-day, may be seen following the prevailing taste to-morrow. It is a little strange that an age which would seem to be on full speed in its departure from feudalism, should seem in this respect to be strongly disposed to go back to it. For not only Episcopalians, but Nonconformists, who would seem to be at the furthest remove from everything mediæval, share quite as much as their contemporaries in this revolution as to liking and disliking. The great majority of new places built by Nonconformists within the last twenty years have been, we have reason to think, either in the Gothic or the Anglo-Norman style. In one of our northern towns, not many years since, an observant gentleman, looking at a beautiful Gothic structure, inquired of his friend—‘What church is that?’ ‘Church,’ said the other; ‘it is not a church, it is a Dissenting chapel.’ ‘D—— their impudence!’ was the devout exclamation of the querist. No doubt it really is a very impudent thing, on the part of such people, that they should presume to emerge from the lanes and courts into which they were so long driven; and, above all, that they should be bold enough to quit their pantile hovels in such recesses, and be seen resorting to such church-looking chapels on the great highways of the land; thus, to the best of their power, proclaiming to all passers-by, that, in regard both to wealth and taste, they have come to feel that they have a right to place themselves quite abreast with their neighbours. That certain gentlemen should swear at them for so doing, is just one of the most natural things in the world.

But Nonconformists whose notions and sympathies have been moulded by the prejudices of a past generation, have looked with some misgiving on this change. Sects are bound together by the accidents of their respective systems, quite as much as by the distinctive principles of them. Churchmen have their system as it is, very much from the mere accidents of the Reformation. Nonconformists have their respective systems as they are, very much from the accidents of their history as nonconforming and protesting bodies. Whatever is like the Church of England is of

course bad. Whatever is like Dissent is of course bad. So do our full-grown children on both sides think and feel. But for ourselves, thoroughly protestant as we are, we rejoice in this return to mediæval tastes, if it be only as an indication that we are beginning to distinguish between the false of the past, which we should conscientiously reject, and the true, which we should as conscientiously perpetuate. We have no sympathy with the man who does not feel it to be a pleasant thing to be at one with the bygone races of men to the utmost extent consistent with being at one with truth. We would dissent even from the Church of Rome no more than we can help. We would dissent from the Church of England no more than we can help. We feel that our love of man should be such as to cause all our points of divorce from him to be painful, not pleasing. Up in those times long since past, there were manly and devout souls, and we rejoice in everything in which we can be in harmony with them, whether it be in matters of opinion or in matters of less significance. Mediæval architecture, if in itself good, is all the more beautiful to us from its consisting of forms which were looked upon and pronounced good by the intellect and the heart of man in other days.

As to any conscientious objection to the use of the mediæval style, we cannot for the life of us see why that should not apply still more to the use of the classical style. If the one be supposed to have come to us through the channel of *popery*, we know that the other has come to us through the channel of *paganism*. Our Doric columns, and our circled arches, we have from peoples whose idolatrous practices moved the spirit of Paul to protest against them in Athens and in Rome. It is true, the one style was used by our forefathers at a time when they added the worship of saints and of the Virgin to the worship of the Saviour; but it is no less true that the other was used by races foreign to our own, whose worship terminated in doing honour to Mars or Venus. The first, indeed, were not quite so good Christians as they should have been; but the second were no Christians at all. Furthermore, it is a great mistake to suppose that mediæval architecture has come to us from Rome. The architecture of Rome is to this day to the letter Roman. Not a Gothic door or window has ever found a place within the walls of Rome. In matters of taste, we are never so fully in the track of the popes and of St. Peter's as when we most scrupulously follow classical models. The Rome against which Luther protested, was Rome intoxicated with a passion for classicality in all things. In brief, the great question with us, in regard to architecture as in regard

to everything, should be—is the thing good in itself? If it be, let us keep it, heedless as to who may or may not have used it before us.

But much as we prefer the mediæval style of architecture to the classical in edifices raised for religious purposes, we feel bound to say, that in the form in which it has been generally adopted among us, it is greatly wanting in adaptation to the nature of our Protestant worship. The services of the Roman Church do not often require that the worshipper should remain stationary on one spot for an hour and a half or two hours together, winter and summer. Their services are comparatively short, or may nearly always be made so. Hence it is that to the Protestant such places of worship have the appearance of a constant coming and going. In the Romanist worship, accordingly, there is no necessary exposure to long-continued drafts, or cold, or discomforts of any kind. In large buildings, there are usually many lateral shrines, where, according to preference, the required devotions may be performed.

With us it is far otherwise. Comfort, in our English sense of the word, is as indispensable to us in church or chapel as in our own homes. But do we get it in these new Gothic and Anglo-Norman edifices? Let experience answer.

In the first place, the lead windows and iron casements common to such buildings are always more or less pervious both to wind and rain. It is easy to understand how such a mode of glazing came first into use; it is not so easy to understand why it has been still used. Those who know what it is to sit near such windows in foul weather would, we suspect, be often only too willing to part with them in favour of something which should give them better protection against soiled garments, tooth-ache, stiff-neck, and we know not what disagreeables beside. In a few years, the best glazing of this description becomes so porous, that the difference in the case of such buildings between being in-doors or out is hardly perceptible. The external air works in ceaselessly upon the internal, and the walls stream with wet. If the middle age has nothing better than this to give us for windows, then we do not hesitate to say, let us not go to the middle age for windows. This is one of the points in which our taste becomes childish, because allowed to over-ride our common sense.

In the next place, the roofing of these structures has been often found to be almost as porous as the windows. If left open in the inside, and surfaced with wood instead of plaster, the heat of a single summer has often sufficed to produce such apertures in the joinery as to cause the congregation to feel, on the approach

of autumn, as if they were sitting out of doors. In some cases, accordingly, it has been found necessary to overlay the joints between the boards with strips of wood; in others, the whole of the slating has been taken off, that a layer of felt might be placed beneath it; and as another form of remedy, we have even seen the wood between the rafters covered with plaster after it had been varnished. But supposing a roof of this kind to be no longer porous, the thin partition which it places between the atmosphere within and without, leaves but little room for difference between the one and the other. We may safely say, that the effect of such roofs is rather to communicate than to exclude the heat of summer, if not the cold of winter. Where a roof of this open compass form, in place of being left open, has a ceiling stretching across from wall to wall at the base of the open space, or from side to side about half way down the angle, the effect, as regards the comfort of the congregation, is such as few would credit until experienced.

This is very sensibly felt when, in winter, attempt is made to warm the place artificially. The congregation incurs considerable expense to obtain an apparatus for this purpose. The apparatus sends in a considerable supply of warm air. But, somehow, the effect is, that the place, instead of becoming agreeably warm, seems to have become filled with flushings of cold air. People look round, and are quite perplexed to know where the cold wind comes from. Great complaint is made to the churchwarden, or to the deacons (as the case may be), and Mrs. A. and Miss B., and we know not who beside, have quite decided not to enter the place again until the cold weather is over. What makes the matter more perplexing and vexatious is, that by Sunday night, when every one is leaving the place for a week, it has just become all that could be wished. The cold drafts are gone. The atmosphere is genial and pleasant.

The fact is easily explained. From the time the warm air began to come in, it continued, as being the lighter air, to make its way up to the highest point of the roof; while the cold air of that region, on being thus rudely displaced, has had nothing for it but to descend in cascades upon the heads of the people below. Had the roof of the building been flat, the warm air would probably have had a much less lofty vacuum to fill above before making itself agreeably felt beneath. And what is much more material, ascending to a level ceiling, it would have been compelled to float equally over the whole building, and would have been found to change the atmosphere not only sooner, but more equally and pleasantly. But ascending to the pointed cavity of the roof, an irregular fight goes on up there between hot and

cold, which tells anything but pleasantly for a long while over every part of the interior. By Sunday night this battle is pretty well over, and those drafty visitations which had seemed to come all day from the roof, or down the walls, have ceased. In places so constructed, the only way of dealing with this difficulty is to begin the process of warming on Friday, it may be, instead of Saturday, so as to ensure that the fight between hot and cold shall have come to a close on Sunday morning, instead of Sunday night. Warmed such places may be, but it must be at double cost, and by wasting double time.

As it is with the warm air in roofs of this description, so is it with the voice. It ascends at once to the apex of the roof, and having gone up to that elevation, is slow to come down again. Not only is there in such buildings a loftier space to fill with sound, but the sound does not return equally, and in volume, from a hollow ceiling as it does from a flat one. If the pulpit be in the centre of the building, the voice reaching the highest point of the roof runs along that line, and beats from side to side of the angle into which it has passed, so as not to descend at all, or to do so in a form which is felt to be disturbed and indistinct as well as feeble. Of course, where the building is not large this inconvenience is less felt. This mischief is also much abated when the transverse and projecting woodwork of the roof is considerable, serving to break up the voice, in place of allowing it to roll on unchecked, so as to become lost in distance, or confused by hollow reverberations. We may add, too, that when the pulpit happens to be placed at the side of the edifice, which is often done in order that the chancel and communion-table may be open to the view of the congregation—the voice in this case, by passing over the building angleways, instead of ascending to the straight line along the centre of the roof, is generally found to be more equal to its purpose. Whatever may be the science of the matter, such is the fact. We owe it to accident that we know that the preacher so placed is generally better heard. On the whole, we feel sure that where the ceiling is flat, there is not only a greater economy of sound, but, what is more important, a greater security against its being injured by reverberations.

We must be borne with in extending our exceptions a little further. Pillars of a massy description, breaking up the floor of an interior into separate aisles, might be proper enough for a worship consisting much in processions. Reserved to such uses, and in a large building, the avenues so formed give you a sense of fitness and beauty. But in a small, or a comparatively small building, and in connexion with a worship which supposes the worshipper to be always within sight of the pulpit and within

hearing of the preacher, they are not only out of place, but are felt to be obtrusive, an impediment, and a mischief. When used to sustain galleries—a use to which they were never designed—the unsuitableness is so manifest as to be almost grotesque.

On the same principle we feel that we must take exception to the use of transepts. Where it is felt to be of importance, not only that the congregation should all see the preacher, but that the preacher should also see the whole congregation, the usage of placing one third or one fourth of the people in a position where the preacher does not see them, must be seen by everyone who will think on the subject as a proceeding in which a false taste has taken the place of common sense. In most cases the preacher must not seem to be aware that a part of his auditory is thus divorced from him, for should he feel prompted to turn towards those on the one side, it will almost certainly be at the cost of not being heard by those on the other side. In Protestant worship, and especially in Nonconformist worship, the communication between the eye of the preacher and the eye of his auditory should be, to the largest extent possible, direct, easy, and natural.

At this point it is not pleasant to remember, that if these be the inconveniences and mischiefs which belong to this style of building, they are inconveniences and mischiefs which have been incurred and settled, and which will be perpetuated for generations to come. Our comfort is, that experience will no doubt by degrees suggest means that will serve to abate evils which may not admit of being entirely removed. We have seen some small edifices in mediæval taste which are not open more than partially, if at all, to the objections we have stated. But large places in this style can hardly fail to take with them the serious disadvantages we have ventured to mention. Beautiful often are such structures to look upon, but, tried by the test of utility, they are generally found to be wanting.

If required to say in what form we think a mediæval style may be wisely adopted, in consistency with the nature of our worship, we should say, that, to our thinking, among the possible modes of adaptation, the form of a Gothic or Anglo-Norman hall would be greatly preferable to any attempt to imitate a cathedral church. An oblong apartment, with its graceful windows, dropping off in perspective on either side, and with its broad level ceiling broken up into ornate panellings, might be made to give to the man of taste many rich memories of the past, while possessing every adaptation to the demands of the present. On the continent there are many civic halls, of middle age origin, finished in the richest taste of those days, which, if fitted up as a place for Pro-

testant worship, would be admirably suited to its purpose. Side galleries, indeed, must be in such case eschewed, but a deep end gallery would be admissible; and in all other respects, the meeting between the fine old beauty of the past, and the severe utilities of the present, might be perfect.

In making this suggestion we mean it should be taken only as one among many that might be made, for we are persuaded that much more might be done than has been done towards adapting both the Gothic and the Anglo-Norman style to Protestant worship, and even to that of Protestant Nonconformists. At present, the cases are many in which you can see that the architect has not made the slightest effort to distinguish between the features of those styles which may be naturally allied with our service and those which may not—the least appropriate peculiarities being often thrust upon us without the least necessity. Porous windows, hollow roofs, projected pillars, and double transepts, are none of them essential to mediæval architecture.

We have long wished to say something to this effect on this subject. We happen to know a good deal of the history of the new churches and chapels which have been rising up so thickly about us of late years, and what we state is as the result of a pretty wide range of observation and experience. Almost everywhere the same complaints come up—bad for hearing, bad for comfort. An architect, second to no man in the northern half of England in the extent of his practice, assured us the other day, that such were the complaints as to the discomforts of edifices in this style, that he earnestly hoped never to have anything to do again with the raising of a mediæval building for Protestant worship. How a professional man would deal with this topic we do not know; the thoughts here expressed are mere laic thoughts, coming simply from what we have seen and felt, and from the little common sense which has been thus put into action on the subject.

- ART. III.—(1.) *Egypt's Place in Universal History*; an Historical Investigation, in five books. By CHRISTIAN C. J. BUNSEN, D. Ph. and D.C.L. Translated from the German by CHARLES H. COTTRELL, M.A. Vol.ii. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1854.
- (2.) *Chronologie des Rois d'Égypte*. Ouvrage couronnée par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres de l'Institut de France au concours de l'année 1846. Par J. B. C. LESUEUR, Architecte de l'Hotel de Ville de Paris, Membre de l'Institut. Paris. 1848. ('Chronology of the Kings of Egypt.') The treatise to which was awarded the prize offered by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of the French Institute, at the competition of the year 1846. By J. B. C. LESUEUR, Architect of the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, and Member of the Institute. 4to. London: Williams and Norgate.
- (3.) *Die Chronologie der Ägypter, bearbeitet*. Von RICHARD LEPSIUS, Einleitung und Erster Theil, Kritik der Quellen. Berlin. 1849. ('The Chronology of the Egyptians.') A Treatise, by RICHARD LEPSIUS. Introduction and First Part consisting of a critique upon the sources. 4to. London: Williams and Norgate.
- (4.) *Über den Ersten Ägyptischen Götterkreis und seine geschichtlich-mythologische Entstehung*. Von R. LEPSIUS. Berlin. 1851. ('On the First Cycle of the Egyptian Gods, and its historico-mythological origin.') 4to. London: Williams and Norgate.
- (5.) *Ueber die Zwölfte Ägyptische Königsdynastie*. Von R. LEPSIUS. Berlin. 1853. ('On the Twelfth Dynasty of the Egyptian Kings.') 4to. London: Williams and Norgate.
- (6.) *Manetho und die Hundsternperiode, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Pharaonen*. Von AUGUST BÖCKH. Berlin. 1845. ('Manetho and the Dogstar-period;' a contribution to the *History of the Pharaohs*.) By AUGUSTUS BOECKH. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.
- (7.) *Reiseberichte aus Ägypten. Schreiben während einer auf Befehl Seiner Majestät des Königs Friedrich Wilhelm IV. von Preussen in den Jahren 1853 und 1854, unternommenen wissenschaftlichen Reise nach dem Nilthale*. Von HEINRICH BRUGSCH. Leipzig. 1855. ('Letters of Travel from Egypt, written during a scientific expedition to the Valley of the Nile, undertaken by order of his Majesty Frederick William, King of Prussia, in 1853 and 1854.') By H. BRUGSCH. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.
- (8.) *Urgeschichte des Indogermanischen Volkerstammes*. Von I. KRUGER. Erstes Heft, Die Eroberung von Vorderasien. Egypten und Griechenland durch die Indogermanen, Bonn, 1855. ('Primitive History of the Indogermanic Race.') By I. KRUGER. First Part—The Conquest of Upper Asia, Egypt, and Greece, by the Indogermans. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.

NEXT to unfulfilled prophecy there is no study of which it may with more truth be said that it either finds a man mad or leaves

him so, than Egyptian chronology. Every man is fairly entitled to indulge in some pet monomania, and some think that this is the price we must pay for the enjoyment of average common-sense. Otherwise it might be a question whether this perilous subject, on which the clearest heads and the most powerful intellects are exposed to such serious risks, ought not to be tabooed altogether by authority of the Board of Health, or at least confined to Colney Hatch and Hanwell, where, on the homœopathic principle, it might possibly do some good. Even as it is, it should be approached with the utmost caution by everybody who values his sanity, and not at all by such as have any other hobby. Such, at least, would seem to be the lesson taught by the wreck of so many reputations on this apparently hopeless sea of conjecture.

Yet the sphinx is not likely to lack illustrious victims panting to solve her enigma or to perish in the attempt. Our rubric includes three names, at least, of European fame, which are risked more or less on the event of the hazardous speculation. And the reader is well aware that these are only a selection from a list comprising as great, or but slightly inferior, men. Of the three, Lepsius and Bunsen have specially devoted themselves to this most thorny of all inquiries; and although they are both of them *savants* of such various culture, that it would be palpably unjust to say they are nothing, if not Egyptologists, yet so heavy has been their venture, so lavish their outlay of time, toil, genius, and learning, in the endeavour to settle, beyond all reasonable doubt, the great landmarks, at least, of Egyptian history and chronology, that failure here would be keenly felt by themselves to be a disaster little short of literary bankruptcy. On the other hand, Boeckh's *Manetho and the Dog-Star Period*, characterized as it is by that profound erudition and no less accurate than acute criticism, which mark all the performances of its author, is yet something in the nature of a *πάρεργον*, and his *Pindar*, his *Meteorological Inquiries*, and above all, his magnificent work, the just boast of modern scholarship, the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, will insure him immortality, even should this contribution to the history of the Pharaohs come to be forgotten. We have a shrewd suspicion, however, that it may possibly outlive the *ex professo* works of his illustrious countrymen and competitors in the race. It does not pretend, indeed, to have solved the problem of the *actual* chronology of the Egyptian dynasties, - but contents itself with the more modest endeavour to ascertain the definite chronological system handed down as the best accredited national tradition by Manetho, himself an Egyptian priest. How widely such a tradition may diverge from the

truth, we may see in the instances of the modern Persian, Thibetian, and Indian chronographies; or, nearer home, in the Welsh and Irish annals, and in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, which were long religiously believed in, not only by the ignorant vulgar, but even by the learned. In ancient times, when culture was the almost exclusive possession of powerful pagan hierarchies, who cared little for truth, save as a monopoly of their caste, and had an immense interest in keeping it from the people, the currency of such mythical chronologies would be of course the rule. Nobody now believes in the ten Chaldean antediluvian dynasties, with 432,000 years, gravely* transmitted by Berosus, or the eighty-six postdiluvian kings with 34,080 years, said by him to have reigned before the Median conquest of Babylon in the fourth millennium before the Christian era. Nor, since Niebuhr, are men wont implicitly to confide even in the received date of the building of the eternal city. The Babylonians, though undoubtedly the most ancient of all peoples, must have been a trifle younger than they gave themselves out to be, and Rome a few centuries older than Polybius, Livy, and Dionysius supposed. Across the Atlantic we find similar phenomena. Mexico and Peru could each boast of several rival chronological systems. Thus, as Humboldt relates, one Mexican account dated the origin of all things from a period subsequent to the Olympiads, whilst another, equally in repute, stretched back to an epoch some seventeen thousand years more remote. And this instance reminds us that (as indeed was to be expected, where truth was so sadly undervalued as it always has been and will be amongst pagans) conflicting national chronologies were common enough also amongst the ancients in our own hemisphere. Old Eunius made Rome a couple of centuries more venerable than Cato, Varro, and the annalists of the Augustan age; and Cicero mentions a Babylonian computation which exceeds that of Berosus by about a thousand years,—a mere *bagatelle*, we must allow, where such immense numbers are concerned. Other illustrations are close at hand, but we forbear. We should not even stop to call attention to the explicit testimony of Diodorus Siculus* to the co-existence of rival chronological schemes amongst the Egyptian *literati*, but, that besides being apposite to our subject and highly important, it seems to be totally forgotten by modern Egyptologists.

Yet we have but to glance at our ancient literary authorities to find the historian's reiterated assertion only too true. Gloss over the facts as they may, our harmonists can point to no more complete chaos than that with which they have undertaken to deal,

* i. 23, 63, 64.

and which, after all their praiseworthy endeavours to bring it into shape, will seem, we fear, to unsophisticated eyes, a chaos still. In his first volume, Bunsen epigrammatically remarked, that the Egyptians have left us a chronology without a history. The saying is pointed with no less truth than wit. All that Herodotus, Diodorus, and Manetho have left us of the history of Egypt for thousands of years, might be put into a sixteen-paged tract, and, with the omission of palpably mythical matter, into one less than half that size. But this is not the worst of the case. Had we simply a chronology, and a history, however meagre, we might submit with a growl, and school ourselves into patience, till the decipherment of the hieroglyphical inscriptions should increase our stock of facts. But the history, as told by Herodotus, is utterly irreconcilable with that in Diodorus, and the few fragments of Manetho's narrative are flatly contradicted by both. The most important of these Manethonian fragments relate to a fact which Bunsen and Lepsius both make the pivot of their respective systems—viz., the alleged conquest of Egypt and its occupation for many centuries by the terrible Hyksos, a Phœnician or Arabian race of shepherds, whom Josephus, however, identifies with the Jews. On the strength of these fragments the great German *Dioscuri* proceed to divide the entire history of Egypt into the Old Empire of the Pharaohs, who reigned before this frightful inundation of barbarism; the Middle Empire of the Hyksos, and the more or less dependent native princes; and the New Empire of Tuthmes the Great, the liberator of his country, and his successors. Yet, of this fundamentally important, and, if true, necessarily notorious fact, neither Herodotus nor Diodorus know anything, but, on the contrary, they both by implication contradict it. Diodorus says that Egypt had been under foreign rule 447 years in all at the date at which he wrote; namely, 36 under four Ethiopian princes, 135 under the Persians, beginning with Cambyses, and 276 under the Macedonians, from its conquest by Alexander the Great. Herodotus, it is true, speaks of eighteen Ethiopian kings, as being included amongst the 330 sovereigns of Egypt between Menes, the founder of the monarchy, and Mœris, who dug the celebrated lake which bore his name. But then, not to mention that Ethiopians are neither Phœnicians nor Arabs, there is the further difficulty in the way of identifying these eighteen kings with the Hyksos, that the constructor of the famous lake is reckoned by our Egyptologists to the dynasty of the Sesortensens and Amenemhas (Dyn. xii. of Manetho), which is expressly said by Manetho to have reigned *before* the irruption of the shepherds.

This case is only one out of many in which our three his-

torians are directly at issue as to the most momentous matters of fact. But the confusion here is order itself compared with what distracts us when we turn to the chronology. Our authorities now suddenly increase in number, and we might reasonably expect that at least something like a decisive majority would enable us to decide, after some rough fashion, such a cardinal date, for instance, as the epoch of the first mortal king Menes. But so far is this hope from being realized, that, out of something like a dozen ancient deliverances upon the point, *no two of them harmonize even tolerably*, and betwixt the extremes yawns a gulf of more than a myriad years. It is not even agreed amongst the old Egyptologists that Menes *was* the first human king, that honour being assigned by Dicæarchus, a contemporary of Aristotle, followed by several of the Byzantines, to the famous Sesostris, or at least to a monarch of the same name. Perhaps, in spite of the passionate protests of even such distinguished and zealous followers of Niebuhr as Bunsen and Lepsius, backed though they be by the occurrence of the venerable monarch's name in the Turin papyrus, and of his portrait on the walls of the Ramesseum, Menes, like Romulus and old King Cole,* may, after all, turn out to be, as Brugsch and Kruger† are already profane enough to suggest, nothing but a myth.

But the *monuments*—yes, we are well aware of the hopes entertained by many that these stone records will enable us to reconstruct the annals, and to clear up the confusion worse confounded which distracts every student of the literary tradition. Nor are we disposed to think that these sanguine expectations are doomed to ultimate disappointment. We believe that Egypt's history is buried in her tombs, and should be sorry to be driven to the conclusion, that no *resurgam* can be read upon her sculptured *sarcophagi*. But we deceive ourselves if we imagine that the mangled and scattered limbs of Osiris have come together as yet, or that any such resurrection is very close at hand. Here the monuments are, and since the splendid discovery of Young and Champollion, we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that they are no longer entirely dumb. But as to the amount of real progress made as yet in deciphering them we may well have misgivings, when Bunsen tells us (Pref. p. x.), that we have still to wait for Lepsius' complete translation of the Rosetta stone. For, as is well known, this celebrated inscription is accompanied

* The 'merry old soul's' historical existence is attested not only by the well-known song, but also by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

† His *brochure* is a highly ingenious and curious production. He makes the Philistines a branch of the Indogermanic family of nations, and regards the Hyksos, who are described as Philistines (*ἀλλόφυλοι*), as ancestors of ourselves.

by a Greek version of the hieroglyphical text; which circumstance, indeed, furnished Young and Champollion with the clue to the entire mystery. We naturally ask, therefore, if, after thirty years' possession of the key, we can only interpret an already translated text, how long it will be ere the thousands of *monolingual* inscriptions will be made to speak an articulate language. It is true that we are told of other historical inscriptions in hieroglyphics, said to be satisfactorily explained by Rosellini and Birch, and even of the decipherment, by De Rougé, of the hieratic text of an entire Egyptian novel, 'written, comparatively speaking, at a modern period, still, however, in the time of Moses.' But since it is admitted that there are a good many 'chasms' over which the interpreters are obliged to take rather break-neck leaps, passages, in short, of which they can make nothing, a little scepticism as to their success in some others is not unpardonable. We are free to avow, that, judging as laymen in the matter, Brugsch seems to us to have obtained the most tangible results in this department. The inscriptions which he has translated in his volume, if they may be depended upon (and we observe that he is justifying his renderings to the learned in a very scholarlike manner in the journal of the German Oriental Society), are worth all that Herodotus, Diodorus, and Manetho have left us on Egyptian history. Yet these valuable contributions form a scarcely appreciable instalment of what our children or our grandchildren may expect, or indeed of what Brugsch himself promises to publish to the world in a very short time. He has already presented to the republic of letters his *Demotic Grammar*—an achievement of scarcely less importance than Champollion's immortal work. Thus, the only living man who has mastered it has generously placed within the reach of all scholars the acquisition of this difficult dialect—the true key to the more recondite mysteries of the hieroglyphical system, as he confidently predicts it will prove. And now, as we write, we have before us the prospectus of his *Monumens de l'Egypte*—a magnificent work, in twenty-four guinea parts, each of which is to contain from sixteen to twenty folio plates, and from thirty to forty pages of text. The plates will be arranged in five series,—viz., 1. Astronomical monuments; 2. Geographical and topographical ditto; 3. Mythological ditto; 4. Historical ditto; 5. Monuments illustrative of the domestic and social life of the ancient Egyptians. One feature of the work deserves especial commendation. *The inscriptions are all to be translated.* They will thus become the common property of the vast numbers of scholars who, whilst deeply interested in Egyptian matters, have neither leisure nor opportunity to study the hieroglyphics; and

Egyptology will stand some small chance of becoming popular, instead of being, as it is now, the affair of an exceedingly limited sect. It is to be hoped that Lepsius and his coadjutors, in editing the grand monumental work of the Prussian Expedition (the text of which has lagged so long behind the plates), will not allow themselves to be surpassed by their younger brother *savant*—sent by their royal master merely to glean the field which they were *supposed* to have reaped—in this amiable and useful communicativeness.

Besides these two great hieroglyphical collections, now in course of publication, there are those of the French and Tuscan expeditions, which are to be found in every considerable library ; so that immense treasures have already been snatched from the clutches of barbarism and the maw of time, and saved for the present and future needs of science. What proportion this precious salvage bears to the whole it is, perhaps, impossible to say. But, considering the fondness of the Egyptians for the custom of decorating their temples, their tombs, their household utensils, everything, in short, with this picture-writing, plenty must still be left for future explorers. The real ‘written valley’ is that of the Nile, and not the *wadi* so called in the Sinaitic peninsula. Strange that we should be so ignorant of its story, notwithstanding such herculean endeavours to make it a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν* ! Its people, so eager to tell it, and we so feverishly anxious to learn it, and yet we can do nothing but guess. Their mighty Tuthmes and Ramses, their Amenemhas and Sesortenes, their Cheops, and Cephren, and Mycerinus, world-conquerors, legislators, labyrinth and pyramid-builders, are to us little more than mere names. We know more about a tiny slave-child, once sent adrift on the sacred stream of Egypt to perish, than about the most glorious of its Pharaohs.

It will have been already surmised by our readers that in our judgment the Chevalier Bunsen’s book* has changed next to nothing in this respect, and has left us pretty nearly as ignorant as it found us. This may possibly be our own fault, but we rather think it is his misfortune, and we may add that of all who, like ourselves, relying on his well-known genius, learning, and zeal, hoped for at least an approximate solution of the great problem from his pen. He has rightly seen that in order to restore Egypt to her true place in universal history, the one thing needful is to disentangle the chronology of the Pharaohs, and he has addressed himself accordingly to this far-from-inviting but indispensable task with right hearty good will. His present volume bristles with figures, and is as dry reading as can well be imagined. So arid is the desert through which our intrepid

Hassan pilots the footsore pilgrims of science, that to come upon a dozen pages or so of Perring's measurements of the pyramids, although at other times these architectural details would themselves be anything but a treat, is like meeting with an oasis. Almost the only passage in the whole volume which general readers would thank us for quoting, is the following, relative to the tradition in Manetho, that Nitokris, a queen of the sixth dynasty,* built the third pyramid:—

‘As respects the Queen Nitokris, we have already explained the statement in Manetho, that ‘Nitokris built the third pyramid’ as signifying that he saw it in its present form as constructed by this queen, who enlarged the pyramid of Mencheres, and that he described it as nearly as possible in the state we now find it, although it has since undergone much intentional dilapidation. He could not be mistaken in this—the hieroglyphics on the casing told him that Mencheres was buried there, as did Herodotus also, who states that the name of the king was legible on its northern front.

‘Nitokris seems to have doubled the base of the pyramid, for its original measurement, as already stated, was about 180 feet, and the present one 354’ 6”. The perpendicular height of the old building was about 148 feet; that of the present one 218, consequently a third more. Of the internal arrangements, therefore, the lower entrance would seem to have been made by her; the original upper one was walled up. In doing this, the old casing was torn off, so that it is not extraordinary—as Perring assured me on my asking him the question—that not a vestige is to be found of the continuation of the original building, which he, as an architect, instinctively looked for.

‘We have already intimated that Greek tradition recorded the fact, which Manetho related in the guise of a legend, without being aware of it. We shall now explain this a little more fully.’

‘Herodotus (ii. 134, 135) informs us, that some persons supposed the third pyramid was not built by Mykerinus, but by a courtesan, well-known to the Greeks from Sappho’s attack upon her and her own votive offerings at the Temple of Delphi, of the name of Rhodopis. She was born in Thrace, and was originally a fellow-slave of Æsop in the house of Iadmon of Samos. Charaxus, Sappho’s brother, charmed with her beauty, purchased her freedom and married her. She was consequently the contemporary of Amosis (B.C. 571—527), and lived at Naukratis, the Alexandria of earlier times, so renowned for beauties of that stamp, and was said to have built this pyramid. Herodotus has proved the utter absurdity of this notion by most conclusive arguments. He did not bear in mind, however, that the ‘Rosy-cheeked,’ as Rhodopis was called, was the Nitokris of the Egyptians—the ill-fated wife of a king, and a reigning queen even—celebrated in the Egyptian annals as the greatest heroine and beauty, and of whom there can be little doubt that the imaginative Greeks picked up a

* Reigned, according to Bunsen, B.C. 3074—2967.

number of stories, which they were not slow in repeating and embellishing. Strabo's version of this legend bears on the face of it evident marks of historic truth. Rhodopis, the pretended builder of the third pyramid, he says, lived at Naukratis. One day, as she was bathing, the malicious wind carried away her sandal, and laid it at the feet of the king, who was sitting in the Court of Justice in the open air. His curiosity being excited by the singularity of the event and the elegance of the sandal, he could not rest till he had discovered the fair owner of it, and made her his queen. Here we have 'Rosy Cheeks' as the Egyptian queen. Was she really a foreigner? possibly a Babylonian or Median, like the Nitokris of Babylon. The name 'Neith the Victorious' is strictly Egyptian; and Herodotus says expressly that Nitokris was an Egyptian.—pp. 210—212.

'According to Herodotus, the husband of Nitokris lost his life in a conspiracy of the Egyptian princes. His widowed queen succeeded in keeping possession of the throne, and in reigning, in the name and right of her murdered husband, six years. During this time she completed the pyramid of the first Mencheres in the most magnificent style and in its present state. It was stated in the Egyptian tales, or popular legends, that the dedication of the newly-erected sepulchral chamber furnished her with a pretext for inviting the murderers of her husband to a festive banquet, at which she caused them to be put to death. Here again allusion is made to a communication between the Nile and the sepulchral chamber, as in the tomb of Cheops: these, however, are mere legendary tales, inasmuch as the sepulchral chambers in both the pyramids are considerably above the level of the river. After the royal widow had taken her revenge, she is said to have died by her own hand. Her ashes and sarcophagus had disappeared probably long before the royal tombs were desecrated by the Persians or Mahometans. Another Memphite family ascended the throne. The fame of Nitokris as the 'Rosy-cheeked,' the heroic queen and builder of the pyramid, long survived her, and passed for thousands of years from mouth to mouth in many a wonderful travesty. Herodotus, and even the sober Strabo, relate the story of 'Rosy Cheeks' with as much pleasure as criticism. The craft of interpreters transformed this charming Egyptian queen into the semi-Hellenic sister-in-law of Sappho, and the Greeks thought nothing incredible or disgraceful in which reference was made to the charm of beauty and Grecian customs.

'Such was the foundation of the legend which, together with the Thessalian story of Psyche in Apuleius, gave rise to the story of Cinderella—the oldest in the world, and from its deep truth, as the mirror of destiny, whether it refer to beautiful woman or the human soul, the most imperishable.'—pp. 214, 215.

Of course we have no intention of inflicting upon those who have accompanied us in these pages any discussion of the details of the Chevalier's chronological system. Our summary rejection of it is quite independent of his ingenious modes of harmonizing

the forties and sixes in the reigns of one authority with the twenties and sevens in another. It may be that he is right in identifying the Eratosthenian royal names, Diabæes, Pemphos, Momcheiri, Stæchus, Gosormies, Mares—to take a half-dozen of them in order—with the Manethonian Miebidos, Semempses, Sesochris, Tyris, Tosorthros, Mesochris. Our eyes, our ears, the copyists, Eusebius, Africanus, Syncellus, and every other wretched witness of the facts, may one and all be mistaken, in conveying to our minds any sense of dissonance or dissimilarity in these and scores more of his equally adventurous nominal parallelisms. We stipulate for no *minimum* of joint reigns, regencies, or usurpations. Our objections are irrespective of his not inconsiderable demands upon our faith in all matters of the sort. We acknowledge his amazing genius in smoothing down difficulties apparently insuperable, no less than his dauntless courage in attacking them. Nay, we are convinced that had the elements of solution lain within his reach, he is the very man to have triumphantly seized them, and to have combined them in a perfectly satisfactory result. His plastic power fills us with astonishment and admiration. Words fail us, indeed, to express our high sense of his capacities for historical criticism, as evinced in the work before us, the perusal of which is well calculated to remove all doubt on that head, had any previously existed. But the greater is our disappointment at seeing such rare qualifications thrown away upon the hopeless task of reconciling Manetho with Eratosthenes, and both with the Egyptian monuments. Not Stulz himself could make a decent coat out of shoddy or devil's dust, and it is a no less disheartening attempt to which the Chevalier has addressed himself.

Our Egyptologer's method is, in brief, as follows. Treating somewhat cavalierly Herodotus, Diodorus, and several other ancient authorities, he takes Manetho and Eratosthenes as his literary guides in the inquiry, and undertakes to demonstrate their substantial accordance with the series of Egyptian kings found on the hieroglyphical tablet of Abydos, the walls of the ancestral chamber of the Pharaohs at Carnac, and the fragments of the hieratic royal canon preserved at Turin. The list of thirty-eight Theban kings, beginning with Menes, attributed by Syncellus to the great Alexandrian critic Eratosthenes, assigns to these monarchs 1076 years in all. The thirty-one dynasties of the Sebennyte priest Manetho fill up more than 5000 years dating from Menes, supposing them, with Boeckh and Lesueur after Scaliger, to have all reigned consecutively. The *terminus ad quem* is here the accession of Alexander the Great. This would give to the Egyptian monarchy an antiquity of some 6000 years before the Christian era. Bunsen and Lepsius, however, think

this cannot have been the sense of Manetho, and they appeal to a statement seemingly cited from that author by Syncellus, to the effect, that the dominion of the Pharaohs lasted only 3555 years to the middle of the fourth century before Christ. Hence they argue that under the Old and Middle Empires there must have been *contemporary* dynasties, it being agreed upon all hands that nothing of the kind occurred under the New, unless in the single instance of the Ethiopian occupation of the country, during which it is probable that a native dynasty succeeded in retaining the allegiance of a portion of Egypt. Under the Middle Empire, they hold that the line of native Pharaohs was continued in Upper Egypt, and even in a part of Lower Egypt, although forced to pay tribute to the conquering Shepherd kings. In this way Bunsen contrives to reduce the intermediate dynasties of Manetho from the thirteenth to the seventeenth, both inclusive, within a space of less than a thousand years, whereas, reckoned consecutively, they nearly fill up sixteen centuries. In the Old Empire he carries this process of compression still farther. It is here that he employs the list of Eratosthenes as the Procrustes' bed to which the unwieldy proportions of Manetho are remorselessly truncated. He has discovered by divination that the thirty-eight Theban kings of the Alexandrian critic are none other than the entire series of Pharaohs of the Old Empire, and, further, that they furnish us with a *chronological canon* for the whole of this period, and thus constitute the clue to the mazes of Manetho, who by introducing provincial as well as imperial dynasties, and by swelling his lists with joint reigns, regencies, usurpations, and *interregna*, has done his best to lead us all astray. He admits, indeed, that even after deducting all this surplusage, the estimate of Manetho for the duration of the Old Empire is still some centuries too high, which he accordingly, without much ceremony, lops off, in order to make the numbers square with the 1076 years of Eratosthenes. Having thus settled to his own satisfaction the chronology of the Old and Middle Empires, the Chevalier finds that of the New comparatively plain sailing. His method in this portion of the research does not differ materially from that of his fellow Egyptologists, and calls for no special remark. He takes credit to himself for his superior treatment of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, and for having succeeded in perfectly harmonizing the Manethonian lists of their kings with the monuments, and especially with the tablet of Abydos. But gladly as we recognise his great merits in bringing the problem nearer to a solution, we can by no means admit that he has succeeded in removing the contradictions between these conflicting authorities. We may shortly expect decisive evidence upon the true succession and chronology of the

Pharaohs belonging to these important dynasties, and we cannot say that we anticipate an entire confirmation of our author's adjustments, which are often of a very precarious nature. After discussing these dynasties, and the twenty-first, he gives the following summary view of his system (p. 578), taking as his starting point an assumed synchronism of the twenty-first year of Sheshonk, the Shishak of the Bible, and the first king of the twenty-second dynasty, with the fifth year of Rehoboam, and of both with B.C. 962 :—

	B.C.
'First year of Sheshonk (xxii. 1)	982
End of the twenty-first dynasty (lasted 180 years)	983
Beginning of the twenty-first dynasty	1112
End of the twentieth dynasty (lasted 185 years)	1113
Beginning of the twentieth dynasty	1297
End of the nineteenth dynasty (lasted 112 years)	1298
BEGINNING OF THE REIGN OF MENOPHTHAH	1322
Beginning of the nineteenth dynasty	1409
End of the eighteenth dynasty (lasted 229 years)	1410
Beginning of the eighteenth dynasty and the New Empire.	1626
End of the Hyksos dynasties (lasted 866 years)	1639
Beginning of the Hyksos dynasties	2567
End of the Old Empire (last year of Amuntimæus xiii. 3) lasted 1076 years	2568
Previous reign of Amuntimæus (62 years)	2630
Beginning of the thirteenth dynasty (lasted 24 years: first two kings).	2654
Beginning of the twelfth dynasty (lasted 147 years: four kings)	2801
Beginning of the eleventh dynasty (lasted 16 years: one king)	2817
Beginning of the eighth dynasty (lasted 128 years: seven kings)	2945
Beginning of the seventh dynasty (lasted 22 years: one king)	2967
Beginning of the sixth dynasty (lasted 107 years: three kings)	3074
Beginning of the fourth (pyramidal) dynasty (lasted 155 years: four kings)	3229
Beginning of the third dynasty (lasted 224 years: nine kings)	3453
Beginning of the first dynasty (lasted 190 years: five kings)	3643

'Hence, consequently,' adds the Chevalier, 'the accession of Menes was 3643 B.C.'

Such is the result at which he arrives by means of his most ingenious manipulations; and when we think of the vast expenditure of time, toil, and genius lavished upon the task, we

confess we have hardly the heart to declare the beautiful fabric a castle in the air. We incline to envy rather than to disturb the evident complacency with which our chronological poet regards the splendid creation of his brain. Indeed, we will say in sober earnest that we believe he has given us quite as good an Egyptian chronology as could be got from either Eratosthenes or Manetho; when their works, instead of being reduced to mere tatters, were just fresh from their pens.

For we cannot admit that his system is, as he seems to think, identical with theirs; nor, again, that these ancient Egyptologists were even tolerably accordant with one another. We are quite sure, on the contrary, that he has utterly misconceived them both; and that, therefore, whatever weight his conclusions may be entitled to is due to his own sagacity, not to their authority. With respect to Manetho it would be no breach of literary courtesy simply to refer him to Boeckh, whose solid demonstration of the strict consecutiveness of that author's dynasties, neither he nor his ally Lepsius have as yet condescended to notice as it deserves. We do not remember that Bunsen has once referred to his arguments; and Lepsius has certainly not attempted to answer them. A scholar like Boeckh, whose reputation is at least equal to their own, merited, we think, better treatment at their hands. If they were able to dispose of his accumulated proofs, it was due to themselves to do so; and if not, then all their confident appeals to Manetho go for nothing, and their respective systems evaporate into smoke. Boeckh has solidly established a conclusion fatal alike to their method of construing the Egyptian priest, and to the historical character of his *Dynasties*. By simply following the MS. numeral readings of the Manethonian fragments in Africanus, and adding the sums of the thirty-one dynasties together, he has shown that the epoch of Menes coincides exactly with the commencement of a great Dog-star cycle of 1460 years, peculiar to the Egyptians, viz., with B.C. 5702. Such a cycle we know from Censorinus began in A.D. 139, between which and B.C. 5702 are 1460×4 years. The previous one fell in B.C. 1322, in the reign of the Egyptian King Menophres, or, as Bunsen chooses to read the name in the important fragment of the Greek astronomer Theon, first brought to light by Larcher, Menophthah. From him the epoch was denominated the Era of Menophres—the most ancient of which we have any record—which, as Bunsen and Lepsius rightly argue from the passage of Theon, must have been a current one amongst the Egyptians. The cycle was styled the Dog-star, or Sothiac Period (the Egyptian name for the Dog-star being Sothis), because in the year of its renewal the first day of the Egyptian year, which was an *unintercalated*

one of 365 days, coincided with the heliacal rising of Sirius in Egypt, and with the annual overflow of the Nile, of which important event the astronomical phenomenon was the signal. Accordingly, Ideler has ascertained astronomically that in A.D. 139, in B.C. 1322, and even in B.C. 1322 + 1460, or B.C. 2782, the star rose in Egypt on July 20th, which at these dates answered to the Egyptian New-year's day. For any date further back he has not attempted the verification, as not deeming that the result could have any possible bearing upon Egyptian history. Manetho, however, has made Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, ascend the throne at just one of these grand epochs which fell two periods before the remotest of the dates investigated by the Berlin astronomer. For to suppose that, though his numbers, when added together (as *per se* the most natural course), land us at this remarkable Egyptian *annus mirabilis*, this is a pure accident and alien from the sense of the author, seems to us nothing short of sheer fatuity. It is plain that the ray of Sirius sheds a most important light at least upon Manetho. We now know that the starting point of his chronology was ascertained by *cyclical calculation*, not from credible historical traditions, and consequently is not worth a rush.

Of course it will be understood that we have by no means had it in view to epitomize the course of argument by which Boeckh establishes this curious and interesting conclusion. We have alluded to his palmary proof only of the propriety of the continuous, in preference to the parallel, method of construing the Egyptian priest's chronology, viz., the highly significant result to which the former leads. We thereby arrive at the coincidence of the era of Menes with a grand calendarial epoch, *recurring only once in fifteen centuries*, and one upon which the Egyptians are known to have laid the greatest stress. We have said nothing of the ancient testimonies adduced by Boeckh to show that such a coincidence between the traditional starting point of the Egyptian history, and the commencement of the Sothiac period, is historically accredited, nor of the numerous other confirmations of his view which he has advanced. For these we must refer to his book, which ought to be translated for the benefit of sucking Egyptologists amongst ourselves. But we deem the question of the right mode of construing Manetho to be so important, that we shall not hesitate to mention one or two additional proofs, with which our own reading has supplied us, of the soundness of his view. First, however, we must prefix a very compressed summary of his restoration of Manetho's canon in order to render our remarks more comprehensible. In a single item we have ventured to reinstate the reading of the MSS. from which, in this unique instance, Boeckh has deviated,

in order that he might make the commencement of the reign of the gods, as well as the era of Menes, the first mortal king of Egypt, coincide with the epoch of a Sothiac period. The dynasty to which we refer is that of the Memphite demigods, to whom the MSS. give 1790 years, for which Boeckh reads 1702.

I. REIGNS OF THE IMMORTALS.

Manethonian Years of the World. The years are Egyptian of exactly 365 days, none being Leap.	Years B.C., with the date on which the Egyptian Thoth, or New-year's day, fell.
1 First Dynasty of Gods.	11 Aug. 30,610.
11,986 Second ditto.	
12,844 Third ditto.	
13,901 First Dynasty of Demigods.	
15,156 Second ditto.	
16,973 Third ditto (Memphites).	
18,763 Fourth ditto (Thinites).	
19,113 Dynasty of Manes or Ghosts.	

II. REIGNS OF MORTAL KINGS.

Maneth. Years of the World.	Years of Menes.	Years of the Sothiac Period.	B.C.
24,926 ...	1 Dynasty	I. 1 ...	20 July 5702
25,179 ...	254 Dynasty	II. 254 ...	17 May 5449
25,481 ...	556 Dynasty	III. 556 ...	3 March 5147
25,695 ...	770 Dynasty	IV. 770 ...	9 Jan. 4933
25,979 ...	1054 Dynasty	V. 1054 ...	30 Oct. 4650
26,227 ...	1302 Dynasty	VI. 1302 ...	29 Aug. 4402
26,430 ...	1505 Dynasty	VII. 44 ...	9 July 4199
26,431 ...	1506 Dynasty	VIII. 45 ...	9 July 4198
26,573 ...	1648 Dynasty	IX. 187 ...	3 June 4056
26,982 ...	2057 Dynasty	X. 596 ...	21 Feb. 3647
27,167 ...	2242 Dynasty	XI. 781 ...	6 Jan. 3462
27,226 ...	2301 Dynasty	XII. 840 ...	22 Dec. 3404
27,310 ...	2385 SESOSTRIS.	924 ...	1 Dec. 3320
27,386 ...	2461 Dynasty	XIII. 1000 ...	12 Nov. 3244
27,839 ...	2914 Dynasty	XIV. 1453 ...	22 July 2791
28,023 ...	3098 Dynasty	XV. 176 ...	6 June 2607
28,307 ...	3382 Dynasty	XVI. 460 ...	27 March 2323
28,825 ...	3900 Dynasty	XVII. 978 ...	18 Nov. 1806
28,976 ...	4051 Dynasty	XVIII. 1129 ...	11 Oct. 1655
29,305 ...	4380 Dynasty	XIX. 1458 ...	21 July 1326
29,448 ...	4523 Dynasty	XX. 140 ...	15 June 1183
29,583 ...	4658 Dynasty	XXI. 275 ...	12 May 1048
29,697 ...	4772 Dynasty	XXII. 389 ...	14 April 934
29,817 ...	4892 Dynasty	XXIII. 509 ...	15 March 814
29,906 ...	4981 Dynasty	XXIV. 598 ...	21 Feb. 725
29,912 ...	4987 Dynasty	XXV. 604 ...	19 Feb. 719
29,952 ...	5027 Dynasty	XXVI. 644 ...	9 Feb. 679
30,013 ...	5176 Last of AMOSIS.	793 ...	3 Jan. 530
30,014 ...	5177 Dynasty	XXVII. 794 ...	3 Jan. 529
30,227 ...	5302 Dynasty	XXVIII. 919 ...	2 Dec. 405
30,233 ...	5308 Dynasty	XXIX. 925 ...	1 Dec. 399
30,254 ...	5329 Dynasty	XXX. 946 ...	26 Nov. 378
30,292 ...	5367 Dynasty	XXXI. 984 ...	16 Nov. 340
30,300 ...	5375 First of ALEXANDER.	992 ...	14 Nov. 332
30,308 ...	5383 First of Philip.	1000 ...	12 Nov. 324

Our additional proofs that Boeckh has rightly apprehended Manetho are drawn from the statements in classical writers relative to the Phoenix period. This was a great lunar cycle known to the Egyptians, respecting whose duration, however, the ancients seem to have been a good deal puzzled. The fact is, as is easily conceivable, there were in reality several such cycles, most of which, on the other hand, seem to have been the property of the Egyptian *literati* only. The only one concerning which we know that its recurrence was celebrated by national religious festivities, analogous to the secular or centenary games at Rome, is the Phoenix period of 500 years, mentioned by Herodotus, Tacitus, and a dozen other ancient authors. Ælian expressly testifies that the completion of this period of 500 years was always publicly announced by the priests of the great temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, upon which the most enthusiastic rejoicings took place throughout the whole land of Egypt. The current myth (which is of course nothing but an astronomical allegory) ran, that the famous secular bird always found its way precisely at the expiration of the period from its native land Arabia to the fane of Ra, the Sun-god at Heliopolis, where, after building itself a nest of aromatic woods and spices, it seized a brand and set fire to its own fragrant funeral pyre, in order to rise again from its ashes with regenerated powers. In our search after the epoch of this period there are several circumstances which are in favour of the so-called Philippic Era of the Egyptians, namely, B.C. 324—323. For there is, first the fact that it *was* used as an era, although Philip Aridæus, after whom it is named, makes no figure in history. If, however, it was an *astronomical* epoch, the epoch of the renewal of the Phoenix period, all is explained. Then, secondly, Ptolemy, the great Egyptian astronomer, gives a series of Apis cycles of 25 years (this was a shorter lunar cycle of which the Phoenix period, be it observed, is a multiple) for a space of 1500, or 500×3 years, *beginning with the Philippic era*. Moreover, that era is itself the millennial year of the earlier era of Menephtes, and the two eras would thus seem to be just two Phoenix periods apart. And lastly, by the slightest possible correction of a passage in Pliny, we have amongst the three or four Phoenix dates, which are all that antiquity has left us, express ancient testimony to the fact. Pliny, (*Hist. Nat.* x. 2), citing Manilius, a contemporary of Sulla, says that the year in which P. Licinius and Cn. Cornelius were consuls, viz., B.C. 98—97, was the 215th year of the Phoenix period. If we here read 225th (which is a less amount of change than that proposed by Dr. Hincks, who conjectures 1225th, and supposes a reference to the era of Menephtes), we recognise at once the allusion to the Philippic era, as being the year of the Phoenix festivity.

Assuming this, then, to be the true Phoenix epoch till better informed, we find that, with the help of Boeckh's Manetho, it at once explains the assertion of Tacitus (*Ann.* vi. 28) that the first Phoenix appeared in the reign of Sesostris. For from the first year of Sesostris (Dyn. XII.) to the first year of Philip Aridæus, Boeckh makes the interval to be 3000, or 500×6 years wanting two,—a slight discrepancy which we shall not stop to discuss. Of course we do not believe that Sesostris lived 3000 years before the Philippic era; but such was undoubtedly the view of Manetho.

Tacitus, in the passage to which we have referred, says, that the opinion which assigned 500 years to the Phoenix period was the more common one. He, however, mentions another, which made it consist of 1461 Egyptian, or, which is the same thing, 1460 Julian years. In this latter statement he is thought by many to have confounded the Phoenix period with the Sothiac period, which was of the same duration. But this is not to be hastily taken for granted. Besides being the space occupied by the Egyptian New-year's day in traversing the whole of the seasons, and coming round again to the point of conjunction with the heliacal rising of Sirius, 1461 Egyptian years form also a very accurate lunar cycle, and may therefore very well have been regarded, by the Egyptian *literati* at least, as a Phoenix period. Tacitus expressly asserts that such was a very common view in Egypt. And we may easily believe him. For thus, with the light thrown upon the matter by Boeckh's Manetho, restoring as we have done, the MS. reading in the only instance of any moment in which Boeckh has resorted to conjecture, we get the explanation of another of the few Phoenix dates mentioned by the ancient authors. It is the Phoenix which is said to have appeared in the reign of the emperor Claudius, and to have added considerable *eclat* to the secular games celebrated by him in the 800th year of Rome. The authors who speak of it are Pliny, Solinus, and Dexippus the Athenian; and Pliny adds that the fact was duly commemorated in the *Acta Diurna*, the Roman *Times* newspaper of the day. We remark, in elucidation, that the 800th year of Rome is the Manethonian year of the world 30,679, which is only two years short of 1461×21 —the same trifling defect which we observed above. We see from this, moreover, that Boeckh was guided by a true instinct in making Manetho's reign of the Immortals, as well as the reign of the mortal kings, begin with the epoch of a great astronomical period. But we regard it as unfortunate, that to gain this object he should have abandoned, even in this single instance, his own admirable principle of rigid adherence to the MSS. The reign of the gods begins with a Phoenix period; that of the human Pharaohs with

a Sothiac period. The double coincidence is especially worthy of notice.

So much for Manetho, and the Chevalier's interpretation of his chronology. The admiration of the latter at the truthfulness and honesty of his Egyptian guide is no doubt as sincere as it is lavishly expressed. But for ourselves and others who think with us, that Boeckh is entitled to the credit of being the first to unravel the mystery of his 'Dynasties,' and that the result of the discovery is to brand the fabrication as a masterpiece of mendacity, the sonorous elegiacs prefixed to the third book of *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, opposite the worthy priest's bust, sound as oddly as Southey's hexameter apotheosis of poor old George III. did to Byron. Is it a climax or an anticlimax which we have in these lines to Manetho, as compared with those which grace the busts of Niebuhr and Eratosthenes at the beginning of the former books?—

'Scribe and Scholar of Thoth, on the bank of the Sebennyte waters
Thou quaff'dst historical lore from th' hallowed page of the Past.
Counsels of sages of old, deep import of mystical customs,
Thou hast interpreted all fully to strangers and friends.

Deeds of the Primitive Time by thy *honest* research were unravell'd;
Boldly illumin'd thy torchdarkness of thousands of years.

Lo, at thy bidding array'd, stand the series of long generations,
Monarchs in Egypt who reign'd, Menes the first of their race;
Here a Sesostris appears, here the Ramesside, here Amenophis;
Each in his order arrang'd by thy interpreting wand.

Rescued by thee from decay live long-lost heroic achievements,
Works of immortal renown, exploits of glorious arms.

Fables grew into Truth, and the praises of earlier heroes
There on the hallowed spot burst on the ear of the Greek.

Loudly by thee were proclaim'd all the wrongs by the people en-
dured,

Victims of each in their turn—Conquerors, Tyrants, and Priests.

Faithful Scribe of the gods, all these by thy pen were recorded!

Clio's and Nemesis' Priest, Clio's and Nemesis' Son.

Yet the perversions of Fraud and the hand of the Spoilers have
marr'd thee,

In thy scanty remains barely an echo survives.

Folly it seem'd to the wise; thou thyself e'en wast call'd a deceiver,
Doom'd to be crushed by a friend in his Procrustean bed.

Then the Genius arose whom Hermes himself had instructed,
And each mystical sign grew in his hand into sound.

Scutcheons were traced upon stones, whose records thyself hadst
consulted;

Each echoed back the response—Manetho gave us our name!

Grateful I offer to thee whatever through thee I have learned;

Truth have I sought at thy hand; Truth have I found by thy aid.'

Our complaint against the Chevalier, with respect to his treatment of Eratosthenes, is simply that he has shifted the Alexandrian chronologer's epoch of Menes, and that to the extent of more than a thousand years. The list of Eratosthenes we owe entirely to Syncellus, who introduces it with this remark:— 'Apollodorus, the chronographer, has recorded a different series of Egyptian kings, styled Thebans, which began in the year of the world 2900, and ended in the year of the world 3975, the knowledge of which, he says, Eratosthenes derived from Egyptian archives and registers, and rendered into Greek by royal command, as follows,' &c. Now the year of the world 2900 in Syncellus, when, according to Eratosthenes, Menes began his reign, answers to B.C. 2593, between which and B.C. 3643 are 1050 years. We know that the Chevalier endeavours to avoid the odium of such unwarrantable and outrageous tampering with an ancient text, by charging the very same crime upon Syncellus, which is really too bad, and deserving of the severest reprehension. His reasoning in support of this ungenerous accusation against the writer to whom he is indebted for the document on which he builds his system, is of the weakest description, and quite unworthy of himself:—

'As respects the reason,' he says, 'why Syncellus only began the series of Eratosthenes after the year of the world 2900, and not at the first possible year, 2776, which is his date for the dispersion of the nations at Babel (fifth year of Phaleg), it may be satisfactorily accounted for in more ways than one. In the first place he had a list of *Egyptian* kings (which he distinguishes from the *Thebans*), commencing with Mizraim, the son of Ham. He makes this series begin at the year of the dispersion itself, according to him, 2776. The reign of the Thinite who was recorded by the Greeks, and with whom he commences the kings of Eratosthenes, must naturally have begun later. On critical grounds even an interval was necessary. We must allow some time for the masses of men dispersed from Babel to form themselves into races, and to appear colonized in fixed settlements. To ask why that interval was exactly 124 years, seems to me idle, considering how very arbitrary the old chronographers were as to those patriarchal times. At all events, Syncellus could not place Menes coeval with Mizraim, and it would not have mended his synchronisms had he done so.'—pp. 458, 459.

All this astounding mystification of a very plain matter is set aside by the simple remark that Syncellus *has* not only made Menes 'coeval' with the Mizraim of his list of Egyptian kings, but absolutely identifies the two. The first name of that list he announces under A.M. 2776 (= B.C. 2717), in these terms:— '*Mizraim, who is also called Menes, reigned thirty-five years.*'

This the Chevalier knows very well; and, therefore, how he came to say that Syncellus could not do what he actually has done, passes our comprehension. Hence, too, it is all the more certain that when the Christian chronographer makes the Menes of Eratosthenes begin his reign A.M. 2900 (= B.C. 2593), or 124 years later than the Menes of the list which he has himself chosen to patronize, he is citing *the opinion of Eratosthenes*, and not obtruding upon us his own. And if this be so, then the Chevalier has no more given us the genuine sense of Eratosthenes than he has that of Manetho. He has added a thousand years to the chronology of the one, just as he has docked two thousand years from that of the other. Originally, and as rightly interpreted, Manetho makes Menes thirty-one centuries older than the more cautious Alexandrian ventured to do, just as the unsophisticated Egyptian priests, who were the informants of Herodotus, claimed for him an antiquity which exceeds by threescore and three centuries that stipulated for by their Hellenized descendants 'on the bank of the Sebennyte waters.'

As to Lesueur's work, it is useless to waste words upon it. A more uncritical performance has rarely met our eye. He has jumbled together into an indescribable mash all the conflicting literary traditions, and then requires us to accept this hotchpotch as the genuine chronology of Egypt, and as incontrovertibly authenticated by the monuments, upon pain of being set down as incorrigible bigots and Bibliolators. We may mention it as a specimen of the many literary *curiosa* to be found in his book, that (p. 316) he dates the birth of 'Adam, patriarch of the Hebrews,' 2618 years after the accession of Menes, which, according to him, was B.C. 5773, and 8349 years after the epoch at which he religiously believes the accredited history of Egypt to have commenced. In one respect, however, his work contrasts very favourably with Bunsen's. The Frenchman always contrives to make his meaning perfectly transparent, whereas the Chevalier, in many passages, might as well have written in hieroglyphics, so far as the possibility of extracting any tolerable sense from his words is concerned. For how much of this obscurity Mr. Cottrell is responsible we are not prepared to say, not having the German original at hand. But since the work was translated under the superintendence of its author, who, in his *Hippolytus*, has shown how great a mastery of English style it is possible for a foreigner to acquire, such blemishes ought not to have occurred. We may here observe, also, that a little more care in the correction of the proof-sheets would not have been thrown away.

We have throughout this article freely expressed our conviction that the elaborate attempts of our Egyptologists to settle the

Egyptian chronology are so many splendid failures. But, lest our readers should deem us incorrigible sceptics, and fancy that our only aim in this excursion into the valley of the Nile has been to spy out the nakedness of the land, we are anxious, ere we conclude, to avow our belief, that at last the Gordian knot is really in a fair way of being untied. A ray of light has at length pierced the darkness, and, we are sanguine enough to hope, will prove the forerunner of the perfect day. As already hinted, we may shortly expect to see a strictly un conjectural restoration, from the monuments alone, of the exact succession of the Pharaohs as far back as the eighteenth Manethonian dynasty, *i.e.* to Ramses the Great, with the precise number of years during which each reigned. The stone arch which shall carry us safely across the gulf that yawns between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries before Christ has recently been found. A monumental canon, infallible as that of Ptolemy, and embracing more than this vast interval, has been brought to light, and thus the *πῶν στῶ*, hitherto sought for in vain, on which the future Egyptian chronologer may find firm footing, and plant his lever for the removal of further obstructions, has been won. We allude to the splendid discoveries of the French archæologist, Mariette, on the site of the ancient Memphis, with a description of which, from the pen of so competent an eye-witness as Brugsch, we feel that we cannot do better than present our readers.

‘The excavations which Mariette has personally conducted during more than two years and a half, with great care, have been crowned by discoveries of monuments, above and below the ancient soil, which have well repaid him. The former consist of the Temple of Apis, the so-called Serapeum, together with its adjoining chapels and buildings; the latter, of the sepulchres of the Apis bulls. Both are enclosed within a great quadrangular wall, the existence of which Lepsius has indicated by a mound on his plan of the Pyramids of Saqara, without suspecting what a treasure of monuments lay concealed beneath it. An avenue of sphinxes, which were already buried in the sand of the desert at the time of Strabo, who visited this place, leads to the main entrance, which lies towards the east, where the Serapeum stands. This avenue terminates in a hemicycle, formed of the statues of distinguished philosophers and poets of Grecian antiquity. A double wall now encloses a narrow passage, which leads to the pylons. This wall, on which we find depicted a number of children riding on panthers and other wild beasts, comprised on one side a chapel of Apis, in which stood his image, beautifully sculptured, and covered with a mass of demotic inscriptions. I regret that this was conveyed to Paris without my having the opportunity of studying the inscriptions.

‘The pylons bear the name of king Amyrtæus of Sais, the only king who constitutes the XXVIIIth dynasty. Leaning against them are two

lions *couchants*, entirely similar to those at present found in the Vatican. Through these pylons we pass in the direction from east to west, to the subterranean Apis sepulchres, certainly the most interesting portion of the excavations. They form great galleries of considerable length, which are cut in the limestone rock in the form of vaulted tunnels, about ten feet wide. The principal entrance is indicated by a gate which lies towards the east (marked by M. Mariette, No. 6), to which we are conducted by a steep slanting road, whose two sides are formed by the hewn limestone. Down this road travelled the huge sarcophagi of the sacred bulls, probably on rollers. The portal is formed of great square blocks of limestone; it consists of two rectangular jambs, surmounted by an enormous block of limestone. Each face of the jambs, as far as the workmen could reach, is covered with demotic inscriptions. They are partly written in red and black ink alternately, which has now nearly disappeared, and partly engraved and filled in with similar inks. The whole of the inscriptions consist of proseynemata in honour of *Hapi anch*, i.e. 'the living Apis.' Some of them are of importance on this account, that they begin with a double date, giving alike the year of the reigning Ptolemy—for they belong to the times of this princely family—and that of the age of the Apis bull. With the permission of M. Mariette, I have copied the whole of the inscriptions, beautiful examples of which I hope to incorporate in my *Demotic Grammar*. The inscriptions themselves seem to belong to a great priestly family, which presided over the worship in the Temple of Apis, and whose genealogy I purpose shortly to restore. With the help of these inscriptions, I have been able to reconstruct the Apis periods under the Ptolemies. Thus I also, in my department, am in a position to furnish the proof in demotic of what M. Mariette in his, will not neglect to deduce from the hieroglyphical portion of his discoveries—that the Apis epochs can be elicited and historically established from the ancient Egyptian monuments, if not exactly in the strict sense of a period such as is often spoken of by the classical writers.

'The Apis cycle according to Greek tradition was, as is well known, a cycle of twenty-five Egyptian years, which, with a trifling difference, are equal to 309 synodic months; so that, when it ran out, the new and full moons fell upon the same days of the Egyptian kalendar. Its use in dating historical facts was conjectured by the most eminent scholars, without, however, being monumentally established. Classical antiquity has preserved only five dates of the kind. The first is handed down to us by Herodotus, who relates, that the Apis appeared to the Egyptians in the year in which Cambyses, the Persian king, returned from his expedition against Ethiopia. The next date is found in Polyænus, who speaks of the death of an Apis, and the search after a new one, under Darius. The third is mentioned by Diodorus, who says, that when Ptolemy Lagides had scarcely entered upon his reign after the death of Alexander II., the Apis died at Memphis of old age. According to a fourth passage in Spartian, the Apis festival gave occasion to a riot at Alexandria, under the emperor

Hadrian. The last mention of an Apis (under the emperor Julian) occurs in Ammianus Marcellinus. In contrast with the paucity of these dates, I have, up to the present time, discovered upon demotic monuments of the Serapeum more than five-and-twenty double dates, which comprise the dominion of the Lagidæ, as also a single one of the time of the Persian king 'NT a RIUSCH, *i.e.* Darius.

'A second particularly important source of materials for the reconstruction of the Apis periods is furnished by the very numerous demotic and hieroglyphical *stelæ* which were found by hundreds on the two rock walls of the above-mentioned road and sepulchral entrance, the greater part of which, however, have been now removed to the Louvre. I intend to bring a number of them with me to Berlin, in order that I may preserve a tangible exemplification of the proscynemata of the Serapeum. Besides the parallel date, of which I have spoken more at large above, several of them contain most exact specifications of the day of the enthronization of the Apis in the Apieum, of its having been found in such and such a city, belonging to such and such a *nome*, &c.

'Through the door, No. 6, we enter a court of no great size, the sides of which were covered with *stelæ* let into the wall, and which conducts us to two passages leading to the great subterranean sepulchral chambers of the Apis bulls. Mariette is accustomed to introduce the visitors to the Serapeum into the illuminated excavations by the right-hand passage. We first traverse a long gallery, until our progress is stopped by a huge sarcophagus of granite. It is of quadrangular form, unpolished; its height, without the cover, is seven feet, and its breadth five feet. The cover lies in front of it by itself. The double tracks along which the colossal sarcophagi were moved on rollers are still visible on the floor of this and the adjoining galleries. After passing along this and the next gallery, which cuts it at right angles, there appear suddenly, in alternate series, right and left, immense niches about twenty feet high, in whose recesses sarcophagi, polished like mirrors, mark the place in which the remains of the Apis bulls were preserved. To give an idea of their magnitude, I may be permitted to remark, that four-and-twenty persons could easily stand in them, and would have plenty of room to turn themselves. Only a few of them are furnished with inscriptions.

'Of the four-and-twenty stone sarcophagi (besides these there are five of inferior materials), one belongs to the time of Amasis, a second to that of Cambyses, a third bears the name of a Persian king not hitherto met with in hieroglyphics, and a fourth has an empty royal scutcheon. When Mariette entered these galleries for the first time, the niches were walled up to half their height. On removing this wall he discovered the sarcophagi. The covers, however, had been pushed back, and a great heap of stones had been piled upon them—the sign, amongst the orientals, of a grave's being held in contempt—and the empty spaces between the sarcophagus and the wall filled with rubbish and stones. The sarcophagi had all been ransacked, with the exception of two, which contained costly ornaments. That this act of

violence took place at a time when the art of reading the hieroglyphics was still understood, is proved by the careful erasure of the name of Apis upon the hieroglyphical *stelæ*, which Mariette discovered sunk in the outer walls. In the case of the *stelæ*, which were not in their places, and which, accordingly, had already become hidden beneath the rubbish in ancient times, the name is preserved. These *stelæ* all relate to the history of the Apis, and mention the precise date of his natal and obituary year, always with reference to the regnal year of the reigning sovereign, how long the Apis lived, the year in which he was found, was enthroned, &c. *These stelæ have rendered it possible for M. Mariette perfectly to reconstruct the series of the Apis periods, and that of the sovereigns as well, from Ramses the Great down to the Grecian times, exclusive of the twentieth, twenty-third, and twenty-ninth dynasties, and that in an unbroken sequence of kings.* This reconstruction comprises the names of Pharaohs, of whom hitherto no trace has been discovered on the extant monuments. *In this way, for the first time an unassailable and immoveable foundation has been furnished for the Egyptian chronology and imperial history of the corresponding times.*—Brugsch, pp. 27—33.

When Mariette's chronological *laterculus* of the Pharaohs from Ramses the Great downwards shall have been given to the world, we shall probably be in a position, for the first time, to identify the king under whom the Exodus took place. For we cannot think that hitherto the Egyptologers have done much towards the settlement of this *questio vexata*. The latest theory of any note* upon the subject (Bunsen having reserved for the sequel his discussion of it) is that of Lepsius, who has treated it at large in his *Einleitung* (pp. 314—404), and more compendiously in his article on 'Ancient Egypt,' in Herzog's *Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopædia*,† now in course of publication (I. p. 145, sq.). His view, based on a peculiar interpretation of the Manethonian extracts in Josephus, is in the main as follows:—About B.C. 2100, in the time of the Twelfth Dynasty (the second Theban), the Hyksos, a warlike pastoral people, of Semitic race, invaded Egypt from the East, made themselves masters of the lower part of the country without opposition, took possession of Memphis, made it the seat of their government, and imposed tribute on both Lower and Upper Egypt. It was not until after 430 years that the native kings, who, partly in Upper Egypt, and partly in Ethiopia, had retained in a measure their independence, succeeded in penetrating from the south (B.C. 1661); and, after a long struggle of eighty years, forced

* We have no qualification to make in favour of that propounded in Mr. Osburn's absurdly ambitious and wild romance, *The Monumental History of Egypt*.

† *Real Encyclopædie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. Stuttgart. 1853.

them to evacuate their last bulwark, Avaris, the Pelusium of later times. Thus, after a stay in Egypt of 511 years in all, a whole people, consisting of several hundred thousand men, who must gradually have acquired in the cities of highly civilized Egypt, so rich in arts and sciences, at least as much culture as they destroyed there, were driven into Syria, and compelled to seek a new abode in Palestine. This would necessarily lead to new expatriations and emigrations thence, probably even to a dispersion of the expelled Hyksos themselves. The expulsion of the Hyksos took place under King Tuthmosis III. From that epoch nearly two centuries elapsed before the immigration of the Israelites into Egypt, which, like their Exodus, after a sojourn of about a century, took place under the nineteenth dynasty. Sethos I., (B.C. 1445—1394), the Sesostris of the Greeks, was the Pharaoh under whom Joseph came to Egypt; his son, Ramses II., Miamoun the Great (B.C. 1394—1328) was the king at whose court Moses was brought up; and his son Menephtes (B.C. 1328—1309), the Amenophis of Josephus, was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. That the Israelites are described in the second of the two Manethonian fragments in Josephus as lepers is not an Egyptian calumny, but a matter of fact, inasmuch as the leprosy was at that time endemic amongst them in Egypt, as is proved by the Mosaic laws concerning the leprosy, and by the history of Miriam (Num. xii. 14).

This truly marvellous hypothesis has been duly considered and ably refuted by Professor Kurtz, of Dorpat, in his *History of the Old Testament* (Geschichte des alten Bundes: Berlin, 1855), who very properly remarks upon it that—

‘As long as we retain a *minimum* of confidence in the credibility of the Pentateuch, and of the Old Testament in general, so long must we reject Lepsius’ combinations as quite baseless castles in the air, and feel no less astonished at the arbitrariness of his criticism, and his levity in dealing with the sacred records, than at the extraordinary acuteness and learning which he has brought to bear upon the subject.’

Perhaps Lepsius’ most plausible argument is one which he has drawn from the Mosaic narrative itself:—

‘A circumstance is there mentioned,’ he says, ‘which points most definitely to the date I have given—I mean the erection of the cities *Pithom* and *Raamses* by the Jews, under the predecessor of the Pharaoh of the Exodus—*i.e.*, under Ramses II. We know from other testimonies that this mightiest of the Pharaohs caused many canals to be excavated, and new cities to be built; and especially that he formed the canal which, at a later epoch, united the Red Sea with the Nile, at the western extremity of which lay Pithom, and at its eastern Raamses (Abu Keischid). Amidst the ruins of this latter city a group, consist-

ing of two divinities, with the deified Ramses II. seated on his throne between them, is still found.'

This coincidence, if all the facts be as he states them, is certainly startling. Meanwhile, however, Kurtz has advanced some strong reasons against the proposed identification of the city Raamses with the modern Abu Keischid, and shows that in all probability the city under the same name existed as early as the times of Joseph. Moreover, even supposing the city to have derived its name from a king Ramses, why should it have been Ramses II., rather than his ancestor Ramses I.?

But even were we to accept Lepsius' identification, upon Manetho's authority, of the Pharaoh of the Exodus with Amenophis, the son of Ramses II., styled the Great,—against which, as a *provisional* result, we, for our part, see no insuperable objection—that is a very different thing from assenting to a correction of the Bible chronology by that of our Egyptologer. We have every confidence in the former, which we feel convinced will be confirmed by Mariette's forthcoming disclosures, and none at all in the latter, any more than in that of his master, Manetho, since we feel quite certain that both, with dozens more of the ancient and modern schemes, will be utterly demolished by the irrefragable testimony of the Apis *stelæ*. Our readers will scarcely credit it, when we inform them that Lepsius affects to believe that his theory does no violence to the biblical narrative. He puts the question to himself, whether the Old Testament accounts contradict the Egyptian (*i.e.*, according to his interpretation), and that to such a degree, that we must necessarily on that account regard these latter as erroneous. And his answer is:—

'It appears rather, on the contrary, that this so definite Egyptian account is most decidedly confirmed by the Hebrew records, if we assume an error in the computation of the space of time between the Exodus and the erection of the temple, which, according to the date, (1 Kings vi. 1), an interpolation in any case (!), was 480 years. This number agrees neither with the details in the book of Judges, nor with the reading of the LXX, nor with the determination in Acts xiii. 20, nor with that of Josephus. Whilst, for the most part, those deviations would lead to a still higher number of years, an unprejudiced (!) consideration and comparison of the genealogical registers, of which those of the Levites in particular may lay claim to the greatest amount of confidence, gives, as an average, a much smaller sum, and precisely such as was to be expected, on the supposition of the correctness of the Egyptian tradition respecting the epoch of the Exodus.'

Now we must say that, to our thinking, this is very melancholy twaddle; and those who summon us to reform the received biblical date of the Exodus (B.C. 1492), in deference to the mere

guesses (sometimes very wild ones), of modern Egyptologists, must really show us something better than such shifting quicksand as this, before we shall venture to quit our comfortable *terra firma*. Who ever dreams of calculating by genealogies any save an approximate date, and that only in the last resort, and when all other evidence fails? Who, again, would think of measuring any save a very considerable interval by this otherwise most uncertain of all methods? Three or four generations may span the space between the landing of our army at Gallipoli and the fall of Sebastopol, or that between the reigns of Richard III. and our present beloved queen. A land-surveyor would not be thought very fit for his business, the links of whose chain should be made of India-rubber. Of course three consecutive generations in one and the same direct line are less elastic than three taken at large, such as we have supposed above. But, on the other hand, we cannot consent to estimate the length of a generation in the patriarchal and Mosaic times by the standard assumed in modern statistical science—viz., at about thirty years, as Lepsius would have us. We are not told, indeed, in the Pentateuch, what were the respective ages of Levi, Kohath, and Amram at the birth of their sons; but we are informed that two out of the three lived to be 137, and that Kohath fell short of that high number by only four years. Professor Lepsius has forgotten, too, that since Aaron was eighty-three at the Exodus, there are, properly speaking, *four* members of the series to be taken into the account. Moreover, for the same space of time there are specified, in the family of Joseph *six*, in that of Judah *seven*, and in that of Ephraim no fewer than *ten* members. It is a sure sign of a bad cause, when Lepsius, in view of these awkward facts, declares all the registers, except that of the Levites, to be 'in a state of palpable confusion, and incapable of leading to any result.' As to his appeal to the Rabbinical chronology, as having *preserved* the true date of the Exodus, placing it, as it does, in B.C. 1314, this also is all of a piece with the rest of his reasoning on the biblical part of the subject, and may fairly wait to be considered till Lepsius shall have agreed to adopt the palpably false dates on which that absurd system is avowedly and notoriously based. It is certainly an edifying phenomenon this of modern *critical* science reaching out the right hand of fellowship to the Talmudists!

So far are we, therefore, from agreeing with Lepsius in regarding the genealogies as clashing with the received computation of the duration of Israel's sojourn in Egypt at about 215 years, that we cannot but deem them far more accordant with that hypothesis than with his own. He is quite mistaken, too, in thinking

that it is merely the setting aside the one number of 480 years, as 'in any case an interpolation' that is involved in the question. 'There are in Genesis and Exodus,' as Kurtz has well observed, 'a number of other notes of time extant, which are most closely incorporated with the narrative, and which must also be set aside; of which, again, Lepsius cannot assert that they are 'in any case interpolations.' Moses, *e.g.*, was eighty years old, 'according to Ex. vii. 7, when he entered upon his conflict with the Pharaoh of the Exodus. He must therefore have been born ten years after the Descent into Egypt. How does that square with the other *data* in Genesis and Exodus? Joseph was seven-teen years of age when he came into Egypt (Gen. xxxvii. 2), and died there at one hundred and ten (Gen. l. 22, 26), after he had seen Ephraim's sons to the *third* generation (Gen. l. 23). Further, Joseph was thirty when he was promoted by Pharaoh (Gen. xli. 46). Nine years later the immigration of his brethren took place (Gen. xlv. 6). Accordingly, Joseph survived this immigration seventy-one years. Now, in Ex. i. 6, *sq.*, we read,—'And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them.' Then for the first time began the oppression and the forced labour. And since even these measures are ineffectual in restraining the extraordinary increase of the people (and in order to ascertain that, decades, at least, must have elapsed), the decree for the murder of the new-born male children appeared, and it was not until this point of time that Moses was born. Who that reads all this will not estimate the time from the Descent to Moses' birth at a couple of centuries at least? But according to the chronology of Lepsius only ten years remain for the whole.'

We have not touched upon this question of the Pharaoh of the Exodus without some degree of reluctance, and more for the purpose of showing that it is not as yet ripe for decision, in spite of much loud proclamation to the contrary, than for any other reason. As we have already said, we hope we are on the threshold of an authoritative verdict, for which it will be better to exercise our sorely-tried patience in waiting a little longer, than to have to fling overboard the lumber of some premature theory upon the subject, endorsed with ever so great a name, as will infallibly be the fate of many a theological *quidnunc* at no very distant day. This continent of Nile mud will become fruitful enough in its season. But until the waters shall have subsided, the very landmarks are not discernible, and it is habitable for creatures only who dive where none can follow them, or are armed with scales of prejudice which no weapon can pierce.

ART. IV.—(1.) *The Last of the Arctic Voyages; being a Narrative of the Expedition in H.M.S. Assistance, under the command of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C.B., in search of Sir John Franklin, during the years 1852-53-54. With Notes on the Natural History, by SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, &c. Published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 2 vols. London: Reeve. 1855.*

(2.) *Parliamentary Papers relative to the recent Arctic Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. 1852—1855.*

(3.) *Report from the Select Committee on Arctic Expedition. 1855.*

THE first Arctic voyage undertaken by Englishmen was characterized by an ominous but romantic catastrophe. Three gallant ships, built as ships had never been previously constructed—for their timbers were of surpassing strength and their keels were plated with lead—swept proudly past the palace at Greenwich on a May morning in the year 1553. Clustered at the windows and in the turrets of the building where the sixth Edward lay stretched on a couch of suffering, noble dames and courtly gentlemen were assembled to cheer the mariners with their presence, and bid ‘God speed’ to the adventurous little fleet. Thousands of the commonalty lined the banks of the stream, and eyed the bold crews who were about to tempt the perils of the North with feelings of curiosity, such as we should entertain were it possible to launch an expedition for the planet Uranus. Shouts flew from the shore to the ships, and back from the ships to the shore, until ‘the sky rung with the noise.’ Few flotillas of discovery have probably put to sea under more exhilarating auspices. The good wishes of the nation seem to have filled its sails. It carried a letter from the king, addressed to all the princes and governors of the earth, requesting them to give his servants free passage ‘by their regions and dominions.’ It was furnished with a code of instructions drawn up by Sebastian Cabot, the great maritime authority of the day, wherein he counselled the adventurers against many real and several fantastic perils—against savages who wore the skins of lions and bears for the purpose of horrifying their foes, and against naked barbarians who haunted various coasts, where they swam about in the waters to seize the bodies of men, ‘which they coveted for meat!’ The object of the expedition was to discover a short route to India and Cathay, for it was hoped that by probing the north in an eastern direction, a path might be found to those golden climes. In a storm off Norway, Sir Hugh Willoughby, the commander, was separated from his second, Richard Chancellor. The latter reached Arch-

angel, and for a while escaped. The former, with a consort vessel, rambled onward till a barrier of ice forbid his further advance. Then he turned and found refuge on the shores of Lapland. After a lapse of some months, two vessels were seen drifting at random by some Russian sailors. On boarding them, not a living soul could be found. The bodies of the men were there, stiff and frozen; but not one of the company survived to tell how his comrades had perished. Death sat at the helm, and in his keeping the secret of their fate was secure. Had he piloted the vessels back to the Thames with their crew of corpses, how the nation would have mourned to see the ships, which had gone forth freighted with life and hope, return silent and sepulchral—changed from thronged and bustling barques into floating hearses.

If such was the dismal dawn of Arctic enterprise, the fate of Franklin and his companions may be said to mark its recent efforts with a tragedy of equal horror. It was in May, 1845, that this veteran adventurer left England to explore the Polar seas. Two ships, with ill-omened names, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, carried him and his associates to the fatal realms of Frost. These vessels were provisioned for an absence of three years. But three years elapsed, and no tidings arrived. The public grew uneasy and friends became unhappy, but still no news from the North. Gallant men hastened to the rescue, and ship after ship put off from our shores—and some, too, from American ports—to release the little band of captives, if possible, from their prison of ice. But ship after ship returned, baffled in the generous attempt, and bearing no surer intelligence than the discovery of Franklin's first winter quarters supplied. The nation was left to its mournful speculations, and knew not whether its missing sons had been crushed in their vessels, or murdered by hostile natives, or frozen to death like the brave Willoughby and his brother pioneers.

Amongst these searching expeditions, Sir Edward Belcher's merits special prominence, if we consider the scale on which it was conducted. Five vessels were placed under his command.* Officers who had served a long Arctic apprenticeship lent their experience to the voyage. 'A finer body of men never trod the decks of any of her Majesty's ships.' The squadron was equipped with ample resources, and as science was not to be forgotten, instruments of the best order for magnetic and meteorological observations were provided. The Expedition quitted the Nore on the 21st of April, 1852, and if it were not too common a thing for gay armaments to sally forth amidst cheers and hopeful

* The *Assistance*, *Resolute*, *Pioneer* (steamer), *Intrepid* (steamer), and *North Star*.

auguries, but to return shattered and weeping, the spectator who witnessed the departure of this 'imposing squadron' might well have indulged a belief that every icy cell in the vast dungeons of Frost would now be ransacked in quest of the imprisoned men.

In Sir Edward Belcher's volumes the results of this voyage are, or rather should be, presented. The work, we are sorry to say, has been very imperfectly written. Its handsome appearance and authoritative *imprimatur*, combined with its beautiful type and richly-tinted lithographs, which seem to invest the scenery of the Pole with the chromatic glories of more southernly lands, will doubtless tempt many a reader to make an Arctic excursion in his own comfortable arm-chair. But unfortunately he will soon discover that Sir Edward is an uneasy and at times an unintelligible guide. The gallant captain may know how to handle a ship, but he certainly does not know how to manage a pen. He is as much at sea in navigating the Ocean of Literature as the Editor of the *Times* would be in manœuvring the Baltic Fleet. It would, indeed, be unreasonable to expect that a busy sailor should also be an accomplished writer, though the graphic despatches of some of the Polar voyagers show how possible it is to combine nautical skill with literary proficiency. A single passing allusion to the infirmities of the work, coupled with an expression of regret that its composition had not fallen to the lot of some one who was master of a more luminous style, might, however, have sufficed for the occasion, had not the pompous and petulant tone of the writer constituted a frequent source of provocation. The air of authority assumed by the Captain is sadly misplaced. Disappointing you by the feebleness of his matter, he draws upon you by the fussiness and importance of his manner. Till we read his book we were scarcely aware of the divinity which hedges in a captain in the Royal Navy. He appears to write in full uniform. The consciousness of command is ever strong upon him. He has the art of keeping up a sense of his official presence, so that should the reader be inclined to play truant to that great idea, he is speedily brought back to a conviction that he is dealing with no less a personage than Sir Edward Belcher, Knight, C.B., Commander of the Arctic Searching Squadron, upon whose decision and discretion the fortunes of the Expedition repose. In fact, after turning over a few pages of the work, we felt as if we ought to peruse the remainder cap in hand, and to wind up every section with numerous expressions of gratitude to the writer for his condescension in communicating his sentiments to mankind.

But the puffy dignity of the book is a light fault compared with the haziness and awkwardness of the style. We are often

left to guess his meaning from the context, and now and then have been brought to a complete stand by passages the precise signification of which we had not the patience to explore. Indeed, the work constitutes no inapt representation of the annoyances incident to ice travelling in the Arctic wilderness—here you are tripped up by a frozen ridge; there you dash against a hummock; now you plunge into a cold bath; and then you are stopped by a watery chink, which must be crossed by some extempore bridge, or evaded by a considerable detour. Just as Blackmore is said to have written to the rumbling of his chariot wheels, so Captain Belcher seems to have composed to the broken and jolting motion of his sledges.*

The instructions received by Sir Edward were, to enter Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait,—to establish one of his vessels, the *North Star*, as a depôt of stores and provisions at Beechey Island, which spot was to serve as a basis of operations—to pass up Wellington Strait, *if possible*, with one vessel and one steamer—and to despatch another ship with another steamer across Parry (or Melville) Sound towards Melville Island, or, at least, as far as Byam Martin Island, an intermediate stage, if the whole journey should be found impracticable. The course of the one division was, therefore, to the north—of the other, to the west. The first detachment was charged to follow up the traces of Franklin, who, it was supposed, might have ascended Wellington Channel, as relics of his progress had been found to the north of Beechey Island, but had ceased at Cape Bowden.

* A single specimen of the awkwardness to which we advert may suffice:—‘Cold,’ says he, ‘I have asserted, descends vertically in preference; and if your chimney has not been provided to meet this, you must expect it to tumble into your fire, and negative its value.’ From the language employed, we naturally assumed that the writer alluded to the chimney itself as the invader of the domestic hearth, but the absurdity of the conclusion compelled us to regard Mr. Frost as the aggressor in question. We submit, also, that to talk of ‘cold descending vertically,’ is a very loose and unscientific mode of expression. Even as applied to the sinking of the particles of a fluid it needs qualification, especially when it applies to the Arctic regions, where one of the most thoughtful provisions of Nature is founded upon the absolute refusal of ‘cold’ to descend by this process. But this mistiness of language becomes perfectly culpable when we find it exhibited in ‘orders’ upon which the comforts, and perhaps the lives of subordinates have depended. What shall we say to the following injunction contained in an official set of instructions?—‘It is needless for me to exhort you, or Lieutenant Osborn, to do anything but return securely.’ Does it mean that a safe retreat is the last thing in which the persons addressed are to indulge? Altogether, we must admit that we have been very much disappointed with Sir Edward's work. Its pretentious air is certainly not sustained. The title, if it implies anything more than the most recent of the Arctic voyages at the time it was penned, must be considered as ambitious and premature. In the scientific department, too, we cannot but think that the captain has fought shy of his task; as, for instance, in the ‘observations on ice crystals,’ where, after an ostentatious introduction, the pen is handed at once to Mr. Glaisher, whose elegant little dissertation is worthy of all attention, but has no special relation to the Arctic regions.

The second detachment was entrusted with the work of conveying a stock of provisions, with fuel and clothing, to Melville Island or Byam Martin Island, in the hope of relieving any parties which might succeed in reaching those localities from the ships of Captain Collinson or Commander M'Clure. These latter officers had been sent round by Behring's Strait to strike across the Polar Seas, if possible—'possible,' we say, for that is a word painfully prominent in the Arctic dictionary—and if they could force their way to Parry Sound, the costly problem of the north-west passage would then be solved. In both cases, it was the business of the divisions to erect cairns, or signal-staffs, on any remarkable points, and to leave notices of their proceedings, besides establishing *cachettes*, or small depôts of stores, for the use of Franklin or other explorers. These cairns were in fact to serve as polar post-offices on the one hand, and as magazines of provisions on the other.

It was not long before the expedition had a taste of the perils to which Arctic navigation is exposed. The vessels, whilst off the western coast of Greenland, were one day lying between two floes, with a sufficient interval of open water between the two icy sheets to induce a feeling of tolerable security. Shortly before midnight, Sir Edward was roused by an intimation, that the outer floe had been set in motion, and was gliding resistlessly towards the one attached to the shore. The *Resolute* was the first ship that would be caught. Ere he could gain the deck the advancing mass had reached it with a stealthy step, and the vessel was already in its agony. The rudder was crushed; the quivering ship was upheaved to the height of eight or ten feet, and her inhabitants made preparations for quitting her at once. Fortunately the enemy relaxed his gripe; the pressure suddenly ceased. The march of the floe was probably arrested by some distant opposition at the very moment when the starting beams and groaning sides of the ship seemed to announce that the death-wrestle had begun.

This, however, was a case of tranquil 'nipping.' There are occasions when the results are less happy, and when the accompaniments of the scene are infinitely more horrible. It frequently occurs that, whilst a vessel is picking its way quietly amidst the floes which lie lazily on the water, the icy masses in the distance are seized as with a panic. Perhaps a gale has arisen, and is driving the floating heaps before it like helmless ships. Then commences one of those wild elemental wars, compared with which the most furious contests of men, aided by the most shattering discharges of human artillery, are dwarfed into mere battles of butterflies. Large sheets of ice are impelled against

each other with the momentum due to millions of tons. The weaker floes are shivered into fragments, and the ruins are sometimes hurled into the air, or heaped up in a huge wall on the adjoining mass. Others are overlapped by the advancing enemy, and thus piece is piled upon piece until they have been known to obtain an altitude of sixty or a hundred feet. And others, again, more equally matched in strength, meet with a furious shock, and, after rearing up against each other like wild animals, recoil until the mad confusion around them goads them once more to the charge. The roar which arises from these collisions is appalling, and stout must be the heart that can listen unmoved to the thunders of the contest. For miles in extent the sea may be covered with icy squadrons dashing to and fro in their frenzy, as if winter had suddenly released its ministering spirits and left them to tear and destroy each other in all the fury of long-hoarded hate. What, then, would become of a ship if entangled in such a fight of floes? Caught between two of the angry combatants, it would be crushed like a hut beneath an avalanche. Still human ingenuity is not wholly unavailing even in these terrible exigencies. If warned of the danger in time, something may be done to elude the shock. Whilst the floes are advancing to overwhelm the adventurers, and the tide of battle is rolling onwards, the seamen steer for the nearest or the stoutest sheet of ice, and mark out a 'dock' in its side. With their saws they proceed to excavate as much space as will receive the whole of the ship. It is an exciting process when the peril is imminent. Many an anxious look is cast in the direction of the hostile masses, and the eye attempts to measure the distance to be traversed before the encounter can occur. Perhaps, however, the work is successfully accomplished, and the ship is hastily towed into its harbour. But only just in time! Down comes a prodigious floe. A fearful crash is heard; but if the mass in which the vessel is berthed be strong, it may outride the collision, and the crew are safe in their icy dock.

In recent expeditions, gunpowder has occasionally been employed for the relief of endangered ships. Once it saved Sir Edward Belcher's vessel from inevitable destruction.

'A very serious nip was on us, and we barely escaped between two such huge masses of ice, one aground in six fathoms, that our own fate would very soon have been determined. The angular tongue of a huge floe-piece—how many feet thick I cannot say—had taken its hold just under our forechannels. Our opposite broadside took against the grounded hummock half way up our rigging. Fortunately, a twenty-pound blast broke the nip at the critical moment, and she eased astern.'

Sometimes the ice has been known to cut quite through a vessel, the opposing flakes meeting in her interior. At others, the edge of the floe 'walks up' the side of a ship, and creeping resistlessly over her, buries the noble barque in the deep, as if beneath some monumental slab. But the dangers incident to expeditions conducted amongst the ice are manifold, for its movements are too capricious and unaccountable to admit of their being forestalled. Commander Richards and Mr. Loney were once seated in a cutter which had been hauled on a floe about a hundred yards from the land, when the mass was suddenly set in motion. On it pushed for the shore. The beach was steep, but the floe, like some monster rising from the deep, mounted it, and climbed upwards to the distance of some twenty feet. The cutter was turned completely over, and then tossed about amongst the hummocks, until it finally settled on its 'mast heads, bottom up.' How the boat survived the rough treatment it underwent, seeing that it was dashed to and fro, like a mere toy, amongst the rugged heaps of ice, was a marvel to the commander; but he was convinced, that had a ship been thus caught, its fate would have been sealed on the spot.

The Expedition reached its rendezvous, Beechey Island, about the middle of August. The first duty was to search for further traces of Franklin. In this locality meat-tins, washing-tubs, coal-bags, gloves, the armourer's heap of cinders and scraps of iron, with sundry relics of a former expedition, had been discovered by Captain Ommaney in 1850; but there were other melancholy mementoes, which left no doubt that this had been the first winter residence of the ill-fated band. Three seamen slept in their frozen tombs, and the simple inscriptions which appeared on the rude boards attached to their graves showed that they had belonged to Franklin's party, and had sunk under disease in the earlier months of 1846. Sir Edward and his companions, however, were unable to detect any tokens of Franklin's purposes, either at Beechey Island or at Cape Riley. The latter place had evidently been used as a station; but why? Not for magnetic observations, says Sir Edward, because the overhanging mountains must have prejudiced the results. He is rather inclined to believe that some accident must have occurred. The rake found on a former examination could scarcely have been employed to collect objects of natural history; but it was probably used to 'detach the edible fuci' which the beach and rocks immediately under the Cape furnished in abundance.

'One of three objects only placed them there—game, amusement, or distress; I fear the latter. I cannot, painful as the conclusion is, divest myself of the feelings which were impressed on my mind on

searching that so-called washhouse. The indelible features of a catastrophe were there : painted canvas, panels, mouldings, oakum from the side-seams of a vessel, (wide seams too), pill-boxes, surgeon's phials, rags,—all indicated a house of shelter or hospital. Moreover, the internal inclination was falling to the centre, as if the casks had formed the side barriers, and the sleepers had slept with their feet towards the common fire.'

The conclusion we deduce is precisely the reverse. Had the spot been the scene of any serious disaster, it is difficult to believe that Franklin would have left no intimation of the fact, and of his intended operations, behind him. A few words upon one of these monumental boards—an epitaph upon the catastrophe—would, of course, have stood the same chance of being discovered and read as the inscriptions themselves. This sorrowful inquest completed, the squadron divided, and the detachments proceeded to their separate tasks. The *North Star* was left at Beechey Island with stores and provisions, to serve as a rallying point. Sir Edward Belcher's immediate aim was to traverse Wellington Channel (in which term we comprehend Queen's Channel for the sake of brevity) and penetrate to the Polar Sea. When it is remembered that the waters of these straits were all but unscored by European keels, and that a lively curiosity had been excited as to their northern geography, it will be understood that the voyagers crowded canvas in that direction with feelings of eager expectation. Captain Penny, indeed, had endeavoured to probe the channel in 1851, and his ship had pushed upwards to Cape Osborne ; but there it was arrested by an icy wall it was impossible to pierce. De Haven, too, in the American Expedition, had previously sighted Baillie Hamilton Island, but was driven back without accomplishing the passage. Sir Edward and his men soon reached these points. Not a particle of ice was to be seen ! Full of delight, they proceeded, sailing, as he says, over a great deal of solid land, if the charts were to be trusted, without the slightest damage to ships or crews. For a while all seemed to go well. The Queen's Channel was safely traversed ; but, alas, on ascending an elevation on a small island in Northumberland Sound, a frozen barrier was discovered in the distance, and thus almost at the point where 'their New World commenced,' they were compelled to rein up their impatient ships, and, chafing at the disappointment, to resign themselves to the loneliness of a long Arctic night. In less than a week after leaving Beechey Island the vessels of this division were locked up in the secure keeping of a Polar winter.

The usual attempts were made to render it as palatable as possible. All expeditions of this kind ought, indeed, to be equipped

with the means of recreation as studiously as with biscuits and pemmican. In imitation of their predecessors, amateur performances were tried. After a number of consultations in a washhouse, Commander Richards had the 'honour to acquaint ' the nobility and gentry of North Cornwall that the Queen's ' Arctic Theatre would open on the 9th of November, under the ' distinguished patronage of Captain Sir E. Belcher, C.B.,' when a highly talented *corps dramatique* would perform various pieces for the entertainment of the Polar public. Unfortunately, when the hour arrived, a severe gale happened to be astir, and the words of the actors, as well as the thin effusion of music produced by the 'Queen's Own band,' were completely drowned in the riotous bass of the tempest. On another occasion an evil of a different character marred the efforts of the spirited manager. The breath of the audience was condensed so profusely by the cold, that it hung in clouds over the stage, rendering the heads and upper portions of the performers almost invisible. After the theatre, a newspaper was established. After the newspaper, evening schools were instituted, where the 'three R's' were duly taught; and after the schools a 'Royal Society,' or 'Royal Circle of Arctic Engineers' was incorporated. The members of this learned body assembled once a week to listen to a paper on some subject affecting the Expedition, or in default of an original composition, to enjoy a reading out of some favourite work. The notice summoning the first meeting contained, as we observe, a pithy, but judicious postscript, to the effect that the temperature would be preserved at 42°.

That is only ten degrees above the freezing point. In this country we should deem it a severe trial to sit listening to a paper in the open air, however calm, on an ordinary December day. Yet the temperature guaranteed to the Royal Arctic Engineers was a great thing if it be considered (as the tables will show) that on the first day of their gathering the mean reading of the thermometer was 14° below zero. It was a still greater feat to muster the promised amount of caloric when the cold increased; for Sir Edward concluded from his observations that the general temperature for winter would be about 72° below the freezing point. The chilliest quotation of the thermometer during this season was really 63·5° or 95° beyond the limit at which fresh water congeals. Captain Back, however, experienced a descent to 70° at Fort Reliance, in 1834, and Gmelin the elder is reported, on one occasion, to have calculated the cold at the incredibly low figure of 120°.

How marvellous, then, is the provision which enables men, without any effort of their own, except that implied in the

pleasant process of eating and drinking, to elaborate caloric in their own frames to enable them to make head against such a torpifying foe as Polar frost. Striking as the phenomena of animal heat must appear in our more clement latitudes, it assumes especial prominence in a region where cold rules the subject months with such a rigorous hand. Blood congeals at a temperature of about 25° . Below that point the crimson streams in our arteries would of course stiffen into icy filaments, were it not that nature had fitted up the body as an automaton furnace, and qualified it to engender heat as steadily and far more ingeniously than any apparatus ever constructed by human skill. When we think of men surrounded by Arctic snows and immersed for hours together in an atmosphere cooled down to some 70° or 80° below the freezing point, yet providing themselves with a constant supply of caloric—and this so silently and unconsciously—it is difficult to suppress a burst of admiration at the easy and felicitous victories which nature achieves over circumstances apparently the most adverse.

It should be observed, however, that cold is not so malignant in its influences as might be imagined, provided the air is tranquil. In a still atmosphere the human body is not a very delicate thermometer. Even -30° was talked of as a tolerable temperature for journeys, and -10° was highly approved. But set the air in motion, let a slight breeze arise, and the cold particles, slung against the face, produce a smarting sensation and an oppressive headache. In a strong gale, all attempts to brave the blast are hazardous. Frost-bites are then to be especially dreaded. Paley, in his matchless work, illustrates the uses of pain as a monitor of impending danger, by quoting the action of these insidious ailments. No heralding pangs inform the sufferer that the attack is commencing. No uneasiness is felt in the locality assailed. The enemy takes possession in silence, and proceeds to stupify the part selected. The victim is thus left in ignorance of the disaster until he discovers too late perhaps that his fingers are numbered with the dead, or that his nose is a corpse on his face.

Great caution also is needed in touching tools or instruments, and especially those of a metallic description. Let an inexperienced person attempt to grasp a lump of iron, cooled down to 40° or 50° below zero, and he would drop it instantly, astonished to find his hand blistered as if the article had been red hot. During a fire which occurred at an Observatory erected by Parry in 1819, an artilleryman laid hold of the dipping-needle in order to rescue it from the flames: it became necessary to amputate the larger portion of his fingers to prevent fatal results. Nor can

double gloves, though lined with fur, sufficiently shield the hands from the sharp stinging impressions produced by extreme cold. The rapid abstraction of heat from the human body will explain the blistering phenomenon in question. But to the uninitiated it appears as remarkable as Scoresby's lens of ice, with which he set fire to wood, and scorched the flesh, to the great surprise of his sailors, who could not comprehend how the instrument could remain unaffected by the burning rays it transmitted. In drinking, too, the unwary traveller has often left the skin of his lips attached to the vessel, though the temperature implied in the existence of a fluid may be comparatively mild. Port wine was found to freeze at -12° , sherry at -10° ; and Allsopp's ale might partly be cut with a hatchet below -22° . The alcohol, however, contained in fermented liquors disowns the power of frost, and holds out to the last in a highly concentrated condition. A sailor who was once carrying a bottle of liquor to some distance inserted his finger by way of temporary cork, but on attempting to withdraw it, it proved to be so sternly rivetted in the neck that it was removed with difficulty, and then only at the cost of amputation.

Fortunately the terrible temperatures of the North are mitigated when protection is essentially required. Nothing can be more beautiful, for instance, than the part which is played by snow in screening the ground from the inclemencies of the air. A mother, stretching her mantle over her child as it lies down to slumber, does not perform a more graceful or a more intelligent act than nature when she spreads her white coverlet across the land as the period of wintry torpor approaches. Nor is the sea less marvellously remembered. In its favour an established law is actually reversed. Down to 40° , or thereabouts, it is well known that water contracts; but pass this point, and the fluid begins to expand. In the former case it continues to sink, because its density increases; in the latter it rises towards the surface because its density diminishes. Were the principle of contraction to operate at low temperatures, it would be fatal to the Arctic regions. The cold of winter would precipitate layer after layer of ice to the bottom of the sea; the warmest waters would continually be pressed upwards; and these being brought into contact with air many degrees below zero, must of course undergo congelation in turn. The results of such a process renewed every winter, and carried on from age to age, would be to convert the ocean into one huge glacial mass, upon which the summer's sun, powerful as it is during its brief ascendancy, would play with mere filmy effect. But, by fitting the sea with a lid of ice each autumn, the waters beneath are protected from the cold winds and biting frost. The snowy sheet, also, which is extended over the

congealed surface, contributes in some degree to the result, and thus by a masterstroke of wisdom the frigorific influences of an enormous deposit of ice—the hoard of thousands of winters—are not only prevented, but the ocean is kept fluid and temperate for the use of its numerous but invaluable tenantry.

Invaluable we say—for, looked at in one light alone, the inhabitants of the Polar Seas are splendid illustrations of the skill which dictated our terrestrial accommodations. We allude to their uses as *fuel*. It is needless to say that there is little of this material, in its ordinary form, to be had in a region where, however, it seems to be pre-eminently required. Wood is so scanty a commodity that Dr. Johnson might have levelled his sarcasms against the Arctic circle with much more justice than against Scotland, where he thought that his lost walking-stick was too precious a piece of timber ever to be recovered, and where he was quite willing that the insulted natives should hang him—not in effigy as Boswell suggested—but in reality, if they could only find a tree ‘fit for the purpose.’ Where then are the inhabitants of these shivering climes to procure materials for combustion during the long reign of Frost? Their fuel *lives*. It is to be seen issuing from the ice in the uncouth form of the seal or walrus, or gambolling in the waters in the huge bulk of the whale. On land it is to be met with in animals like the bear, the reindeer, and other unctuous creatures.

In truth, if there is one thing more noticeable than another as a general characteristic of the northern brutes, it is their oleaginous constitution. The production of fatty matters seems to be their prime function. The great duty of a whale may be said to consist in the manufacture of train-oil or blubber. These monsters are as palpable contrivances for the development of warmth and light as if they were actually worked up into candles, or presented under the aspect of oil-barrels. They are floating tanks of fuel, just as the greasy structure of the bear indicates that Bruin is a kind of living substitute for Arctic coal and Arctic timber. This, however, is not all. Not only do the blubber and fat of these creatures afford *them* protection against the external cold, but they serve the human inhabitants of the region in a twofold capacity. Besides supplying the lamps and warming the snow-houses of the Esquimaux, they are taken in the form of food, and are literally burnt in the body to maintain the stock of animal heat. Belonging to the class of combustible or respiratory substances, the preponderance which is thus given to a fuel-diet in the chill north is a fact pregnant with meaning. In softer latitudes we do not think of devouring our coal or fire-wood, but in the Polar circle the natives are led by a marvellous

instinct to consume the very materials they employ to extract light and heat. That which affords them external warmth is also eaten to keep up the subtle streams of caloric within. We cannot therefore but regard the whale as one of the finest living treatises on natural theology extant. That layer of blubber around its body defends it from cold whilst it exists; and when dead it supplies the Esquimaux with the two great desiderata of his position—fuel for his hut and food for his frame.

Returning, however, to the immediate objects of Sir Edward Belcher's expedition, it will be understood that these were not wholly suspended whilst the ships were confined to their Polar gaol. In the spring travelling parties were despatched in various directions, to explore the country and establish depôts for the use of the missing adventurers. Sledge excursions like these have often been accomplished in recent years under circumstances of appalling hardship. They have exhibited the quiet heroism of British seamen in as noble a light as the more rattling but more transient enthusiasm which won our Camperdowns and Trafalgars. To work an Arctic sleigh requires more persistent bravery at least than to serve the guns of a man-of-war. Whether assisted by dogs, or sails, or kites, the difficulties of traversing a waste where no Esquimaux Macadam could exercise his genius with any sensible effect may easily be conjectured. Commander Richards compares his task on one occasion, when his crippled vehicles compelled him to form a path with great caution, to the act of 'mowing down tombstones in a thickly-populated church-yard, and left us,' says he, 'about as good a road after they were 'down.' 'We might,' he adds, 'as well have tried to level the 'waves of the Atlantic.' Such obstructions must be fatiguing in the extreme, when, if human muscle is the only tractile force employed, the draught imposed upon each man may be upwards of 200 lbs. at starting. Then, the fog may be too dense to admit of safe progress. The breeze may be too keen to allow of long exposure to the open air. Frost-bites may be flitting about, and disabling one or another of the party. The glare of the snow becomes so great after the middle of April that the travellers suffer severely in their eyes, unless they journey at night alone, some of the troop being frequently led along by their companions 'like sightless horses.'

But, as these excursions last for weeks, and even months—Lieutenant M'Clintock was engaged in one which occupied 105 days—the reader will naturally be curious to know where the explorers 'put up' for rest, or to while away the time until a storm has abated. There are of course no Arctic hotels. Snow-houses have in some cases been reared by travellers, as they

were by the enterprising Dr. Rae, who pitched his hostelry wherever he wished to lodge, and left it standing for use on his return. Kennedy speaks of the comfortable huts which he and his men were accustomed to run up on their expeditions. They looked like large, bee-hives, and the chinks were so carefully closed that these structures became as 'air-tight as an egg.'

With a little practice, indeed, snow masonry is easily managed, and it would be no exaggeration to assert that an Esquimaux Rome might be built in a day. Tents, however, are usually employed as substitutes for Polar inns. These of course can afford but feeble protection against a piercing blast; yet the wearied traveller creeps gratefully into his canvas house to procure a warm meal, and to indulge in a few hours of well-earned repose. The bed for the party consists, or should consist, of two large floor-cloths (one of Mackintosh fabric, and the other of canvas), together with one or two blankets made of the skins of the buffalo, wolf, or reindeer. The 'sleeping-bag' for each person is an important article. This is a kind of sheath or envelope made of thick grey felt, about seven feet in length and three in width. The individual, having inserted himself in the apparatus, doubles down the top, almost like the flap of a spectacle-case, and is thus enabled to keep his caloric for his own personal service. It is necessary to leave a few small holes at the top of the tent for the escape of vapour; otherwise the moisture contained in the breath would be congealed in its ascent, and afterwards precipitated on the inmates. Curious to see exhalations from their own lungs returned to them in the form of a shower of fine snow! It is needless to say that the lamp is a most essential apparatus on these excursions. When the temperature is such that water cannot be had to allay thirst without applying heat to snow—and the water-bottles have been known to freeze in the breasts of the explorers—the instrument is as precious in the eyes of a Polar traveller, though not perhaps as magical, as Aladdin's was to that fabulous individual. Sir E. Belcher's expedition was furnished with lamps in which stearine or spirits of wine were to be used. The supply-tubes had been simply soldered, and the first time one of the articles was used, off fell the tube; the alcohol took fire, the apparatus was spoiled, and the tent endangered by the flames. Fortunately this catastrophe occurred during a short foray, but it might have led to desperate results had it happened whilst the party were at a considerable distance from their ship. The least hitch, indeed, in the culinary mechanism may be productive of extreme annoyance.

'Rose at 11h. 30m.' says Lieutenant Aldrich, 'but could not

‘ get breakfast till 2 p.m., owing to the cooking apparatus taking ‘ a most obstinate freak.’

The very next day, when the party halted, they were compelled to wait three mortal hours for supper, and all because that vile apparatus had been seized with another inexplicable paroxysm.

We might, however, adduce scores of illustrations of the miseries of Arctic travelling, and, if space had permitted, would have picked out a number of incidents from the journals of explorers, and wrought them up into a complete mosaic of discomforts.

One of these sledge excursions derives a peculiar interest from the fact that it rescued a number of heroic men from a perilous captivity. The western division of Belcher's squadron, under Captain Kellett, reached Melville Island in the autumn of 1852, and established itself for the winter at Dealy Island in Bridport Inlet. In October, Lieutenant Mechem, who was engaged in laying out depôts, accidentally discovered a cylinder at Parry's Winter Harbour. It contained a document from Commander M'Clure (deposited there in the previous April), intimating that the ship *Investigator* and her crew had been locked-up in the ice for three winters almost in the neighbourhood of Melville Island itself. The contents of the record were the more exciting because they announced that the problem of ages—the great geographical question of a north-west passage—had virtually been solved!

There are few more daring instances of British enterprise than M'Clure's expedition presents. Alone, and in defiance of the recall which was signalled by his superior, and without waiting for his companion, Captain Collinson, this intrepid officer dashed through Behring's Straits in August, 1850, and proceeded along the coast of America, spite of difficulties which might have disheartened a Columbus himself. Through masses of ice and amidst shoals and sandbanks, rendered doubly dangerous by obstinate fogs, he threaded his way until he arrived off Cape Parry. Then, observing land to the north, with cliffs upwards of a thousand feet in height, he made for it and took possession in the name of her Majesty. He called it Baring's Land. Still advancing to the north-east, he found himself in a strait running between the newly-appropriated territory and another shore, to which he gave the title of Prince Albert Land. Did this channel open out at the northern extremity into Parry's Sound? If so, the long-sought passage was discovered at last! The adventurers pressed on eagerly, awaiting the issue of their toils, and throbbing with excitement, as men might well do when a hoary secret was about to be unveiled. But unhappily the ship was soon brought-up by the ice which set in upon her with violence, as if

anxious to repel the audacious intruder. After drifting about in the channel in great peril, fastened to a piece of ice, she was hemmed in for the winter on the 30th of September. As soon, however, as circumstances would permit, M'Clure set out with a sledge, and on reaching the extreme point of Baring's Land and mounting an elevation, the spacious sound into which Parry had penetrated, and on whose opposite shore the desolate coast of Melville Island was situated, lay stretched beneath him in all its frozen grandeur.

Returning to the imprisoned ship, M'Clure waited till the midsummer of 1851, and then, when released, strove to carry the vessel up the channel. But it cost more to complete the few miles of that great girdle, as Lieutenant Maury happily designates it, which M'Clure was destined to put round the continent of America, than to accomplish all the rest. The ice swept down the strait (Prince of Wales') with such force, that it was impossible to push through it, and the commander therefore determined to 'back out,' if we may so speak, and attempt to reach the Sound by sailing round Baring's Land, trusting—for of course there was nothing but conjecture to guide him—that the territory so-called was really insular. It was a valiant resolve! To plunge into the Polar Sea, and dare the pressure of the whole of the ice of that sea, was the most dangerous step he had yet attempted. But it was done, and nobly done. 'For one period,' says Captain Kellett, 'he was six weeks on the face of a perpendicular coast, where, if the ice had come upon him, there could not have been a man saved.' In the words of that experienced officer, it was 'a most unparalleled piece of perseverance.' M'Clure himself describes it as a 'terrific passage.' The *Investigator*, however, succeeded in coasting the island to the west, and on the 24th of September the ship found harbour on the northern shore in a bay, which he piously named 'The Bay of Mercy!' The vessel was immediately frozen in. Winter slowly wore away and summer returned, but the icy enemy who had them in charge never relaxed his grasp for an instant. Another season of darkness approached, and dismal indeed was the prospect before them. The commander had promptly resolved to reduce the allowance of provisions by one-third, and under this diminished regimen—so painful in a climate where a much larger quantity of food is required than in temperate regions—month after month stole heavily and gloomily along. Privation began to tell upon the crew. Its effects were too palpable to admit of any doubt. But what hope was there of release? Their leader had indeed been at Melville Island (as already stated), and had left a notice of his position. But Melville Island was the *Ultima Thule* of Arctic

venture, and searching squadrons might not be able to reach it; or, reaching it, might fail to find his despatch; or, if they perceived it, it might be too late to render assistance. Succour might arrive when death had dealt with them as he did with the nightly Willoughby—when

‘To the stony deep his idle ship
Immediately seal’d, he with his hapless crew,
Each full-exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.’

Thus there was every reason to apprehend that another tragedy as dark as Franklin’s might be enacted in that far-off spot, where the foot of civilized man had never left its impress before. And doubly painful it must have been to anticipate such a lonely, lingering fate, if the great secret they had so laboriously solved must perish in their breasts. As the third winter drew to a close, M’Clure resolved to make an attempt to escape. Half the crew were to set out from the ship, dividing into two parties, one of which was to push for Cape Spencer, with the hope of reaching some of the whalers, whilst the other was to aim at the Mackenzie River, and force its way through the Hudson’s Bay territories. With the remainder, M’Clure was to attempt to extricate the ship, but if unsuccessful, it was determined to abandon her the following spring, and to proceed to Point Leopold, and thence through Lancaster Sound. The day was fixed. It was to be the 15th of April. But on the 6th, Captain M’Clure and Lieutenant Haswell were walking on the ice, when they perceived a stranger in the distance. He approached; it was an European! He spoke; it was a brother officer! He told them why he came; it was to rescue them! From his welcome lips they learnt that two British vessels, which had sailed from the East, lay at the distance of some 150 miles from the ship which had accomplished the polar passage from the West. The scene that ensued may well be imagined. The intelligence of Lieutenant Pim’s arrival was conveyed on board, and in an incredibly short time (says that gallant young officer) ‘the deck was crowded, every one that could crawl making his appearance to see the stranger and hear the news. Having been isolated so long (three years), each person had a host of questions to ask, one following the other in such rapid succession, that I found it almost impossible to answer them.’ Nor did this succour reach them a moment too soon. Dr. Domville, the surgeon to the *Resolute*, thus speaks of the first detachment which reached that ship:—

‘Some vague information of their enfeebled condition had preceded them; the stern reality now presented itself:—one officer subject to

periods of mental aberration; one man in a state of *dementia* (or imbecility), his condition and appearance rendered still more pitiable from severe frost-bite of the fingers; two men carried on the sledges, the one with scurvy, the other with urinary disease and phlegmonous inflammation of the leg; the remainder all more or less affected with scorbutic disease and debility, as indicated to the spectator in the tottering gait, attenuated form, and care-worn expression of countenance, occasionally lighted up as the truth and recollection of their altered disposition fitted across the imagination; a change (as some expressed themselves) difficult to realize. For several months past had their thoughts been pregnant with uncertainty of the future, to which no definite results could be assigned.'

And those who still remained on board the *Investigator* were scarcely in a more hopeful plight. 'They were,' continues Dr. Domville, 'in a very bad condition. There were not certainly twenty men who were fit to do work at all.'

This rescue was the most brilliant passage in the proceedings of the Expedition. For the remainder of its operations a cursory allusion must suffice. On the 14th of July, 1853, the two vessels under Sir Edward's personal orders (the *Assistance* and *Pioneer*) were graciously released from captivity. They moved down Wellington Channel, but after struggling with the ice for a period of nearly two months, during which they accomplished a trivial distance, they were again impounded for the winter. It seemed as if the stern lord of those regions had repented of his permission to depart, and had hastened to put them once more under arrest. There was no help for it. The winter of 1853-4 dragged out its tedious length. Captain Kellett and the western detachment had no better success. Released on the 18th of August, the *Resolute* and its aide-de-camp of a steamer were soon involved in the pack, and driven about helplessly until the 12th of November, when the vessels were again blockaded by the ice. This was in latitude $74^{\circ} 42' N.$, and long. $101^{\circ} 2' W.$, whilst at a considerable distance from land.

When the summer returned (1854), the squadron grew anxious. No signs of a break-up appeared. The season advanced, and as it did so Sir Edward came to the conclusion, that, unless a gale arose to set the ice in motion—in which event the consequences might be fatal to his vessels—they must wait for its more tranquil rupture, and then it might be impossible to escape from the Arctic seas until summer revisited them once more. Judging also from his observations on the tides, he inferred that the northern flood from the Upper Ocean met the southern wave from Lancaster Sound about Cape Bowden in Wellington Channel. Consequently, unless some extra effort were made by nature to clear

away the ice, he was of opinion that the loose floes would be driven together by the opposing floods, and thus a solid rampart would be formed in the very teeth of the explorers. Weighing, therefore, the chances of extrication against the perils of a prolonged detention, the leader of the squadron determined to abandon the two vessels under his immediate orders. Captain Kellett's position appearing to be equally hopeless, he had already been instructed to evacuate his portion of the flotilla, and the crews of the deserted ships, together with those of the *Investigator*, now sought refuge in the *North Star*.

A painful step this must have been. Its propriety has been severely canvassed. We are inclined to believe that Sir Edward was right. His instructions gave him powers of abandonment *à la discrétion*. We do not wonder that any commander, sent to these remote regions to elucidate one catastrophe, should be particularly anxious to prevent the occurrence of another; and that he should deem it of primary importance to bring back his men, whatever might be the fate of his vessels. Having carried out the orders of the Admiralty, by searching Wellington Strait, and establishing a line of stores to Melville Island, as far as circumstances would permit, Sir Edward's duty was substantially discharged; and as he had not discovered a single new footprint of the wanderers, he was justified in assuming that they might never have penetrated into the quarters whither his instructions directed him to proceed. It is true that the *Resolute* did escape from its icy environment. Not very long ago the United States' barque, the *George Henry*, fell in with the deserted vessel, which had drifted upwards of one thousand miles from the spot where it was abandoned. But even Sir Edward, who hints in his work at the possession of a sort of prescient power, and who thinks that a few centuries ago he might possibly have been burnt as a sorcerer, could not be expected to foresee the liberation of a ship so sorely beset. And as the squadron was provisioned for a limited period, and the crew of the *Investigator* were now billeted upon the Expedition, we can readily understand the anxiety of the leader to return with his complement of men. Human lives were not to be weighed against any quantity of ship-timber, provided it could not be said to be dishonourably lost. The explorers accordingly took their leave of the North, and in September, 1854, concluded what Sir Edward calls the 'last of the Arctic voyages.'

One result of this enterprise was the acquisition of a large quantity of Polar territory. The travelling parties of each division added many hundreds of miles of new coast to our maps. All remarkable points were, of course, baptized with British names.

So patriotic, indeed, has been the nomenclature of Arctic adventurers, that England is likely to be reproduced in the inhospitable North, if the course of discovery should be prolonged. We have North Cornwall, North Lincoln, North Kent, North Devon, North Somerset; besides Victoria Land, Prince Albert Land, Prince of Wales Strait, Princess Royal Islands, Prince Patrick Islands, with numerous other loyal and affectionate appellations. Her Majesty is, in fact, possessed of very extensive Arctic dominions. Not that we can congratulate her upon these snowy accessions. A smile forces its way to the countenance when we hear of the Union Jack being unfurled on some spot which Russia herself, with all her lust of land, would hardly care to appropriate. It is the way of discoverers, however, and we ought to feel pleased even if they were to pull up to an iceberg and solemnly incorporate it with the British empire. Hence we enter heartily into the pleasantry of Commander Richards, who, on taking possession of a small and almost imperceptible island, appointed himself governor, and nominated his friends to various offices of trust.

Another result of the Expedition was the light thrown upon the great geographical question of a Northern Sea. The regions along which the search extended were proved to be insular. Beyond, there lay an ocean, frozen, it is true, but still an ocean, communicating on the south with Melville Sound and its extensions by various channels, and stretching away to the north for a distance, which future adventurers may yet attempt to ascertain.

But, as to the main object of the Expedition, the 'last of the Arctic voyages' terminated like its immediate predecessors. The crews brought back the same cheerless negative which had fallen from the lips of explorer after explorer. Not one of the searching ships had been able to extort any decisive intelligence from the surly keeper of the realms of frost. It is a remarkable fact, that Franklin appears to have constructed no cairns, and to have left no written notices of his progress. At least, none have been found. The total absence of any such mementoes along the routes which have been so assiduously searched can hardly be explained on the supposition that they have been destroyed by bears and other animals, or have mouldered away under the influence of winter frost and summer thaws. Still less can it be imagined that every signal erected by him should have been overlooked by the numerous explorers, whose eyes were sharpened by generous anxiety to reach and relieve their hapless countrymen. Lieutenant McClintock found four different records of Parry's expedition of 1819 and 1820 at Melville Island, thirty years after Parry had been there. A cart

belonging to that voyager had broken down at Bushnan Cove, and been abandoned. Notwithstanding the lapse of time, M'Clintock's party calculated upon discovering it, and before arriving at the spot, had already destined its wheels to serve for the purpose of mounting their sledge. And there, accordingly, the cart was found. In his Journal, too, Parry mentions, that at this place he had enjoyed a 'sumptuous meal of ptarmigan.' And, lo! the very bones of the birds lay strewn on the ground just as they had been picked and left by the party upwards of thirty years before. 'I was astonished,' says M'Clintock, 'at their fresh appearance; they were not decayed, but merely bleached, and snapped like the bones of a bird recently killed.' An officer connected with Belcher's expedition informs us that the track of the wheels of this vehicle were still distinctly legible in the ground. The site of an old encampment, also, was perfectly visible. The deep beds from which certain stones had been removed to keep down the sides of the tent employed by Parry's men were generally distinct, and in some cases the hollow to which each lump belonged could be recognised at a glance. The state, too, in which things were left at Beechey Island render's Franklin's silence all the more extraordinary. The relics of his sojourn had suffered no disturbance. In 1850, Lieutenant Osborn found a pair of cashmere gloves which had been laid out to dry; two small stones had been placed on the palms to prevent their blowing away; and there were the gloves, with the stones still upon them, precisely as if the party had been on the spot the day before! A few lines scribbled on a slip of paper and deposited under those gloves might have afforded some clue to Franklin's purposes, and though too late to save him, they would have served to guide the searching expeditions in their endeavours to unravel the mystery. It should also be observed, that his ships were expressly instructed, after passing the latitude of 65° N., to throw overboard frequently a bottle or copper cylinder, containing a paper stating the date and position at which it was launched; and whenever they passed into an 'ascertained current,' they were required to do this once every day. None of these cylinders have been discovered. Nor, if the vessels were crushed, as crushed they most probably were, have any fragments been brought to light, except a few pieces of wood, which Captain Collinson supposes must have belonged to the *Erebus* or *Terror*. It seemed, therefore, as if circumstances had combined in an extraordinary manner to suppress all evidence of Franklin's operations (save the scanty memorials of the first winter sojourn), and to shroud his fate in the most impenetrable obscurity.

Adam Beck's story never obtained any extensive credit. This fellow informed Sir John Ross's expedition (1850), that, in the year 1846, two ships had been destroyed in the ice beyond Cape Dudley Digges, on the coast of Greenland. Some of the crew had perished; others had escaped, and lived for a while in tents, but eventually fell beneath the spears and arrows, of the natives. Their bodies were said to have been buried in a large cairn. Commander Phillips landed near the spot, as did Captain Inglefield about two years later; but, beyond certain sad relics of the *North Star*, which had once wintered there, nothing was found to throw light upon the tale. All the cairns were examined eagerly, yet tremblingly; but though bones were detected, they were those of animals mixed with other native deposits.

What ships and squadrons, however, had failed to accomplish, was in some degree effected by an enterprising pedestrian. More than nine years after poor Franklin sailed, Dr. Rae reported that he had obtained intelligence which placed the fate of some, if not the whole, of the party beyond doubt, adding, that this fate was as 'terrible as the imagination could conceive.' Whilst engaged in surveying the west coast of Boothia, this daring traveller met with some Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, from one of whom he learnt that, in the spring of 1850, about forty white men had been seen travelling southward over the ice, near the north shore of King William's Land. They were dragging a boat after them. They could not speak Esquimaux, but intimidated by signs that their ship had been destroyed. All looked thin except a single officer. They passed on; but, later in the season, the bodies of about thirty persons were discovered on the main land, and five on an island near it. Some of these had been buried, some lay in tents, some under a boat turned over for shelter, and others were dispersed in various directions. They had ammunition still left; but, says Dr. Rae, 'from the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence.'

It is to be observed that this account was not received from any of the Esquimaux who had actually seen the party. Nor had Dr. Rae's informant ever visited the locality where the white men had lain them down to die. Without, therefore, adverting to certain difficulties which this tale presents, it might well have been viewed with distrust, had not the most palpable evidence been forthcoming to show that it possessed some foundation. This evidence consisted in the production of a number of articles clearly belonging to the missing expedition. There were silver spoons and forks marked with the crests or initials of officers belonging to both the lost vessels. There were pieces of gold

and silver watch-cases, and fragments of other European articles, which no Esquimaux were likely to have acquired by gift or purchase. But, above all, there was a small silver plate with the words, 'Sir John Franklin, K.C.B.,' unmistakably engraved on its surface. These relics were found in the possession of the Esquimaux by Dr. Rae himself, were bought by him, and actually transmitted to the Secretary of the Admiralty in October, 1854.

Mute witnesses like these could leave little doubt that one portion of the missing band, if not the survivors of the whole, had been overwhelmed by famine or by some other catastrophe. But the story has been corroborated by actual examination of the spot where the remnant of the adventurers is supposed to have expired. The British Government lost no time in requesting the Hudson's Bay Company to send out an expedition to the mouth of the Back River (or Great Fish River), Dr. Rae being of opinion that this stream and the low shore in the neighbourhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island corresponded exactly with the description given him by the Esquimaux. The request was promptly met. A party of twelve canoe-men, led by two officers, and accompanied by Esquimaux interpreters, was speedily organized. Messrs. James Anderson and James Green Stewart, two of the company's chief traders, were the officers put in charge. They assembled at Fort Resolution (Great Slave Lake), in the summer of 1855, prepared to descend Back River as soon as the ice broke up. The voyage was performed in bark-canoes. Aided by three Indian boatmen, whose services were of the utmost value, these slender vessels were piloted down the stormy and impetuous stream. Without encountering any serious disaster, they reached the coast. There the melancholy search commenced. They fell in with a few natives, who indicated Montreal Island as the theatre of the tragedy. Thither the explorers proceeded with great difficulty, ten days being consumed in reaching it from the main land, though the distance was but some dozen miles. The results of the research were decisive. Various relics were discovered. Empty cases which had held preserved meats; kettles, a hammer, a letter-holder, and other things, were collected; but there was still more pointed proof that men belonging to the dark-doomed *Erebus* and *Terror* had once encamped on that miserable spot. Part of a boat was found—it bore the word *Terror*! Another fragment was detected—it carried the name of Franklin himself. A snow-shoe, made of oak, was also picked up—it was impressed with the name of Dr. Stanley, the medical officer of the *Erebus*. From the Esquimaux the party obtained some scanty but touching information respecting the last hours of the Expedition.

'One of the lost crew (says the *Examiner*, in an article of exquisite pathos*), they relate, died on Montreal Island, the rest perished on the coast of the mainland. 'The wolves were very thick.' Only one white man seems to have been living when their tribe arrived, and him it was too late to save. An Esquimaux woman saw him die. 'He was large and strong,' she said, and sat on the sandy beach, his head resting on his hands, and there he died. A death that shall not be forgotten by the poets in days hereafter.'

Such then probably is all we may ever learn of the weary wanderings and of the closing adventures of these Arctic martyrs. No written record may ever be rescued to tell the tale for which listening ears and sorrowing hearts would be found in every quarter of the globe. Would that those natives who possessed the few relics which have been recovered could also have produced the journal of the lost voyagers. Far more valuable would a few lines from the pencil of the leader have proved to many than all the vanished plays and missing decades of antiquity. But they died and made no sign! One hundred and thirty-eight men went out full of hope in the summer of 1845, and in the spring of 1850, he who was probably the sole survivor of the company sat on a distant beach, with his head on his hands, thinking perhaps of the home he should never revisit, and of the friends he should never again behold. What a sad story that man could have related! He had doubtless witnessed the catastrophe which reduced the Expedition to a wreck. Perhaps many of his associates had perished before his eyes. Of the survivors, he had seen one after another succumb beneath the fierce cold of the Pole, and whilst he helped to deposit their bodies in the frozen ground, he knew there was little hope that his own would ever rest in one of the green churchyards of his native land. But bravely did this man battle with the snows and tempests of successive winters, and, worse than snows and tempests, with the frightful probabilities of death by famine and despair. What was the spell that kept them in bondage year after year he knew as we shall never know. But he was destined to endure all its horrors, and to drink the cup of captivity to its very dregs. Often, doubtless, the thought of relief might gleam like a midnight meteor across the dark horizon of his prospects. Would England forget her absent children? Would she make no effort to snap the icy bolts of their prison and to rescue her fettered sons? He understood her too well for that! He could believe that many were already engaged in loving search. Ships, indeed, were beating about in the seas, and sledges were gliding

over the land, but who should tell them whither to steer in the desolate and trackless expanse?*

Some of the explorers might possibly be in their very vicinity, and yet finding no clue, might turn their backs and retire sorrowfully home. And as each summer flashed across the earth, and no deliverer came, and the melting remnant of men was again immersed in the darkness of a Polar night, who can adequately imagine the sorrows of that deserted band? Their last winter must have been one of exquisite wretchedness. Weighed down with the hardships of long Arctic exposure—perhaps driven to the shelter of snow huts or of flimsy tents—depending upon the scanty supplies which enfeebled men could procure in a frozen wilderness—and with the consciousness that their strength was ebbing fast away, the heavy hours must have filed along in dull and torturing procession. But that winter, too, reached its conclusion, and, when the sun again smiled upon the whitened waste, those noble sufferers arose, and struggled hard to gain the American shore. On they crawled; and a sadder sight perhaps was not to be seen in our planet than the tottering forms and shrunk countenances of those desolate wayfarers. Whether famine brought them to the foulest of extremities—whether comrade looked at comrade with a hungry glance, loathing, yet longing—whether the dying fastened with maddened appetite upon the dead, and, shuddering whilst they ate, purchased a few hours of existence upon the strength of this unnatural food—these are thoughts we would fain repudiate, spite of the suspicions which have been produced. But at length some of these ill-starred men *did* reach the main land, and then we may suppose their hopes would bloom out afresh. Alas! it was too late. Toil and privation had done their work. Death met them on the shore, and down he struck them, man by man, ere they could move from the coast. One alone remained. He must have been stout of heart and strong of limb to weather the hard-

* Assuming that Franklin attempted to carry out his instructions, in penetrating towards Behring's Straits, by pursuing a 'southward and westward course'—and taking it as a fact that a part of the expedition reached the estuary of the Back River—we can have little hesitation in concluding that he passed down Peel Sound into Victoria Strait, where his vessels were probably wrecked, or deserted. Now, in Sir John Ross' expedition of 1848-9, the eastern shore of Peel Sound was examined by an exploring party as far down as Four Rivers' Bay. Later on (spring of 1852), Captain Kennedy gained this Sound by passing a channel (as it appeared to be) in Brentford Bay; but seeing what seemed like a barrier of land to the north, he inferred that the Sound was not accessible to ships in that direction, and therefore did not prosecute his search to the south, which otherwise would have been his 'proper course.' Sir R. Murchison asserted before the Arctic Committee that, had he done so, he must have 'come upon the remains of Franklin's party.'

ships under which his companions had all expired. But his hour, too, had arrived. He sat him down upon that sandy beach. He rested his weary head upon his trembling hands, and his thoughts came fast and sorrowfully upon him. There were none to see him die save the Esquimaux woman, who stood aloof with a wondering eye, and the expectant wolf that prowled around him with its gluttonous glare. But the pulses of that gallant heart grew fainter and more flickering, the head drooped lower, the hands fell nerveless by his side, and soon that lonely man had ceased to exist.

It is not likely, perhaps, but could it be that the last survivor of the expedition was the intrepid Franklin himself?*

* We cannot close this article without a brief reference to the second Grinnell expedition, of which Dr. Kane's official report has been recently received. His search was conducted in a quarter where Franklin probably never thought of proceeding—along the upper coast of Greenland into Smith's Sound—but as a specimen of bold enterprize and invincible endurance, it has never been surpassed. Reaching that Sound on the 5th August, 1853, he forced his way along the land through a difficult and precarious channel in the ice; and after a month's hard toil the brig (the *Advance*) was frozen in in lat. $78^{\circ} 44'$. The winter was one of terrific severity. Mercury was solid for nearly four months; the thermometer stood at 60° to 75° below zero. Lock-jaw appeared amongst the men. The disorder extended to the dogs, of which fifty-seven perished. Sledge-expeditions, however, were executed, sometimes in darkness, for the sun was 120 days absent, and often at temperature as low as 50° . Smith's Sound was explored, and found to terminate to the north-east, in a gulf 110 miles in its long diameter. The coast of Greenland was traced, and an enormous glacier, running nearly due north, and 'cementing together by an icy union the continental masses of Greenland and America,' was observed, and followed at its base for eighty miles along a perpendicular and unbroken escarpment. The most interesting geographical point in this expedition was the discovery of a channel in 'Peabody Bay,' opening out into an expanse of water where no ice could be seen over a surface of 300 square miles—in fact, a Polar Sea. The second winter was spent *en Esquimaux*—living in huts, eating raw bear and walrus, and hunting whenever circumstances would permit. But the sufferings of the party were such that Dr. Kane considered it madness to brave the dangers of another season, and wisely wound up the adventure by a sledge-and-boat retreat.

- ART. V.—(1.) *Les Ouvriers Européens : Etudes sur les Travaux, la Vie Domestique et la Condition Morale des Populations Ouvrières de l'Europe.* Par M. F. LE PLAY. Paris : Imprimé par autorisation de l'Empereur, à l'Imprimerie impériale. 1855.
- (2.) *Budgets Economiques des Classes Ouvrières en Belgique.* Par ED. DUCKETIAUX. Bruxelles : M. Hayez. 1855.
- (3.) *Letters on the Condition of the Working Classes of Nassau.* By T. TWINING, Jun. London. 1853.
- (4.) *Mémoire relatif à une Exposition spéciale d'objets à l'usage des Classes Ouvrières.* Par T. TWINING, fils. Imprimerie de Napoleon. Paris. 1855.
- (5.) *Galerie de l'Economie Domestique.* J. CLAYE. Paris. 1855.
- (6.) *Lettres sur le Pauperisme Français.* Par AUG. COCHIN, le Correspondant. Paris. 1855.

MUCH curiosity has ever been evinced for natural history. To show how birds build their nests, how silkworms brood, how the quadrupeds of the desert and the jungle provide for their young, a great deal of ingenuity has been put in requisition. Upon these and kindred subjects the elder Pliny wrote as many books as would break the back of an elephant; and one still greater than Pliny, whose time was quite as much absorbed in affairs of State as that of the courtly Roman, contrived to surpass even his researches in the same field. While, however, nature has been ransacked for the discovery of elementary laws and the social economy of the lower creation, the laws of human progress and the social economy of our species have been well nigh forgotten. Man, doubtless, was thought too trite a subject for popular investigation, or the facts were considered to be spread over too wide a surface to be brought within the grasp of a single mind. Hence one-half of the world were content to remain in ignorance of how the other half lived, and to parade their ignorance in the form of a popular apothegm. Even the great work which we have placed at the head of this article was the fruit of chance rather than of design. M. le Play, while travelling in the East, was led to make some inquiries concerning the domestic economy and social habitudes of the populations with whom he sojourned. As the results appeared to him the inverse of what he observed at home, he deemed a work, contrasting the two opposite poles of social life as they exist in infinitely diversified forms of combination throughout Europe might not be without benefit to mankind. .

When M. le Play entered on the task, he was comparatively young. Since twenty years have passed over his head, and he

has hardly found these sufficient to complete his labours. The reader will therefore see that we introduce him to no mere butterfly creation of the day. It is a work which has taken up the best part of the life of a man of considerable ability, who has comprehended his mission and dedicated all his powers to its fulfilment. While Ledru Rollin and Victor Hugo in France, while Ricardo and Martineau in England, were discussing upon *à priori* grounds the questions of the organization of labour, the rights of property and the principles of exchange, M. le Play was quietly registering the facts by which alone such questions can be decided. With this view he has sojourned among the half nomade tribes of the Oural; he has familiarized himself with the domestic economy of the labourers of Siberia and the serfs of Central Russia; he has entered into the daily life of the peasants of Andalusia and the artisans of Castile; he has interrogated the Iobazzy of Theiss and the Sclavonic founders of Northern Hungary, until he has known much more about their affairs than they do themselves; he has overrun Sweden and Turkey, the principal manufacturing and agricultural districts of France and England, and the principal mining districts of Germany, nor left a cottage behind him belonging to any large class of labourers whose property he has not appraised, whose budget of receipts and expenditure he has not analysed, and whose habits he has not explored. All the facts which he elicits are co-ordinated and ranged under distinct heads, many of them bearing directly upon social problems in agitation at the present day, while others are recorded as mere objects of passing curiosity, destined, perhaps, at some future day, to lead to important ameliorations in society. Just as the deviation imparted by electricity to the magnet, and the blackening of chloride of silver by exposure to the solar beam remained as objects of no practical importance in the cabinets of the curious, until, under the pressure of public needs, the one gave rise to the electric telegraph and the other to a mode of printing the human likeness as unerring as if the features had passed through the metal and left their lineaments there.

The results of such research reflect more credit on the author than any mere record of natural facts could possibly do, inasmuch as the minute details which they embrace exact not merely an acquaintance with the external life of the classes to which they refer, but such a deep insight into their habits and feelings as can only be obtained by prolonged residence among them: while the phenomena of the animal or inanimate creation may be registered in the solitude of one's chamber, with no further appliances than a good pair of eyes and a little ingenuity may

furnish. Bacon wrote his *Sylva Sylvarum* and the little tracts he sent forth as a specimen of the platform of inferences that were to be raised from the ground of his facts within the precincts of his little study at Glastonbury; and his Roman prototype wrote his *Historia Naturalis* while his peregrinations were confined to the outer courts of the palace of Vespasian: but M. le Play, in executing his labours, has been obliged, with his portfolio under his arm, to march from the eastern frontiers of Siberia to the northern coast of Sweden, and from the northern coasts of Sweden to the mountains of Toledo. Nor has he viewed the institutions of the countries through which he has journeyed from his hotel windows, but he has examined them closely and traced their influence upon the industrial classes, whose amelioration is the chief object of his labours. Hence M. le Play's pages are not restricted to a dry registry of facts, but embrace such inferences as a keen observer is fully warranted to draw from the data which passes under his review. In this respect, M. le Play's work not only furnishes to the statesman that peculiar class of facts which are necessary to guide him in initiating any measure of reform, but points out what reforms are required, and in what spirit they ought to be undertaken. A work of so extensive a character, and fraught with such valuable hints for the well-being of the industrial classes, is worthy of being stamped with the cachet of an emperor. Henri Quatre is said to have expressed a wish that a fowl might be found on the table of every peasant in his dominions. We know of no undertakings so likely to realize the benevolent intentions of that sagacious monarch as those of which M. le Play has recently given us an example; and it speaks well for the Imperial Government that they have, at their own expense, enriched his work with all the typographical splendour of which modern printing is capable, and created its author *conseiller d'état*.

But the distinguishing feature of M. le Play's work is that it inaugurates a new era for social science. All theory which does not spring directly out of facts, or which cannot be brought to the touchstone of evidence, it completely eschews, and professes to decide every question in relation to the working classes by a strict reference to experience. As such it stands in the same relation to social science as the *Sylva* and the accompanying treatises of Lord Bacon stand to physics. Up to the present time nothing has appeared in connexion with the reform of the industrial classes but what has been the offspring of some preconceived idea, worked out like the ancient physical theories without a guiding reference to facts, and therefore, like them, barren of practical results. What plogiston and the transmuta-

tion of metals were to chemistry, what the theory of Vulcan and Neptune was to geology, what the Ptolomaic system was to astronomy, the thorny disputes which have arisen of late years concerning parish relief, communal property, the relations between the employer and the employed, are to social science; disputes which are mainly distinguishable by the mutual antagonism of their authors, and which, like the former classical controversies, are destined to vanish at the approach of the experimental method.

All sciences have what may be called their metaphysical stage, pending the possession of experience upon so large a scale as to justify the adoption of a more legitimate method. Bacon is loud in his complaints that for upwards of two thousand years physical science, retarded by vicious theories, made no progress. But he overlooked the limited geographical knowledge of the ancients, and their confined experience, and forgot that it is not the privilege either of generations or individuals to attend to more than one thing at a time. Instead of uttering useless regrets, we are inclined to see some wisdom in a necessity which, by debarring the ancients from material pursuits, threw their energies into the development of moral laws, and the expansion of the beautiful and the true in creation. Every age, as well as every individual, has its mission. If social science up to the present has been stationary, instead of repining, let us honestly confess that the time had not arrived in which it could be cultivated with success; and that society, without burdening itself with such problems, has had enough to do to attend to those more adapted to the epoch. At a time when our forefathers were securing our civil and religious liberties, or when they were engaged in the development of the various branches of natural science, we may readily excuse the absurd bye-laws which were passed, restricting commerce, interfering with the natural channels of trade and the relations between the employer and the employed. Modern society was then in a state of infancy, and even if men had been inclined to set things on a better footing, their endeavours, deprived of the guiding light of experience, must have resembled the attempts of a blind man to find his way through a subterraneous passage. But now we have reached that era when society, having attained its higher stages of development, forces the social problems upon us, accompanied with that experience which can alone help us to a right solution, and M. le Play makes his appearance to turn the epoch to account.

A survey of the physical condition of the working-classes of Europe in the present age, is in reality a survey of their physical

condition during the last five centuries. As there are only so many degrees in the industrial hierarchy, commencing with that of domestic labourer and ending with that of proprietor, so the number of developments which each of these grades are capable of reaching is limited, and examples of each development at present are scattered over Europe. While the labourers of England, France, and Spain have passed through the condition of serfs or *adscripti glebæ*, both voluntary and compulsory, and have attained the utmost expansion of individual liberty, those of Russia, Turkey, and Hungary are still fettered by the old trammels of compulsory serfdom. Scandinavia and Germany present us with examples of voluntary serfs, or of labourers who have attached themselves for life to a master or patron, without any desire of elevating themselves to a superior condition: and the mountains of the Oural, the plains of Sahara, and the countries around the Caspian, are distinguished for those nomade tribes whose occupations are as old as Scripture; who, though united by the strongest family ties, have no fixed habitation, but drive their flocks and pitch their tent wherever a stream of running water and a patch of luxurious herbage promise them a month's subsistence. There are consequently four systems to which the industrial classes belong—viz., that of nomades, which is the most primitive form of society; that of *adscripti glebæ*, or compulsory engagement; that of free serfdom, or voluntary permanent engagement; and that of momentary engagement, or complete individual liberty; each of which exist in our quarter of the globe; so that if we wish to inquire into the past, and estimate the advantages and disadvantages of the different organizations it has produced, we need not travel beyond the limit of the present. Examples of every grade of labourers will be found in each system; and as it is the function of the statesman to discover the principles which tend to elevate workmen from the lower to the higher steps of the industrial hierarchy, it is no less his duty to examine the different changes which the social systems of Europe have undergone, that society may lose nothing of the past which is beneficial, but carry through its more advanced stages everything of tradition calculated to promote the wellbeing of populations.

Some writers have treated the question of labour precisely as if the sole relation between workman and master was that of an ephemeral contract, to be broken off as often as it suited the pleasure of the contracting parties; whereas this, instead of being the general rule is rather the exception. They have even regarded a return to the old industrial organizations as a species of innovation, the effects of which had yet to be tried, though

they needed not to travel far to meet with such organizations as fragments of a once universal system, which the revolutions of science and opinion have partly swept away. Even in France and England, where the system of momentary engagement chiefly prevails, that of communal labour does not date so far back but what some remnants of it have existed in the sight of living men. In the French community of Jault in Lower Nivernais, the Russian system of communal labour, with a permanent contract between the labourers and the lord of the soil, existed down to 1840; and so recently as the latter part of the eighteenth century the colliers of Scotland were considered bondsmen, and as such, if they quitted the soil to which they belonged, and with which their services were bought or sold, they were liable to be brought before a magistrate and dealt with as common malefactors. Even the saltmaker or *saunier lettré* of Saintonge, on the Maine, still exists as a type of the ancient system of compulsory engagement which, a few centuries ago, prevailed throughout Europe: while the middle stage of development between compulsory serfdom and that of individual liberty, exists among the farmers of Vendée, the wine-makers of Armagnac, and the iron-founders of Nivernais, as well as the iron-founders of Derbyshire. Hence in France at the present day, and in Great Britain down to a recent period, the three systems of engagement may be found in face of each other. Among the nations of the East compulsory engagements prevail; and so entirely foreign is our system of ephemeral contracts, that the word salary is not to be found in their vocabulary. In Russia the nomadic system exists, in conjunction with that of fixed sedentary labour; and in Germany the system of momentary engagements divides the list with that of engagements of voluntary perpetuity. To run over these different organizations, and trace the principles at work in urging society through the cycle which they compose, is not uninteresting, and may help us to some tangible conclusions on the subject.

Of the nomadic tribes we need say little. They are only distinguished from the three other systems of industrial organization by their itinerant habits. In every other respect the families they present might be classed in one or other of the branches of the sedentary workmen of Europe. In reality, they belong rather to Asia than to Europe, and are only found in Europe where an Asiatic climate prevails, where a clear sky and an unbroken serenity of weather render a house a useless appurtenance, and where the unappropriated state of the soil allows them to take advantage of any territory whose exuberance of pasture invites their stay. These tribes, however, are worthy to

be studied, on account of the strong family organization which exists among them ; an organization which, perhaps, is stronger with them than with any class of sedentary workmen, as it is the only fetter which keeps them from falling into a state of individual isolation ; an organization which, being the foundation of all society, may be taken as a sure test of the amount of stability existing in the political institutions of states. Whether attached to some patron in perpetuity, and bound to execute some manual service in return for the privileges they enjoy, or occupied in the system of momentary engagements, either as agricultural labourers or travelling artizans, they have the principal articles of domestic or personal use manufactured in the interior of the family ; and when employment fails, they find an unfailing resource in their habitude of supplying their general wants. Owing to the similarity existing between their communal habits and those of Russia, they appear destined to coalesce with the latter power. Indeed, Russia, in extending her south-eastern boundary, has already begun to operate on these tribes. The Kirghises who stroll through the plains on the borders of Tartary are already bound to an annual contribution of a sheep for each family to the Russian authorities of the neighbouring country, while the Backirs of the Oural and of the Caspian, under the influence of Russian laws, are daily becoming less migratory in their habits, and promise in a few years to lapse into the sedentary manners of their neighbours. Hence the nomades on this side are soon likely to be absorbed in the communal system of Russia, and throwing off their vagrant pursuits, to subside into one uniform system of compulsory engagement.

It is not improbable that the Russians, who were originally an eastern people, once belonged to that nomade race whose manners they are now gradually assimilating to their own. In their northern migration, the process of infeudation followed their conquests, as it followed the conquests of the great German hordes, who broke up the system of the old Roman empire. Land was not only bestowed upon individuals as a species of benefice for military tenure, but also conferred upon communities in return for certain manual service, by which they bound themselves to assist the allodial proprietor. In many instances the manual labour was exacted without any assignment of territory or any acknowledgment on the part of the seigneur further than a tacit understanding that he should provide for the social welfare of his serfs. Hence the system of compulsory engagement became general over Europe, and the commonalty, while possessing different degrees of physical comfort, were as dead in the eye of the law as the *servi* of ancient Rome.

The evils and advantages of this system lie on the surface. Where the proprietors are men of large views and benevolent dispositions, the benefits accruing to the class under restraint must be great, especially if that class be improvident and totally destitute of that self-command essential to the enjoyment of individual liberty. If, on the other hand, these conditions are reversed; if the proprietors, quite unconscious of the responsibility resting upon them, should ~~use~~ their serfs as so many machines made for the express purpose of their personal aggrandizement; and if the serfs should be abstinent and self-reliant,—the position is one in violent antagonism with nature. Hence, for populations like England and France in a swift state of progress, and where the proprietors exerted their powers with too severe a hand, the system was one of quick transition; while in Russia and Turkey it has survived, and promises, indeed, to continue, on account, in the one country, of the immense tracts of uncultivated territory, which enable the seigneurs to grant their serfs liberal enfranchisements, and in the other, on account of the ease with which the commonalty hold lands under seigneurs who regard themselves only as usufructuary possessors, and admit no allodial proprietorship but in God. In this system the serf can hold no personal property—all that he possesses being legally the property of his master; but in Russia and Turkey this law has fallen into desuetude, and the serf is allowed to use as his own whatever wealth he may have accumulated. This occasionally is so large as to secure his manumission, especially when gratuitously employed in some works of public utility. Yet instances of this kind are exceedingly rare, and the general case is, that while the commonalty in this *régime* are preserved from that distress and pauperism so common in the western countries, they find the line which divides them from the upper classes impassable. A certain amount of physical enjoyment is insured to them, but they cannot stray out of the orbit in which they first began to move; whereas, in the system of momentary engagements, progress is the order of the day; every path is open, and every incentive applied to individual energy at the expense of a large amount of suffering entailed upon the improvident masses of the industrial classes. The strongest minds find no difficulty in mounting from the lowest positions to the highest pinnacles of society, but the weakest go to the wall.

No doubt the system of forced engagements has a legitimate task to perform in the development of society, but its end cannot be adequately accomplished so long as there is no outlet given to talent or moral worth—so long as there are no means within easy

access, by which those families, who have shown themselves worthy of individual liberty, might rise to its possession. The Russian practice of exchanging forced labour (*corvée*) for a certain amount of money (*abrok*) hardly meets the case; for, though the drudgery is got rid of by those serfs who can pay the *abrok*, still the character of bondsman remains, and its absurd distinction of castes. There is need of more trenchant machinery not only to manumit those families who have distinguished themselves for capacity or virtue, but as an incentive to the cultivation of those qualities in the masses which may be supposed to qualify their possessors for the enjoyment of personal liberty. Doubtless, both in Russia and Turkey there are reasons of state against the adoption of such a measure; but, however expedient such reasons may be for the present, it is not the less certain that they must prove in the end eminently destructive to the best interests of the two countries, by placing their institutions in direct opposition to nature.

Up to the present, the transformation of the compulsory into the remaining systems has taken place either at the mere caprice of the ruling authority, as in Russia, or many incidental causes have conspired to effect it in an irregular manner. The Crusades, which flung one-half of Europe upon Asia, was one of the principal means of abrogating the compulsory system in the West. The baron, with a view to keep the field with a splendour befitting his rank, gave the villain his liberty for an amount comparatively trifling, or turned him into an armed retainer, and manumitted him in consideration of his services in the field. The law also connived at the escape of serfs from oppressive masters, decreeing that the deserter should have his liberty if not discovered after a short lapse of time. Such desertions became frequent as manufactures of various kinds took root in the kingdom: these, protected by many great privileges and immunities, drew peasants into the rising towns, not only by the large remuneration which they offered, but by the spirit of luxury which they introduced, rendering the hard life to which the lower rank of villains were subject so intolerable as to be got rid of at any price. Not unfrequently the proprietor was induced to free his serfs by the representations of his confessor, that such an act would be accepted as an atonement for the offences he had committed; and often the manumission was a direct case of barter, in which the hard earnings of the peasant were transferred to the coffers of the seigneur in exchange for personal freedom. The practice of turning prisoners of war into villains, the principal source of the compul-

sory system, was early abolished by papal bulls, and serfdom, daily diminishing in numbers and cut off from the springs which had recruited its ranks, soon became a wreck of the past.

A transformation effected in such an irregular manner was attended with irregular results. A large mass of the higher order of serfs, who were attached to agricultural or to mining operations, and in possession of house and land, remained exactly as they were. There was no change either in the security or permanence of their condition, but only in that feeling of dignity which independence inspires. That large mass of serfs who had been artizans organized themselves into associations of masters, companions, and apprentices—associations which limited the number of each calling to an amount calculated to prevent the exercise of undue competition; which bound the apprentices to the companions, and the companions to their masters, until they had produced signs of their efficiency to ascend to the superior grade: which, by proportioning the supply to the demand, always secured employment for the able-bodied of the corporation, and which, by a well-regulated system of imposts, insured to the disabled certain and honourable means of subsistence. But a great mass of the lower rank of villains, trained to no specific pursuit, found the gift of liberty more fatal to them than that of Danaï: obliged to accept of any ephemeral occupation which offered itself, they found themselves hurried at a stroke from the extreme security of servitude to the uncertain fluctuations of the momentary system; and when the resources of that system failed, reduced to the condition of paupers, they discovered they had only exchanged baronial for parochial servitude.

The *régime* of voluntary perpetuity, which is the first of these cases, possesses many advantages over that of forced labour, and, if closely examined, will afford many valuable suggestions for securing the well-being of the masses in the perilous paths of momentary engagements on which they are entering. The peasants are free, under the condition of discharging their monetary engagements; and, by the benevolent patronage of their masters, they are secured against all the evils incident to a state of liberty among an illiterate and improvident population. The large masses of workmen grouped around the mines and iron manufactories of Sweden, Norway, and Germany are nominal proprietors of house and land, which they hold from the several companies to which they belong, subject to the condition of paying four per cent. interest upon the capital invested by the company in the purchase, until the debt is cancelled by the payment of weekly instalments. The real proprietors are by no means con-

cerned about the diminution of the debt, so long as the interest is paid ; and not unfrequently some of the families, as those in connexion with the Hartz mines, near Hanover, and those of Samakowa, prefer to leave their debts standing, as evidence of the good relation existing between them and the proprietors. The tendency, however, in the chief instances, is, to habituate the labourer to the practice of economy, with a view to the diminution of his debt, and the exchange of a nominal for a real proprietorship. Wherever this feeling of house proprietorship prevails, the workman takes an interest in his habitation hardly known among mere tenants. The time which is spent by these in cultivating the acquaintance of the landlord is generally employed by the other in ornamenting the interior of his domicile, and rendering it suitable to his own views of comfort and convenience. If the house does not belong to him, he, at least, is the tenant for life, and the building may be held in perpetuity by his family. His interest in the work of improvement is consequently proportionately increased. The property is held by the company as security for the payment of the interest of the debt ; and the workman, by this act of mortgage, being incapable of giving further material guarantees, is saved from contracting imprudent engagements with those Israelite usurers who know so well how to turn the ignorance of our agricultural population to account.

One of the most direct aids which the workmen of this *régime* receive from their employers is the privilege of obtaining provisions at wholesale price. Corn and other rations are bought in by the companies in large quantities during a plentiful season, and the workmen are insured against the consequences of high prices by having supplies placed within their reach at the lowest possible cost consistent with extra freightage and the ordinary interest due to the capitalist for his beneficial investment. The garden attached to the house furnishes the family with abundance of every species of vegetables, and the right to fish and shoot over the demesne of the corporation contributes in a more substantial manner to the pleasures of the table. The family also derive additional help from the privilege of wood-cutting and common pasture. But the most important part of the patronage exercised by the proprietors consists in the support of normal schools for the education of the young, the establishment of mutual insurance societies, the organization of a medicinal chest, and the protection of their work-people from that system of quackery and imposture which corrodes the vitals of the English commonalty. By keeping the number of habitations on their domains equal to the number of families required

for the working of their establishments, these corporations oblige the superabundant population to emigrate, instead of availing themselves of the glut in the labour market to lower wages and degrade the social condition of the community. Hence in this, as well as in the compulsory system, to which it bears a close affinity, man is not remunerated according to the amount of labour done, but according to his wants and the necessities of his existence.

This form of patronage, strange as it may appear in this part of the world, extends either in a compulsory or voluntary shape over the greater part of Europe, and wherever it prevails is accompanied with a solidarity of classes and a feeling of equality between the different ranks of society which oddly contrasts with the disunion and revulsion existing under the more democratic institutions of the west. The Russian, Turkish, and Hungarian serf, as well as the peasant of Sweden, the cotton-spinner of Elberfeld—Rhenish Prussia—and the miner of Austria, possess house and garden in perpetuity, can fish and shoot at pleasure, besides being protected by many provident institutions, which, at a greater or less sacrifice of personal liberty, but without the indignity of parochial relief, insure to them the enjoyment of social comfort up to extreme old age. In some districts, indeed, the form of patronage may vary, yet the aggregate amount of beneficent institutions in either system is always such as to protect the labourer against any evils that may arise from his own incapacity and improvidence. In the mines of Derbyshire and the iron-foundries of Nivernais, whose proprietors have abandoned the momentary system for that of voluntary perpetuity, the workmen, though mere tenants at will, are considered to have a sort of lien upon the company, either for employment or support, so long as their moral conduct is unexceptionable. The proprietors, in returning to the ancient system of patronage, have established schools, organized a self-supporting system of relief, and used the power which their superior knowledge and capital place at their disposal to meliorate the condition of the community. Abuses, however, sometimes creep into these institutions, and occasionally the laws of the country defeat the beneficial effects which arise from them under ordinary circumstances. In Turkey, all kinds of usury being forbidden by the Koran, the serf has no interest to pay on the original investments of the proprietors, and therefore is in no way concerned about the diminution of his debt; but, contrariwise, he is rather disposed to increase his liabilities, which he alludes to with complacency, as evidence of the trust reposed in him by his master. The land which he holds is liable to forfeit by neglect of cultivation; but, to avoid this con-

sequence of idleness, he places the ground under the patronage of a neighbouring mosque, and by this *ruse* defies the law to remove him, however slothful may be his disposition. As the privilege of sanctuary in the middle ages acted in some respects as an incentive to crime, privileges of a similar character in Turkey act as a premium upon the laziness of the peasant, and tend to throw at least one-third of the finest country in the world out of cultivation. In renovating Turkey, Government cannot look too closely into the relations between the serf and the proprietor, or too rigorously inquire how far religious prejudice and the abuse of feudal institutions check the development of that country's resources, with the view of applying a stringent remedy.

The trade corporations in the momentary system have in many respects an affinity with the system of feudal patronage, especially when the workshops are directed by water power and scattered over the country. Numerous privileges of the former systems then accrue to the workman, such as house and garden, forest rights, wood-cutting, common pasture, shooting and fishing : but the supervision of the trade ; the establishment of rules to banish unhealthy competition, and to insure the labourer a fair measure of employment ; the organization of mutual insurance funds to guarantee the old and the infirm uniform support ; all these, instead of depending on the wisdom of large capitalists, are determined by a committee of the leading workmen themselves. These societies formerly existed in this country under the name of guilds, and were not confined to trades, but included several branches of manufactures. They still exist to a large extent in Southern Germany, and are attended with the same practical results they produced in their former history. By limiting the number of apprentices—*lehrlingen*—under each master—*meister*—they provide against undue competition ; by preventing any journeyman—*gesellen*—from exercising the functions of master, or from working on his own account, without having given proofs of his efficiency by the production of a masterpiece—*meisterstück*—and by taking out his diploma—*meisterrecht*—they save the public and themselves from the evils of quackery and jobbing ; by habituating the journeymen or companions to travel through the towns of the empire, they increase their intelligence and efficiency, and lead them, unfettered by local prejudice, to view that place as their home where their services are likely to be most in request. In these close corporations there is a perfect spirit of equality combined with a due gradation of rank : each member regards his fellow as a brother, and feels that he is subject to no laws but what have been framed for the

interest of the society, and which he may be called upon one day to supervise or administer. The apprentice, however, looks up to the companion, and the companion to the master; and all regard the council of administration with that respect which is due to talent when invested with authority. These societies are consequently so many self-constituted republics, where the popular element is combined to a certain degree with the aristocratical, where the safety of each member is insured by the joint co-ordination and mutual assistance of all; but where the workmen move in an orbit of their own, and seek the monopoly of the public market upon such terms as they deem most compatible with the well-being of their community. Individual liberty is interfered with, and the public, perhaps, are not so well served as they are, by unrestricted competition; but society is relieved from the support of pauper labourers, the public streets from some of the worst forms of mendicity, and the workman himself is taught to regard his trade as an inheritance which he can leave as a secure source of income to his posterity.

These ancient corporations exist nowhere in any great degree unless in Germany; and even in Germany the recent improvements in mechanics, the startling revelations of chemistry, the appliances of steam-power and hydraulic pressure, are daily contracting their circle, and promise to explode them altogether. Among ourselves, even where unimpaired by the recent progress of science, they exist with only a remnant of their past organization, except, indeed, the Cutlers' Society of Sheffield, which, like the solitary column in the wilds of Palmyra, serves but to convey a deeper impression of the complete wreck of the system. The spirit of British law, which gives the utmost expansion to personal liberty and unbridled competition, has left them without support, and they have fallen a sacrifice to the enterprise of large capitalists, who, by means of cheap labour and colossal establishments, have contrived to undersell them in the market. The substitution of steam and coal for water and wood has broken up most of those rural manufactories where the workman was protected by many of the old rights and immunities, and grouped our populations, destitute of all resource beyond their ephemeral salary, around the coal-mines which supply the new manufactories with their motive power. Thus, Manchester and Liverpool have grown up around the mines of Lancashire; Birmingham, on the mines of Staffordshire; Leeds and Sheffield, on the mines of Yorkshire; and Glasgow, on the mines of Lower Scotland. The old towns of England have emptied half their inhabitants into these localities; the peasant, also, allured by the high but precarious remuneration which they offer, has left his

low-paid but certain employment in the country ; and when over-speculation or a glut in the market necessitates a contraction of supply, a crush ensues, and the multitude, deprived of their ancient resources, are brought to the verge of pauperism.

The extinction of the principal forms of patronage and communal resources in large towns have been accompanied, in a great degree, by the extinction of similar institutions in the country. Common pasture, having been found less productive than other land, has been generally abolished ; and where estates have passed into new families, the ancient privileges have been rigorously withheld, and the labourer left to depend on his naked salary for his subsistence. Hence frequent broils arise between the new proprietor and his peasantry ; and instead of the union and solidarity of classes existing under the old system, we encounter a state of antagonism and discord, something like what Dante pictures in his *Inferno* :—

‘Vidi genti fangose in quel pantano
Ignude tutte, e con sembiante offeso.
Questi si percotean non pur con mano,
Ma con la testa, e col petto e co’ piedi
Troncandosi, co’ denti a brano a brano.’

A similar feeling of revulsion prevails to a great extent in our manufacturing towns, where the introduction of machinery has placed a wide chasm between master and workmen, and taught them to regard each other as beings of a different order of creation. Combinations against capital have been met by combinations against labour, and trade and commerce have suffered irreparable mischief, and thousands of families been brought to utter destitution by the strikes and divisions which have arisen out of this order of things. Trained only to the solitary pursuit by which they earn their bread, when that resource fails, the generality have no choice between famine and the work-house. In proportion as science has multiplied the means of reproduction, the division of labour has developed itself ; and in proportion as the division of labour has developed itself, the number of able-bodied paupers has increased. In sacrificing everything to the exercise of unbridled liberty ; in allowing the old social forms to be rudely displaced by any innovation which favoured individual freedom ; in permitting science to break up all the past organizations and to place mankind in new positions,—unfettered by any laws designed to ensure their social stability, we sought to effect a reform, but have in reality improvised a revolution.

The evils of the system are increasing, but no attempts have been made to deal with them in a liberal spirit. Society is left to blunder through its cycle of changes in its usual slipshod

manner, without any directing hand to keep it on the right groove, and prevent populations from being driven, by the introduction of new agents or by the abrogation of old laws, into false positions. Even the increase of pauperism, which is the crying abuse of the time, is met in the same primitive fashion as when it first appeared among us in the reign of the eighth Henry. The unfortunate victim of general enlightenment and unrestricted freedom is, as soon as he presents himself, sent back to his parish to be stowed away in one of those brick buildings, vulgarly ycleped workhouses, from the fact that no work is done in them, and his fellow-parishioners are taxed for his support, at a rate which generally amounts to more than double the sum required for his subsistence. Instead of seeking to get rid of the anomaly of allowing a large section of the population to lean on the support of the rest, in a manner not less degrading to themselves than burdensome to the public, we have sought to domesticate this institution amongst us, and have become so enamoured of its results as to force it upon our outlying dependencies. Even were this mode of providing for the evils of the momentary system less exceptionable, it does not meet the wants for which it is intended to provide, or anything like them; for a large portion of the more sensitive and dignified poor, sooner than have recourse to its provisions, undergo the greatest hardships; and in spite of the enormous assessments levied for the support of the helpless classes, the streets of our opulent cities are disfigured with a crowd of hollow-visaged spectres, clad in filthy and tattered raiment, burrowing in dens by the side of which the tent of the nomade might be considered as a palace, and living on food in comparison with which the meal of the Backir would be a luxurious viand.

The industrial classes have attempted themselves to provide for the uncertain fluctuations to which they are exposed by the new *régime*, by the organization of mutual insurance societies, designed to afford relief when sickness or want of employment spreads terror over the family hearth. One of the most extensive of these is the Society of Odd Fellows,—a society which first met for the perpetration of fun and mischief, but which the wisdom of our artizans have turned to nobler account. This corporation has been so successful at home, as to extend its ramifications to the Continent, and has been followed by the establishment of many institutions of a kindred character. Yet the amount of good which such endeavours effect is so small in comparison with the amount of evil to be overcome, that to rely upon them for the extinction of the anomalies of the momentary system would be something like setting a lame man

in pursuit of a hare. Even were workmen gifted with the enlarged views and superior training which generally characterize masters, still want of means would hinder them from carrying their views into effect. Notwithstanding all their attempts to meliorate their condition, the evils against which they have to contend get ahead of them every day ; nor do we see any escape from the anomaly of making life a mere scramble for provisions, unless by a return to such institutions of the past as are compatible with personal liberty.

Foremost of these, we would recommend the organization of an efficient system of patronage on the part of masters ; and with respect to workmen, as close an adhesion to the family economy of the East as the momentary system will permit. Without going so far as M. le Play, who would hold large capitalists responsible for the social comfort of their workmen during stagnation of trade, we may say that the patronage which prevails among the mining proprietors of Sweden, Norway, and Germany show that there are many ways of assisting their work-people, which masters, even of moderate capital, might have recourse to without injuring themselves. Loans judiciously advanced to the most trustworthily ; times of scarcity anticipated by the purchase of large provision stores ; a disposition to saving encouraged by granting the workman the nominal proprietorship of his house at the ordinary rate of interest ; the protection of the artizan from usurers and the plausible deceptions of quackery ; the founding of schools, intellectual institutions, and mutual insurance societies in connexion with their establishments ; all these, and numerous other modes which a benevolent disposition would suggest, if practically carried out, would, without restricting individual liberty, or subtracting from the property of the employer, insure to the present system of progress all the stability which distinguishes stationary populations. Such patronage is not confined to mere companies, but is practised on an extensive scale by the cotton manufacturers of North America ; by the proprietors of the iron and cutlery establishments of Harlem, Toddingen, and Picardy ; by the Dutch spinners of Overysse and Zeeland ; by the woollen manufacturers of Campagne, and the cotton manufacturers of Rhenish Prussia. In Norway and Sweden, where the workmen are as free as they are in any country in Europe, the system of patronage is the general rule, the absence of it the exception. Nor would our trading or agricultural capitalists be averse to its adoption, if they were to consider the matter only in a personal light. By interesting themselves in the social condition of their workmen, masters would win their affection and elevate their moral feeling ; in becoming

more docile and teachable, they would become better craftsmen ; all strikes and antagonistic combinations, which inflict mutual wounds on both, would be removed ; and the capitalist would find still further relief in the diminution of those excessive rates for the support of the parochial poor, which are a scandal to our civilization.

As, however, there will always be a class of speculators anxious to get as much out of the labourer as possible, without troubling themselves with any superfluous consideration about the security of his condition, we incline to think that British law ought to interfere to teach the employer his duty as often as he appears disposed to sacrifice the security of the industrial classes to his own schemes of personal aggrandizement. Frequently a rash speculator, by means of credit, erects a large establishment, and allures some five or six hundred hands from more steady employment to embark in his ephemeral undertaking ; and when the bubble bursts, he departs by the next train and leaves the population to their fate. We would invoke the assistance of the Legislature not only to arrest abuses of this kind, but also to aid in the formation of an efficient system of patronage, by insisting upon the foundation of schools in connexion with large industrial establishments, and the introduction of mutual benefit societies, guaranteeing to the labourer, during unavoidable cessation of work, a certain amount of physical comfort ; and also by enacting, where such establishments were erected in the country or on the outskirts of towns, that no labourer's cottage should be built without a certain area of garden land being attached, with the view of initiating the workman into the production of his own vegetables. Of course, benevolence cannot be extorted by a cocked pistol ; but much might be done by the conjoint action of public opinion and judicious legislation, in enforcing the popular axiom, that property has its duties as well as its rights.

As unrestricted competition has been one of the chief agents in breaking up the old system of patronage in the West, and degrading the condition of the workmen, an inquiry into the various modes by which competition acts upon society might form not an uninteresting pastime to a parliamentary committee, with a view of strengthening the sound and eliminating the rotten portions of the system. Competition is good where it furnishes a spur to activity ; it should not be allowed to be a cause of ruin. No firm, we opine, should be permitted, by passing off spurious for genuine articles, or by stamping inferior materials with marks of a higher quality, to undersell its more scrupulous neighbour in the market. Nor should any firm be allowed to traffic in their own marks, or to place them, to the injury of

small dealers, upon articles which they have not produced.* In fine, all competition supported by fraud should be vigorously prohibited. For the rest, were masters held to the exercise of a certain amount of patronage, the workman need not fear any evil results from competition, as it is principally by evading the duties of patronage, and deteriorating the condition of their workmen, that the more unprincipled have contrived to undersell the more honest proprietors, and bring them down to the same level as themselves.

We are not recommending the Legislature to enter upon untried or forbidden paths. Liberty is a blessing to be enjoyed, not a right to be abused; and the suggestions thrown out, if realized, would simply connect progress with all that is sound of tradition, and prevent persons from indulging in a course of action dangerous to the community. Parliament, indeed, has already entered on the work, when it forbade millowners to work their hands above a certain number of hours; when it forbade infant labour; when it excluded women from mines, and debarred them from pursuits calculated to impair the physical constitution of their offspring. It need only pursue the same line of legislation to secure the commonalty from the effects of their own improvidence, and from being turned by unprincipled capitalists into the instruments of their own degradation. If at present the law limits establishments for the sale of such trifling articles as tobacco to a definite number within a prescribed radius, and will not allow any new vendor to trade where the public do not require his services, surely it is not too much to demand that, in the foundation of establishments likely to employ four or five hundred hands, some security should be taken against rash speculations—some guarantee that the masses engaged in them shall not be exposed to chronic destitution and crime.

But any system of patronage, to be efficient, must be accompanied by machinery for the transport of the superabundant populations to those localities where they are likely to find an outlet for their labour. England, perhaps, on account of her

* To recount the principal modes by which the public are imposed upon in this respect would far surpass the limits of a review. Even Lord Bacon, in his day, when manners were more guileless than they are now, intended to write a book on the subject. We may, however, allude to the custom pretty general in Yorkshire, of manufacturing *woollen* cloths with cotton warps, and of stitching the listing belonging to the higher sort of cloth to inferior fabrics, and then carding the seam over so adroitly as to cheat the eye even of experienced judges. Hence, in one of the towns—that of Morley—it is a common saying, that no good cloth has been produced since the Websters died; an old firm, noted for their opposition to the frauds engendered by unhealthy competition. We fear that many of the linen manufacturers of Lancashire are open to similar charges.

numerous colonies, is more favourably situated than any other nation for carrying out an extensive scheme of emigration. No plan, however, has hitherto been produced of state colonization, adapting the home supply of superabundant labour to the exigencies of the foreign demand ; but all has been left to chance or to the private enterprise of individuals. Instead of our emigrations being conducted upon any settled principle, like those of Greece and Rome, they are motived by instincts as untutored as those which drove the Huns upon the Ostrogoths, the Ostrogoths upon the Gepedi, the Gepedi upon the Vandals, and brought the Vandals, as the pioneers of the impending storm, into the rich plains of Lombardy. At the present day, gaunt famine alone leads the Irish labourer and the English artizans to remove their *penates* to the wilds of Australia, or the woods of North America. In the past, it was religious persecution or political disaffection—agents quite as irregular and pernicious in their influence as blank destitution. Surely the time has arrived for placing these movements upon a different footing—for organizing a system of emigration upon such a principle, that, by the offer of certain advantages, the labour market might be kept from being overstocked, and the superfluous population of a state might be as regularly drafted to other lands as through the medium of the safety-valve the superfluous steam escapes, and the boiler is kept at a certain temperature. Such a system, performing an essential function in the social economy, might take its place among the other institutions of the country, and, like the Roman system of colonization, extend the English name and laws among semi-barbarous tribes, open new markets for our products, consolidate our conquests, or act as a curb upon the aggression of nations inimical to our rule. Even if the home population never overshot itself, still there are frequently occasions when the foreign interests of a state require the emission of a colony ; and should the present war continue, cases of the kind must present themselves with respect to some portions of Asia Minor, and the countries lying between the Caspian and the Euxine. Hence, in every well-directed state, as in the economy of nature, there is no redundancy ; and if anything superfluous appears, there is a pressing necessity for it in some other part. What is required to strengthen the interests of a state abroad, is indispensable to the healthy action of the population at home. Without a well-conducted system of emigration, patronage would sink under the duties it has to perform ; but, protected by a series of strong tutelary institutions, based upon a system of emigration, the artizan would never need to seek parochial relief ; and the present workhouse might be presented

to the municipal authorities for public lavatories, or gymnasia, or for some other purpose more adapted to our present state of civilization, than the use to which they are now applied.

The same principle which should lead the State to export its superfluous populations to sparsely-peopled shores, should also influence the home population to circulate freely among each other, and seek a market for their labour wherever they are likely to be employed. Periodic migration is less common with us than with people on the Continent; and so great is the aversion of the English peasant to move out of his natal district, that many, as we are informed by the Poor-Law Commissioners, prefer to enter the workhouse than to accept of employment in distant manufacturing towns. The ancient guilds fostered the spirit of migration to a great extent, by providing the travelling operative with means of prosecuting his journey whenever his private resources failed, as is the present practice among the industrial corporations of Germany. The influence of commercial institutions develops the same spirit in the Russian serfs, who, during seasons of inactivity, are accustomed to leave their commune in a body and let out the services of the company—*arteles*—to the merchants of large towns. They travel together, and board in common. They appoint a treasurer—*cloutchnik*—and a contractor—*artelchik*—who not only settles the engagements of the company, but distributes the work, and is the responsible agent of the body. Two *starchi*, men of experience and approved worth, are appointed as a check on the *artelchik* and *cloutchnik*. After the period of work is over, the earnings are divided which remain after the liabilities of the company have been discharged; and the members either return to the agricultural labours of their commune, or transfer their services to some other locality. In Spain, which resembles Russia in its vast tracts of unappropriated land, the peasant is similarly accustomed to combine agricultural with civic employment. Those of the Basque Provinces, and more especially of the Asturias and Galicia, after the labours of harvest and seed time are over, migrate to the towns and mining districts, as regularly as the Irish labourer makes his appearance in the fields of England when they begin to whiten with the standing corn. The artisans of Seville and Madrid may also be met during the months of August and September proceeding to put their sickle into the rich crops of Andalusia and Castile. Besides the strong muscular frame which such habits tend to produce, they cultivate a saving disposition, inure workmen to temperance, and, finally, lead to that accumulation of property which places the possessor in the first rank of the industrial hierarchy.

Though the division of labour is urged to too great an extent for such habits to become general with us, yet there is much in the social economy of those populations who rank below our own in point of civilization which we may stoop to imitate. The Russian organization of *arteles* might furnish a useful hint to our unemployed labourers, who are determined to find work at any price, and live in an economic manner during the performance of it. The formation of the corps of shoe-blacks in the metropolis is somewhat on this plan, and answers admirably. The recent establishment of the Ragged Factory in Belvedere-crescent, in which Mr. Driver employs the vagrants of the City in making boxes for certain manufactories, is another institution of the same character, and does its founder infinite credit. Were the idle adults of our towns in similar corporations to ferret out some work and apply themselves honestly to discharge it, not only much positive good would accrue to society, but much positive evil would disappear. If the workman cannot in these times, like the hero in the Arabian tale, learn seven trades to secure himself against famine, he can become an adept in a variety of little arts calculated to insure him against the worst forms of distress. In Russia and Turkey every serf is his own tailor. Among the Backsirs the material of wearing apparel is so strong that one outfit lasts as long as a man's life. We really cannot see why in the West a workman should find his clothes, like his provisions, an article of hebdomadal expense; why, to keep himself square with society, he should be obliged every second quarter to throw away a fifth of his hard earnings upon rascally Jews for the simple article of covering. Surely some fabric might be discovered sufficiently durable to last him a term of years, and his own shears and his wife's needle might do the rest. By this means the indignity of wearing cast-off clothes might be avoided, and those national costumes preserved which contribute so much to the picturesque aspect of a country, and are so intimately bound up with the traditions and self-respect of a people. The State should be careful to encourage institutions for teaching girls sewing, knitting, and other useful domestic arts; for, where such prevail, the population no matter what may be the distress under which they labour, are never reduced to that degree of misery which is manifest where these arts are neglected.

One of the greatest obstacles to the physical comfort of the workman in the West is the prevalence of individualism over social or communal regulations. While England has only advanced to the erection of a few public lavatories, Germany has established communal bakeries, dining salons, workshops, and other establishments, in which any pecuniary diminution of the

labourer's expenses can be effected by economizing fuel, space, and labour. Mr. Twining informs us, in his interesting *Letters on the Working Classes of Nassau*, that not only the gentry have their *table d'hôte*, but the peasant, too, sits down to a similar social repast, and enjoys a pleasant meal, with two or three courses, for 12 or 14 kreuzers—that is, for something like five-pence. In England, the common form of charity is to subscribe to a soup-kitchen; on the Continent, benevolence displays itself in the more rational form of founding alimentary societies, which, self-supporting, furnish the artizan with food at cost price. Owing to the improved methods of cooking abroad as compared with our culinary operations at home, food is ordinarily furnished at one-half of the cost which the English labourer has to pay for his rations. In this respect we are far behind the Continent. Even with the additional expense and the smaller quantity, our dishes are more awkwardly prepared. It was a saying of Prince Talleyrand, that England had a hundred religions, but only one sauce, and that was melted butter.

With a view of remedying many of the disadvantages under which the English workman labours in this respect—with a view that he may have his money's value for his money's worth, Mr. Twining has started the idea of economic museums for the working classes, which are intended to combine all the most approved methods and appliances in vogue throughout Europe of administering to the social comfort and physical well-being of the commonalty. In the memoranda which this gentleman has addressed to the Society of Arts, and which he has translated into French and German for continental distribution, he lays his finger, as it were, not only upon each class of articles embraced in the scope of his design, but almost upon everything included under each class, with a speciality that recalls to our memory Lord Bacon's prerogative instances. Plans of architecture, specimens of building materials, of fittings, of furniture, of household utensils and ornaments, of clothing, descriptions of food; culinary recipes, medical prescriptions, callisthenics, wheel conveyances, modes of lighting and heating rooms—comprise some of the general heads under which he invites contributions from all who are interested in the undertaking, either by pecuniary motives or through a sincere desire to elevate the condition of the great masses of mankind.* Such an institution, if organized

* As Mr. Twining was so fortunate as to secure a room in the late Parisian Exhibition for his design, and the flattering patronage of Napoleon and the Empress Eugène, the undertaking commences well; and we hope that its benevolent founder will live to see the institution, under the patronage of the respective governments, become general throughout Europe.

upon an extensive basis, would form an admirable accompaniment to such works upon social economics as those of M. le Play, and would go far to remedy much of the misery existing in the cottage of the workman. It would stimulate thought and awaken invention in matters which now depend for their amelioration upon caprice or accident. It would generalize the experience and sagacity of each section of the European community, and make the advantages possessed by one country the property of all. It would bring the manners and social habitudes of every country in face of each other, and enable the artizan, without stirring beyond the circuit of his own town, to enjoy all the advantages which acute observation can reap from foreign travel, and to adopt out of the domestic appliances of other countries whatever tended to improve his own. The lower populations in the social scale would be placed on a level with the higher, and the great anomaly be destroyed of one country clinging to the social forms of the fifteenth century, while another, availing itself of the additional experience of three centuries, finds the present motion of time too slow for its advancement, and anticipates the years which are coming on.

The scope of M. le Play's work professes to embrace the moral and intellectual as well as the physical state of the working classes; but the mental features of the European artizan are only considered in relation to his material condition, which in reality forms the exclusive topic of this writer's labours. Indeed, to obtain a correct idea of the principles most adapted to elevate the commonalty in the intellectual sphere, recourse must be had to distant times; phenomena must be dug up and institutions studied which bear no analogy to any existing at present, and generations interrogated who, were they to awake now, would hardly recognise their posterity, or the land of their birth. For, notwithstanding the complete cycle of physical states which the present age presents to us, it must be admitted that the prevalence of communal institutions in Rome and Athens, and the lavish manner in which the arts were patronized at certain periods by the respective governments of both countries, imparted a degree of refinement to the commonalty and developed in them an æsthetic taste, to which no period of modern civilization can furnish a parallel. It must also be as unhesitatingly admitted that the resuscitation of letters in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries injected such a literary mania into the society of those countries on which the light first dawned, that the commonalty did not escape its influence, but exhibited a passion for letters, and acquired an intellectual development such as the earth, before or since, has not witnessed. To consider how far the present generation of

workmen, under the altered circumstances of society, are capable of similar refinement, and what laws and institutions are most adapted to stimulate such a development, would lead us far beyond the circuit of M. le Play's researches. Yet it must be confessed that, unaccompanied with intellectual elevation, the most successful result of such labours can only tend to make man a sleeker and fatter animal than he was before. Without professing to inculcate any settled opinions upon the promotion of intellectual culture among the masses, this much we may venture to glean from the past, that little advance can be made in this direction by any organization working men may form among themselves; and that, without governments, with the large resources at their command, patronize art in a more liberal spirit, and revive institutions analogous to the communal halls, artistic gardens, and public festivities of Greece and Rome, the labourer, instead of being an ornament to creation, will still continue to be a blotch on its surface. Mechanics' institutes, to a great extent, have failed, on account of the scantiness of their resources, their inability to combine instruction with amusement, or to offer workmen any advantages which cannot be provided for out of their united contributions. But, notwithstanding our past experience, if the British Government would emulate the liberal spirit of antiquity, and economize the public treasure with the view of founding institutions designed to refine the taste of the masses, we see no reason why, after the lapse of one generation, the industrial classes of England, who are certainly at present inferior to those of the Continent in intellectual culture, should not become as pre-eminent for social refinement as they are for political freedom,—why they should not rival in æsthetic taste the Athenian population of the age of Pericles, and in literary distinction the Italian population of the age of Bembo. But, for this purpose, greater public spirit must be manifested by those who exercise the legislative functions of the country, a more zealous watchfulness over the disbursements of the treasury, that, instead of a national debt, a constant accumulation of riches may distinguish the financial operations of the Exchequer. We must hear no more of our competency to carry on expensive wars without seeking some kind of indemnification for our expenditure; for, by increasing the permanent taxation of the country, we deteriorate the condition of the workmen, and render the duties of patronage on the part of masters more difficult to be performed. Those who talk in that fashion are grossly ignorant of the subjects upon which they so coolly venture to instruct their neighbours. For nothing is so costly as that which is purchased at the sacrifice of the social interests of the majority of the com-

munity ; and every shilling extracted from the public purse to be wasted upon unremunerative warfare, is so much withdrawn from the moral and intellectual progress of the labouring classes—is so much withdrawn from that fund on the good application of which depend the advance of civilization and the social welfare of mankind.

ART. VI.—(1.) *Internal History of German Protestantism since the Middle of last Century.* By Dr. C. F. A. KAHNIS, Professor of Theology in the University of Leipzig. Translated by REV. THEODORE MEYER, Hebrew Tutor in New College, Edinburgh. 12mo. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

2.) *Kirchengeschichte der Neuesten Zeit.* ('Church History of the most Recent Period; from 1814 to the Present Time.') By Dr. J. C. L. GIESELER. Edited from his *Remains*, by Dr. C. R. REDEPENNING. 8vo. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1855.

(3.) *Die Zeichen der Zeit.* ('The Signs of the Times. Letters to Friends on Freedom of Conscience and the Rights of the Christian Congregation.') By C. J. BUNSEN, Privy Councillor to H. M. the King of Prussia, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology. Post 8vo. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1855.

(4.) *Allgemeine Kirchliche Chronik.* ('Universal Chronicle of the Church.') By Pastor KARL MATTHES. First and Second Issues, 1854 and 1855. Square 12mo. Leipzig: Lösske. London: Williams and Norgate.

(5.) *Protestantische Monatsblätter für innere Zeitgeschichte.* ('Protestant Monthly Magazine, for the Internal History of the Time. Designed to illustrate the Labours and Problems of the Christian Present.') Edited by PROFESSOR GELZER, of Berlin, with the assistance of Dorner, Hagenbach, W. Hoffmann, Hundeshagen, Nitzsch, Cl. Perthes, Ullmann, W. Wackernagel, Wichern, Wiese, &c. Vols. I.—VI, 1853—1855. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate.

IN the summer of the past year the chiefs of the Romish hierarchy in Germany assembled with vast multitudes of the laity to honour with all possible pomp and splendour a religious festival which the oldest greybeard in the great congregation had never beheld before, and which the youngest catechumen will never witness again. The allusion is not to a papal jubilee; for to this plagiarism of the old LUDI SÆCULARES the touching words in

which the heralds invited spectators to attend those imposing heathen solemnities, so duly measuring by their recurrence one of the twelve hours of Rome's day, from Romulus Quirinus to Romulus Augustulus, have never been fairly applicable. Boniface VIII., indeed, who by his bull, dated February 22, A.D. 1300, first instituted the jubilee, intended and ordained that it should be held only once in a hundred years. But his successors' impatience and greed of filthy lucre paid but little respect to his infallibility. In 1350, Clement VI. piously circumcised the pagan institution, reducing the interval to fifty years, 'conformable to the custom of the Jewish jubilee;' and it was afterwards cut down to a third, and at last to a quarter of a century, so that a man needed not to be an old Parr to live through several. On the other hand, the high festivity to which the Bishop of Mayence last summer invited, by a spirit-stirring pastoral, first the faithful of his own diocese, and then those of all Germany, was a real centenary commemoration. It was the eleven hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Boniface, 'the Apostle of the Germans,' as he is usually styled, to which his successor in the national primacy summoned his brethren to render all due honour. The ecclesiastical birthday of the blood-witness, the day of his enrolment into 'the noble army,' was the 5th of June, A.D. 755, when Boniface, at the head of his Christian company, consisting of eleven priests and monks, and forty-one laymen, was set upon by an infuriated band of heathen Frieslanders, on the bank of the river Burda, not far from the town of Dockum, in North Holland, and, with the whole of his associates, was barbarously murdered. Accordingly on the octave from the 5th to the 13th of June, A.D. 1855, the eleventh centenary commemoration was kept at Fulda, which owes to him its splendid abbey, so renowned throughout the middle ages, and there, besides the living representative of the martyr in the episcopal chair of Mayence, the Baron von Ketteler, were congregated the Bishops of Hildesheim, Paderborn, Eichstadt, Wurzburg, and others, with the Cardinal Michael Viale Prelà, the papal pro-nuntius at Vienna, and the signer of the famous Austrian Concordat, at their head. Daily processions, winding their slow length along, with elevated host and relics of the saint, through the streets of the old cloistered city, were wound up with impassioned pulpit harangues by the Jesuit preachers, Fathers Hasslacher, Roder, and the rest, who did not fail, we may be sure, to work up to fever-heat the kindling fanaticism of the masses. Similar scenes were repeated at Mayence during the week commencing with the 14th, when the Holy Fair was illuminated by the presence of a still larger number of the great

lights of the German hierarchy. Sermons were preached in the forenoons by the Prince Bishop of Prague, the Prince Bishop of Breslau, and the Bishops of Mayence, Regensburg, and Strasburg, and in the afternoons by the Jesuits. The Bishop of Strasburg, Dr. Räss, who had possession of the *rostrum* on the 21st, the last day of the solemnities, broke off suddenly in the midst of his oration to implore his excited audience to lift up their orisons upon the spot for the speedy conversion of England,—‘as having for three centuries drunk from a well, whose waters spring not up unto eternal life,’—and then, having resumed his discourse, finished with an apostrophe to Queen Victoria, calling upon her to restore the tiara glittering upon her brows, to him to whom of right it belongs—the Pope of Rome.

In order to understand the significance of this discharge of holy bile from the *foie gras* of the Strasburg prelate against the heretical sovereign of this country, it must be remembered that Boniface was an Englishman. His original name was Winfrid, and he is reported to have been born at Crediton* (Credidunum), which, as our readers know, is a considerable market town in Devonshire, about seven miles from Exeter. The year of his birth is uncertain, but falls somewhere between 675 and 683. He received the first rudiments of his education in a monastery at Exeter (Ad Escancestre), whence he afterwards removed to the convent of Nutescelle, in Hampshire, where he was ordained presbyter. Our celebrated countryman proved to be endowed with a remarkably practical talent, and skill in the management of affairs. He became eminent not only for his powers of versification, and his knowledge of history, rhetoric, and Holy Scripture, as these studies were understood in those times, so that he became tutor in the monastery, and drew around him many disciples, but for great shrewdness as well, and acquaintance with men and things, which led to his unanimous appointment by his fellow monks as their negotiator with the neighbouring convents. But Winfrid, or Boniface, as he was styled, upon his reception of the tonsure, felt stirring within him, in common with many of his compatriots in that age, the irresistible impulses of the missionary spirit. Rome had by this time triumphed, by means of such zealous agents as Winfrid and Theodore, over the presbyterianism and freer Christianity of the old British Churches, which at first numbered many affiliated communities on Anglo-Saxon soil, especially in the North. The

* Neander erroneously writes the name ‘Kirton,’ and is followed, we perceive, in this blunder by Dr. Klose, of Hamburg, in his article on ‘Bonifacius,’ in the new *Real-En cycl. für Prot. Theol. u. Kirche*, Bd. ii. 1854. The name, however, is, we are informed, popularly pronounced as though written ‘Kirton.’

persecutions kindled as usual by her emissaries had driven not a few English Christians into exile, where we find them, under what in this instance seems to be often the ecclesiastical rather than national designation of 'Scots,' preaching the Gospel in the German fatherland, entirely independent of, and indeed in decided hostility to, Rome. Amongst these early forerunners of Protestantism were Clement, Samson, and Virgil, who frequently crossed the path of Boniface in Germany, and whom he exerted himself to the utmost to put down by force. Many of these English missionaries were doubtless animated by a pure zeal to publish in the mother country the tidings of salvation which had gladdened the land of their adoption, just as the poor negroes in the West Indies have in our own day sent forth apostles to Africa; and it is to be hoped that a like Christian patriotism was no stranger to the breast of Boniface. What is quite certain is, that he belonged from the first to the Romish party, and that a stiff, hierarchical ecclesiasticism was the form under which his undoubtedly genuine and even fervid piety developed itself. After an unsuccessful attempt to establish a mission amongst the Frisians in 716, he was elected, on his return home in the following year, abbot of his monastery. But, believing himself called to a missionary life, he declined the dignity, and, providing himself with letters of commendation from Daniel, Bishop of Winchester, found himself, in the autumn of 718, at the feet of Pope Gregory II., in the capital of the Christian world. The pontiff at once accepted his proffered services, and sent him forth with his blessing to preach the Gospel in Germany. In May, 719, Boniface left Rome for the eastern portion of the great Frankish territory. Here the *ci-devant* Roman provinces had long acknowledged Christianity; in other lands, Thuringia for instance, it was by no means altogether unknown. But from Lower Hesse to Saxony the population was still entirely heathen. After endeavouring in vain to organize the unsettled ecclesiastical relations of Thuringia, Boniface fell back upon Friesland, whose heathen king, Radbod, had recently died, leaving freer scope than before for his efforts there under the ægis of Charles Martel's growing power. Three years were thus occupied, and his friend Willibrord, another Englishman, who had succeeded in founding the Archbishopric of Utrecht, wished to nominate him as his successor in that see, but could not obtain his consent. After revisiting Germany, where he founded the monastery of Amanaburg, and converted many pagans, he took a second journey to Rome, and was consecrated a papal missionary bishop in 723, on delivering a written confession of his faith, and swearing allegiance to the successor of Peter. The oath was that cus-

tomarily taken by the bishops of the suburbicarian districts who were immediately subject to Rome, so that the intention of the Pope to make himself immediate chief of the German Church is unmistakeable. At the tomb of the Apostle Peter, Boniface bound himself and his future converts in these terms :—

‘ I vow to thee, the Prince of the Apostles, to thy Vicar, Pope Gregory and his successors, that, with God’s help, I will continue in the unity of the Catholic faith, and no wise consent to aught which is contrary to the unity of the Catholic Church, but will in all ways persevere in keeping my pure faith, in co-operation with thee, and in adhering to the usages of thy Church, which has received from God the power to bind and loose ; and so I promise to thy vicar and his successors. And if I at any time learn that the conduct of the officers of the Church is opposed to the ancient ordinances of the fathers, I will hold no intercourse or communion with them, but will rather hinder their proceedings to the best of my power, and where I cannot restrain them will give information thereof to the Pope.’

In the full spirit of these momentous obligations the ‘ Apostle of the Germans’ uniformly acted. Of his subsequent career we cannot stay to speak. Suffice it to say that he proved himself Rome’s true liegeman, and, conscientiously observing his oath, housed the sheaves he reaped in her garner. His successes were great, so that by the year 739 he had already baptized about a hundred thousand heathens. Nor can it be said that his conversions, like too many during the dark ages, were the work of the sword. Charles Martel protected him it is true, but often thwarted his plans, and upon Pepin the Little he could hardly count as a cordial patron. Carloman, the ruler of Austrasia, was more gracious, and did much to further the mission, but not by compelling the pagans to be baptized. As to whether Boniface was on principle averse to the employment of the secular arm as an auxiliary to more moral means for producing conviction, that is another matter. His harsh treatment of his British rivals, who, as married ecclesiastics, and as the propagators of a purer Christianity than his own, were especially obnoxious to his monkish and papal instincts, does not speak in his favour. This is the blot on his fame ; and, if Neander be in the right, his triumph over these champions of a more apostolic faith was a heavy price to be paid by Germany for those victories over the heathenism of which he thus violently defrauded Christian missionaries seemingly no less zealous and able, and certainly far better instructed than himself. His felling the great oak of Thor at Geismar, in the presence of the shuddering crowd of pagans, is a grand act, no doubt ; but, besides that it was one from which the noble-hearted Clement would assuredly not have shrunk, our

admiration cannot but be somewhat abated when we reflect, that the man who thus laid the axe to the root of one superstition, was the same who brought the great Frankish monarchy, with the future France and Germany in its womb, under the yoke of another, more specious, it may be, and therefore more insidious, but not less debasing or deadly.

The Boniface Commemoration thus serves to remind us that for the blessings of Italian rationalism—for Rome's corruptions are all of them the product of fallen human reason—Germany has to thank England, and that the religious *rapproch* between the two countries is of very long standing. Nor is this the only illustration of the strong sympathies in spiritual matters between the continental and insular branches of the great Teutonic family which is suggested by the sacred festivities held by our German brethren in the course of the past year. The Protestants, it is obvious, could not but hold themselves aloof from any recognition of the Ultramontane demonstration. They point to Ulfilas, who gave their Gothic ancestors the Bible four centuries before the mission of Winfrid, as the true founder of German Christianity, and, naturally enough, of the two British missionaries, prefer paying homage to the free-minded Clement, rather than to his persecutor. One amongst their number, indeed, and he too as staunch as any of them, whilst even the Crypto-Romanists of the Hengstenberg and *Kreutz Zeitung* stamp made no sign in answer to Bishop Von Ketteler's manifesto, piously met the Mayence invitation with a most hearty and thoroughly German response. The prelate, in his circular, had asserted that without Boniface there would in all likelihood have been no German people, nor even a national language. The vast structure was based entirely upon the work of the sworn emissary of Rome.

'When, therefore,' the pastoral went on to say, 'this spiritual foundation was subverted again, and the spiritual bond with which Boniface had bound the German peoples together was rent asunder, it was all over with German unity and the greatness of the German nation. *As the Jewish people lost its standing upon earth when it crucified the Messiah, so the German nation lost its high calling for the kingdom of God when it rent asunder the unity in faith established by Boniface.* Since that time Germany has contributed rather, one might almost say, only to subvert the kingdom of Christ upon earth, and to bring into vogue a heathenish view of things. Since that time the old loyalty and truth have more and more vanished along with the old faith; and all the bolts and bars, all the bridewells and prisons, all sorts of restraints and police rule, are inadequate to supply the place of conscience. Since that time German hearts and German thoughts have become ever more and more estranged, and we

are perhaps even now in the midst of a crisis which is preparing the way for the disappearance of the German nation, as a nation having interests in common, and is carrying up a wall between us, just as strong as that which divides us from other Teutonic peoples. Since that time even the branches which have adhered to the old trunk have been suffering; for if a mighty branch is broken off a great tree, the whole tree begins to mourn, and it is long ere it recovers its former vigour, and ere a new branch replaces the old. It is precisely on this point that so many are deluded. Men cast in the teeth of the Catholic Church so many sins of her members, so many sad phenomena even in Catholic countries, without reflecting that they are for the most part the results of that unblest separation. The more noble the member is, the more profound is the shock which it gives the body when it begins to refuse its services. The more sublime was the vocation of the German people for the development of the Christian order of the world, the more radical and lasting must be the shock which this entire order of things must receive, when that member refused to fulfil its function, and the longer will be the interval ere a new branch can replace that which has fallen away, and fulfil the calling which the German people has abdicated.'

It was language like this that roused the Chevalier Bunsen to celebrate the festival. On its eve he went into retreat, and in the form of a letter to old Arndt, the bard and patriarch of German unity, indited a homily on the fruitful text furnished him by the Bishop, worth all that he and his episcopal brethren whom he gathered round him at Fulda and Mayence, have ever preached, or are ever likely to preach, in their whole lives. On the festival itself the solitary Protestant devotee, at the shrine of the 'Apostle of Germany,' wove another chaplet as his offering, which if, as we hope and believe, the martyr be really in heaven, was doubtless more pleasing to his now perfected spirit, because culled from the garden of truth, and breathing the balm of charity, than the votive blood-red roses scattered upon his tomb by the impassioned Jesuit orators of the day. These admirable letters deduce from the history of Winfrid, his forerunners and successors, the great lesson of Christian tolerance. They form part of a series on the *Signs of the Times*, as bearing on the questions of freedom of conscience and the rights of the Christian congregation. The publication has already produced a very powerful and salutary impression upon his countrymen, and seems likely to prove what they are wont to style an epoch-making work. Something of the kind they very much needed; and a certain section of the Protestants scarcely less than the Romanists.

With the brilliant exception of this voice from the banks of the Neckar, the Protestants kept silence at the Winfrid Jubilee.

But a few months later they celebrated the Tercentenary of the Augsburg Religious Peace. On the 25th of September, 1555, at the Diet held in that city, Lutheranism reaped the fruit of the victories of Maurice of Saxony, and obtained from Charles V. legal recognition as one of the two religions entitled to protection in the empire. It was this triumph of the Reformation over its mighty imperial antagonist which its adherents throughout Germany commemorated last autumn, exclusive, however, of Nassau, where the Reformed, who were expressly excepted from the benefits of the Augsburg Peace, greatly predominate. Nor did the House of Hapsburg, which, in the persons of Charles and his brother Ferdinand, had so ill stomached the necessity which wrung from it this immense concession to the spiritual revolt, forget the Tercentenary of the event. On the 25th of September, 1855, the ratifications of another religious treaty, the infamous Austrian Concordat, were exchanged at Vienna. May the coincidence not prove to have been of ill omen! It is certainly not a little startling. Nor less so is the contrast between the mode in which an illustrious Protestant kept the Boniface solemnity, and that in which the Toleration Jubilee was observed by the popish conspirators. Now that the right arm of Rome, so long paralyzed by the Josephine and Leopoldine legislation, is once more at her service, it will need all the eloquence of Bunsen and others like-minded, and all the enlightened public opinion in favour of the rights of conscience, which such works as his can rally for the emergency, to conjure away from Europe the horrors of the religious war, which, antecedent to the publication of the Concordat, this enlightened Christian philosopher and statesman had already foreboded from the *Signs of the Times*. 'I will mention facts,' he wrote in his Seventh Letter, dated June 29th, 'which correspond to the apprehensions of millions, and afford no distant prospect of wars of religion, and general dissolution. *We are breathing the air of 1617, all changed as are the times.* Yes, the system which blinded and ignorant hierarchs, unskilled in the signs of the times, and reckless of the interests of nations and states, are preaching and practising, must lead to *religious wars*,* and will subvert

* Compare the ominous prognostics from the opposite quarter of the ecclesiastical heavens. *E.g.*: The Bavarian ultramontane organ, the 'Historico-Political Journal' (*Historisch-Politische Blätter*, 1855, No. 35, S. 645), published at Munich, says, 'Men may make up their minds that the Oriental question will sooner or later pass into a *formal European war of religion*.' In the same number occurs the passage, 'Since the 2nd of December, 1854, we have seen the natural Central European alliance, so truly sent of God—that, namely, between Austria and France—become closer and closer.' *Apropos* of this reference to France, the great rival of Lacordaire, who disputes with him the honour of being the first

'or shake to the foundations many thrones which lend themselves to it, unless now at the last moment a stop be put to it.' Such facts, accordingly, our author heaps up to superfluity, for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. There are some, indeed, as Archbishop Whately remarks, who never know which way the wind blows until it swells into a hurricane, and to easy souls of this stamp the Chevalier's gloomy vaticinations may doubtless sound very strange. But they forget that all outbursts of bloody fanaticism have been ushered in by seemingly trivial and isolated instances of persecution, such as those of the Madiari, Cecchetti, and Borczynski, *which have first been vindicated by the general principles of intolerance*, and have thus paved the way for the further application of those detestable maxims on a more terrific scale. The execution of one or two Christian soldiers in Diocletian's army preceded by some years the outbreak of the last and most dreadful of all the Pagan persecutions. Were such historical monitions laid more to heart, thousands who are now sweetly dreaming that the world has seen the last of these sanguinary dramas would listen with some alarm to the sharpening of that old rusty sword which Wallenstein and Tilly last wielded on behalf of Rome in the Thirty Years' War. Of this we may be certain, either the Austrian Concordat of 1855,*

French pulpit orator of the day, is the Abbé Combalot. Crowds flock to his sermons at St. Sulpice, and his recent six months' imprisonment for denouncing the professors of the University of Paris as agents of Satan, has, of course, added immensely to his popularity. He is now liberated, and on the first Sunday of last month, so far from moderating his tone, openly called upon the government to exterminate the Socialists, as it had formerly done the Albigenses.

* The important Annex to the Concordat, in the shape of an explanatory letter from the Archbishop of Vienna, as the plenipotentiary of the Emperor Francis Joseph, to the pro-legate of the Pope at his court, Cardinal Viale Prelà, has at length, after its existence had long been denied, been published in the *Vienna Kirchen-Zeitung*. It consists of a score of articles, as we learn from the Vienna correspondent in the *Times* of the 5th ult., in which an abstract of the document is given. In the preamble it is said, that 'the temporal power must keep down with a strong hand the unbridled licence which has been so long granted to the passions;' because the Church has to wrestle with a party whose aim it is to undermine the faith which has been implanted by God in the mind of man, therefore it has been deemed necessary that the secular arm should make common cause with the priesthood 'in defending the kingdom of God.' Hence the Archbishop has been ordered by his Apostolical Majesty to make this further communication to his Eminence the papal plenipotentiary. The first five articles hand the existing universities over to the preponderating influence of the bishops, with liberty to found a new Catholic university, to be exclusively under their control. The sixth gives the University of Pesth, the capital of the more than half Protestant kingdom of Hungary, into the exclusive possession of the Romish Church. The seventh exempts Catholic divinity students from military service. The eighth surrenders the gymnasial, or secondary schools, to the prelates. The ninth relates to the press, and is as follows: 'The suppression of books dangerous to religion and morality is a matter which concerns Church and State, and his Majesty the Emperor will do all in his power to keep such books out of his dominions. He

or the Peace of Westphalia of 1648, must soon be tossed into the waste-paper basket.

Hierarchy making a last effort to recover its lost ground, and the spirit of free Christian association which is everywhere supplanting it, such, according to Bunsen's reading of the heavens, are the evening and morning stars of our horizon; and the two German centenaries of last year reflect, the one the blood-red beam of Hesperus, and the other the dawn's struggling ray. The hero of the Romish panegyry was an English Saxon, as we have seen. But if England fastened the yoke on the neck of Germany, Germany gave birth to another Saxon, LUTHER, and nobly revenged the wrong by giving us and the world the Reformation. Meanwhile, however, we ourselves had done somewhat to furnish an antidote, as well as the bane. Our illustrious Wycliffe may have contributed less immediately than through such students of his writings as Wesel and Huss to form the mind of the great Augustinian, but no one can read Dr. Ullmann's fine work on the *Reformers before the Reformation*, a translation of which has just been published by the Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, without seeing how immensely the dissemination of the tracts of our immortal countryman all over the continent, and especially throughout Germany, contributed

will, therefore, take care that, in order to curb literary audacity, the laws—which are not wanting in the necessary severity—shall be carried out with proper vigour, and that the greatest attention shall be paid to the wishes of the bishops in the matter. However, the nature of the thing is such, that great caution will be necessary, lest something worse should happen. In most of the countries in Europe, the classes which can boast of higher mental development and knowledge *are suffering under a deeply-rooted internal malady*, which the Church must treat as a wise physician would do. Up to 1848, the strictest preventive censure was maintained, and those who wished to be thought liberal complained that the protection given by the State to the Church surpassed the bounds of justice and reason; but the truth is, that the censure, as it was then, was unable either to prevent evil or to suppress it. The frontiers of Austria are so extensive, that means can always be found to elude the vigilance of the police. The booksellers were never at a loss to get forbidden books; and the more strictly they were prohibited, the more greedily they were sought after and read, and the higher prices they fetched; so that foreign publishers were glad if any of their works were prohibited in Austria.' Here follows the paragraph on which the Archbishops of Milan and Venice, and their brethren in Italy, relied, in defence of their recent violent measures: 'However, the circumstances are not the same in all the provinces of the empire. It is much easier to keep dangerous books out of the Lombardo-Venetian territory than out of the German provinces, which are close to so many Protestant countries, or out of Hungary and Transylvania, where the number of non-Catholic inhabitants is so large. Besides, many things which have been so often repeated in Germany as to excite only disgust, are new to Italy, and therefore the more dangerous.' Articles 10 and 11 refer to the exemption of clerical delinquents from secular jurisdiction. Article 12 is of no interest to foreigners. Article 13 promises the aid of the secular arm in the execution of sentences passed by the bishops on their clergy. Article 14 exempts priests from having troops billeted upon them. The other six are unimportant.

to Luther's success. To say that the train was already laid detracts nothing from the honour of the courageous man who fired it. Dr. Ullmann's book, however, renders it impossible to say less. His historical telescope has pierced the night of a strange and almost unaccountable oblivion into which the 'brave men before Agamemnon' had been suffered to sink, and has brought within our view a whole galaxy of these forgotten worthies. He purposely selected the less known amongst the pioneers of the day, but he may well add that 'they all the more deserved to be known.' He has analysed the nebula, and the names of John of Goch, John of Wesel, Jacob of Juterbock, Matthew of Cracow, Gregory of Heimburg, John Wessel, and others whom he has for the first time brought distinctly within our field of vision, must henceforth be individualized, side by side, with the better known luminaries of that dim twilight time, upon our astronomical charts. Everywhere, however, as well as in the instances of the great Bohemian Reformers, and probably even in that of Luther's own spiritual father, Staupitz, it is Wycliffe who sheds his radiance amongst these lesser stars as the nucleus of the constellation; and the further these most interesting researches are carried, the more evidently does the grand historical import of the reforming Schoolman of Lutterworth come out as the result. Thus Germany was the better for the Englishman who paved the way for her Luther, if she was the worse for Winfrid, who laid the foundations of her 'holy Roman empire,' and rendered Hildebrand possible. Since the Reformation also, the Anglo-Saxon race has done something to break the yoke which it so materially helped to impose upon the nations, as the following, spirited summary of their achievements in this way, from the Chevalier's generous pen, abundantly evinces:—

'If we take a comprehensive survey of the development of the human mind, and of the Christian nations, during the eleven centuries, we are at once struck with the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race has taken the most energetic part in creating and carrying it forward, and that in a steadily advancing path of progress upon the stage of universal history. The West Frisians themselves have been the first to exemplify this as free Hollanders. Granting that they, too, at the beginning showed now and then, in their own institutions, some remains of the spirit of religious intolerance, forgetful of the fact, that they themselves had risen and fought against Spain's intolerance; nevertheless, this, in their case, is a thing which is always more and more giving way before the higher maxim of freedom, and we already see them in the seventeenth century as the first in Europe who proclaim and practise toleration as a principle of the Christian state.

'Thus worthily did they atone before God and man for that ancient

deed of blood, in which, meanwhile, they doubtless saw rather an act of self-defence against intrusive interference on the part of foreigners, who had no right thus to meddle with them, than a sin against religious toleration.

‘Their great brethren in England, and on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, have been the first to give this atonement its consecration on the page of the world’s history, when they denied the State the right and power to attack freedom of conscience, and so gave utterance to their most solemn conviction, that mutual toleration is the true and only sterling proof of Christian faith before God and man. We here meet the most remarkable chronological relations, and synchronisms of the most curious kind.

‘The bloody deed of heathenish intolerance, whose anniversary we call to mind to-day, belongs to the middle of the eighth Christian century. Eight centuries later it was the Anglo-Saxons of England who set bounds to Spain’s barbarous intolerance and lust of persecution; and it must be granted, that that old Frisian intolerance was child’s play compared with the Spanish fashion of converting men, and the dark horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. And unquestionably, this Inquisition, with its racks and fagots, had grown out of the ecclesiasticism of Boniface. Long before Torquemada, towards the end of the fifteenth century, introduced it completely as Grand Inquisitor into Spain, it had been employed, at the instance of Rome, against the Albigenses, and Pope Paul IV. celebrated the eighth centenary commemoration of Boniface by the introduction of that fearful tribunal. Was Germany at that time less God-fearing than Spain with its rigid exclusiveness, because it concluded in that year, 1555, the Augsburg religious peace? Would this peace itself have been less or more Christian or beneficial had it conceded more freedom? And is Spain in the year 1855 more Christian, moral, prosperous, than Germany, in which, according to the expression of the Curia, ‘heresies rage unchecked?’ •

‘It was three-and-thirty years later, in the summer of the year 1588, that the English Anglo-Saxons saved the intellectual and political freedom of Europe and the honour of Christianity, when they beat back from their coasts Spain’s boasting and colossal fleet, and rendered it possible for the sorely oppressed West Frisians to carry on a victorious struggle, and to achieve their liberation from the Spanish yoke.

‘Just a century later, in the year 1688, the same Anglo-Saxons raised religious toleration to the dignity of the fundamental law of England, in that, by the exclusion of the Stuarts, oblivious of their oath and of the history of their nation, they set bounds for ever to hierarchical domination. It was a great prince of the free West Frisians who naturalized on English soil that religious freedom which had already been successfully fought for by the Hollanders.

‘But already during the struggle with the Stuarts, spirited men from England, themselves martyrs to religious intolerance, had laid, as pilgrim fathers and apostles, the foundation of that great world-empire beyond the ocean which, now fully eighty years ago, on declaring its

Independence, asserted the principle no longer of mere toleration, but of complete religious freedom.'—Bunsen, i. pp. 65—68.

The examples we have mentioned of the spiritual commerce which has so long been maintained between this country and Germany, for good and for evil on both sides, and perhaps with a balance against us upon the whole, should suffice to show the utter impracticability, especially since the invention of printing, of putting a stop to this free trade in ideas, and surrounding ourselves with that sanitary *cordon* for which some good people are so clamorous. As to German Rationalism, it can never take root in England,* as Mr. Meyer, the translator of Dr. Kahn's book, almost seems still to fear; for it is only an exaggerated and abnormal variety of the freethinking fashionable in this island during the eighteenth century, but which has long since died out here, never to be revived. It reached Germany through France, for the most part, and its new friends, of course, made this abnegation of mystery into a Rosicrucian *abracadabra*, which nothing but German *Tiefe*, well primed with Bavarian beer and tobacco-smoke, could ever be got either to fathom or appreciate. On the soil of France it threatened to assume cosmopolitan significance; but when once forced into the intensely national habiliments of a Jena student, its missionary capacity was happily gone for ever. And now the Rhinelanders, finding the world more disposed to laugh at than to stand in awe of this piece of theological dandyism, have taken to laugh at it too, especially when young Germany, under the teaching of Hegel, began to set up for a god, and, with his sun-borne chariot, had wellnigh visited the world in 1848 with the fate which has just befallen Covent Garden Theatre. Indeed, it had then become more than a laughing matter, and even Berlin professors were at last got to acknowledge—not without a faint sigh—that, according to our homely proverb, 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' and is not to be settled, after all, by the formulas of the transcendental logic. So changed are the fortunes of Rationalism, that at the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Paris, on occasion of the French Exhibition, Tholuck could assert that, whereas formerly there was only one university in all Germany which was not in the hands of its friends, now there is only one (Giessen, we believe he alluded to) in which they retain

* Dr. Donaldson, whose *Jashar* ought to have been published in Holywell-street, if at all, and whose disgusting theory of the Fall was evidently suggested by the most salacious tale in the *Decameron*, is about the only genuine English specimen we know of, as exhibiting all the botanical characters of the plant. Messrs. Jowett and Williams are but stunted varieties of a degenerate type, and belong to the *hortus siccus*.

the sway. The only fear now is, and it is anything but a chimerical one, lest the Germans, having renounced their irrational worship of reason, should make unreason their idol, and so afford a fresh illustration of Luther's witty comparison of the world to a drunken peasant, whom if you set on his horse one way, you cannot prevent from falling off the other.

A succinct, but adequately elaborate sketch of the genetic development of Rationalism was presented in the *British Quarterly Review*,* not very long since, in connexion with the appearance of Professor Hundeshagen's masterly work upon the subject, and we have no intention of going over the ground again. Dr. Kahn's volume will certainly not supersede its predecessor, save as a popular manual, in which capacity it is entitled to high praise, upon the whole, and was wisely preferred by the publishers for translation, to the more philosophical and erudite performance of the Heidelberg Theological Professor—of which, by-the-by, Mr. Meyer seems to confess his ignorance, since he says in his preface (p. 5):—‘As far as I know, it (Kahn's) is ‘the first German work which has attempted such a comprehensive survey of the internal history of German Protestantism ‘during the last century.’† The author is a very warm partisan of the high church Lutheranism, which is now sweeping like a torrent over Germany, and is strikingly analogous in its principles, methods, and aims, to our English Puseyism. The translator very properly puts his readers on their guard against the warping influence which Dr. Kahn's stand-point is likely to exert upon his mode of representing facts. We cannot quite agree with Mr. Meyer that this bias is traceable only in a few passages, which might easily have been removed. Still we confess we are somewhat surprised that it appears so little, at least upon the surface, and that such a zealot as we know Dr. Kahn to be, should have been able to write in so much less uncharitable a vein than was naturally to have been expected. He himself gives the following account of the origin and idea of his publication:—

‘When in the beginning of last year (1853) I undertook the editorship of the *Church and School Magazine* for Saxony (*Sachsisches Kirchen u. Schulblatt*), it appeared to me that a comprehensive review of the course which the development of German Protestantism has taken since the middle of last century, would be the best method of

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† We may add that he has also overlooked Hagenbach's ‘*Kirchengeschichte des 18 und 19 Jahrhunderts*,’ a third edition of which is now passing through the press.

effecting that which such a magazine is expected to effect, viz., the means of understanding the present condition of the church. I have some reason to believe that the seven articles in which I carried out this idea, have not remained without fruit within the immediate sphere of their destination. In now putting them together for the benefit of a wider circle, no violence is done to them, inasmuch as from the first they were written with a view of forming a united whole. This book is, nevertheless, not a mere reprint of these articles. I have corrected them throughout, have altered many things, and added elements by no means unimportant. Notwithstanding these things, however, the book in its tone and manner will still exhibit its origin. It is not written in the style of the *Compendia*. This, however, I regard as its smallest defect. The time seems to be past when our compendium style, with its abstract oracles, its epigrammatic and pointed periods, its exhibition of quotations and literary notices, was admired. Wherever it was feasible, the schools have been characterized in the very words of their representatives. Whatever the book may thereby have lost in its claims to historical art, it has gained in objectivity. But that which many will not pardon, is the stand-point from which I judge.'

From this last sentence it would seem that the author is more sensible of his bias than his translator. Still we are bound to acknowledge that it has not prevented him from giving us a very readable book, perhaps more so than had it been marked by a more neutral tint. His high church views, however, are very decided, and have recently given so much offence in the Saxon Legislative Chambers, that the Ministry of Worship has been fain to withdraw the subvention of 700 *thalers* (about 100*l.*), formerly granted to him as editor of the *Saxon Church and School Magazine*. The most bigoted exclusiveness and the most exaggerated hierarchical notions of the ministerial office characterize the party to which he belongs, and of which, indeed, he must be regarded as a leader. They are the determined opponents of the so-called 'Union,' or amalgamation of Lutherans and Reformed or Calvinists in one Evangelical Church, set on foot by the late King of Prussia, Frederick William III., and carried through by him with a good deal of despotic arbitrariness, and in one instance at least (at Hönigern in 1834) actually at the point of the bayonet. The idea of this well-meant endeavour to put an end to the old scandal of the German Reformation, was communion in worship, by means of the new Prussian Agenda, or Common Prayer-book, and especially in the Eucharist on the basis of the *consensus* between the two confederated bodies, but with a distinct reservation of the rights of the separate Confessions of Faith. The Agenda, whose introduction caused a great ferment, is commonly said to have been in the main the composition of the king himself; but this, we see, is

authoritatively denied by Bunsen, so far at least as the first edition of 1817 is concerned, though admitted in substance as to the liturgy of 1821 (Bunsen, ii., pp. 187, 188). The Chevalier informs us further that the royal conception was first formed at St. James's Palace, on occasion of the king's visit to London as one of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, and was suggested by what he then saw of England and the English Church, although the first step was not taken until the Tercentenary of the Reformation, three years later, when he partook of the Lord's Supper after common worship, celebrated by the united Lutherans and Reformed in his garrison church at Potsdam. At his invitation several of the lesser German States received the 'Union':—Nassau in 1817; Electoral Hesse, in some provinces, so early as 1818, and in the whole in 1823; Rhenish Bavaria in 1818, Anhalt-Bernburg in 1820, Waldeck and Pyrmont in 1821, Baden in the same year, Rhenish Hesse in the next, and Anhalt-Dessau in 1827. In the other German States the 'Union' is not formally effected, and the two communions exist side by side in a state of separation; but in essence the 'Union' is everywhere acknowledged. The Lutheran and Reformed National Churches maintain ecclesiastical communion with the United Churches, and it is no longer a case of offence when a clergyman passes from one to the other (Gieseler, p. 212). This, however we may boggle at the royal initiative and the *octroyé* character of the change, is certainly a more satisfactory state of things than supervened in Germany almost before the Reformers were cold in their graves, when Melancthon's son-in-law Crell, who presumed to preach in favour of peace with the Calvinists, as being the brethren of the Lutherans, was executed as a malefactor with a sword, on which were engraved the words, 'Calvinist, beware!' Well may Bunsen advise the modern successors of those Lutheran zealots to make a pilgrimage to Dresden for the purpose of inspecting and handling this bloody sword, and reading its Cainish inscription. Dr. Kahnis himself, who, with so many of his party, seems far more disposed to fraternize with Rome than with Geneva, might, perhaps, be the better for the lesson. At the Evangelical Lutheran Conference held at Leipzig on the 22nd and 23rd of last August, and attended by a numerous body of clergy from all parts of Northern Germany and from Bavaria, the question was debated, after a sermon by Dr. Harless, whether the Lutheran Church should be regarded as a church only, although the purest of all, or the church to which all men are bound to belong. Dr. Kahnis, who led the discussion, defended the six following theses:—1. The church is the communion of Christians in the Holy Ghost under

Christ their Head, to which phenomenally all baptized persons belong, but essentially believers only. 2. From this conception follows the distinction between the invisible church, which is the communion of saints, and the visible, which is an organism embracing believers and unbelievers. 3. The objects of this organism are, first, to produce and train Christians; secondly, to bind them together into a community. These objects it attains by means of its forms of life (*Lebensformen*), consisting of its confession, constitution, and worship. Since these have their centre in the word and sacrament, pure doctrine and the right administration of the sacrament are properly regarded as the distinctive marks of the church. 4. The church is *One, Holy, Apostolic, and Catholic*, in such a sense that the two former attributes refer more to the invisible, and the two latter mainly to the visible, church. 5. None of the separate churches may lay exclusive claim to the attributes of the church; even the Lutheran is not entitled to do so. 6. But the Lutheran may rightly style herself 'the Pillar and Ground of the Truth,' because she is the church of the Scriptural Confession. The debate to which this enunciation of the New Lutheran 'Church Principles' gave rise, was a very stormy one, and such insulting expressions were let fall by the various speakers against Christians of other communions (*e.g.*, scabs of the devil, &c.) that a criminal process was instituted by the Government against Professor Kahnis and Co., for their share in these amenities (*Matthes*, ii, pp. 20, 21). In his magazine, Kahnis has gone so far as to say that,

'So long as a religious community (*e.g.*, the Lutheran) has not attained to the undoubting conviction, that it has received into its confession doctrines which contradict the Scriptures, or which at all events have no certain ground in Scripture, *even though these doctrines should not belong to the so-called fundamental ones*, yea, even though there should be only a single doctrine in this predicament; so long must such a religious community deem it forbidden by God, to join in church fellowship with another, which rejects those doctrines from its confession, or which in reference to the same has admitted any *deviations* from them.'

Yet see how generously those Lutherans, *par excellence*, who strain at a gnat when it is a question of holding out the right hand of fellowship to one of the Reformed, can speak of Rome.

'When Moehler,' says Dr. Kahnis, 'after having gone through the school of revived Protestant theology, in his *Symbolik** attacked the Protestant doctrine, none of those who, in opposition to him, undertook to defend the Protestant cause, were a match for him.*' It was the

* The opinion of the late Archdeacon Hare, as competent a judge in such matters as Dr. Kahnis, was different: 'Among the answers,' he says (*Mission of the*

opposition to Protestantism which essentially imparted power to restored Romanism, whose hearth in Germany was Munich. This opposition seemed to assume a serious character, when the Prussian Government, *by the violent and illegal measure* of the deposition of the Archbishop of Cologne, raised a powerful opposition against itself, not in the church only, but also in the State. With all the strength of his life, which by that event had been challenged, *Görres* wrote his *Athanasius*. *Leo*, the ablest of those who, on the part of the Protestants, came forth to oppose him, felt himself bound to make to him a confession of the miserable condition of Protestantism. 'I confess to you candidly, I am sometimes ashamed to call myself a Protestant, when I see how many under this name must be taken along who inwardly are not only not in the least affected by that which has called our church into existence,—who not only have never, perhaps, in their life, received, so as really to understand it, anything of the doctrines for which their fathers sacrificed their substance and blood, and for the sake of which they transmitted to their sons the name of Protestants;—but who have altogether lost, out of their consciences and lives, *those foundations of Christianity which Rome has faithfully held fast up to this day.* But what else has brought our Protestant world so far down but the circumstance that *we want what you have*, viz., the discipline and strict order of the church?' These confessions, at that time an abomination to theoretical Protestantism, laughed at by haughty Protestant science, are now-a-days better understood. They indeed contain what Protestantism has to learn from the Romish Church, and will yet have to learn in many a hard school, unless it take warning. When Prussia had deposed the Archbishop of Cologne, the Liberal mob shouted applause; Rome raised her lamentation, but she went out, upon the whole, victorious from the struggle. When, in German Catholicism, the revolutionary matter which existed in the Church of Rome discharged itself, the Protestant mob shouted; but when, after this wind, the whirlwind of the year 1848 was reaped, Protestantism stood there broken, while Romanism was powerful in the strength of its organization. *It is certain that the Roman Church assisted in*

Comforter, vol. ii. pp. 781, 782), 'which Moehler called forth, some, which are highly spoken of—for instance, Hengstenberg's and Marheineke's—I have not seen; but the two that I have read are triumphant. That by Nitzsch is a masterly assertion and vindication of the great Protestant principles which Moehler assailed; and its calm and dignified tone and spirit, its philosophic power and deep Christian wisdom, render it one of the noblest among polemical works. Baur, on the other hand, takes up his Herculean club and smashes Moehler's book to atoms. Innumersably superior to his adversary through his vast learning and wonderful dialectic power, he pursues him through sophism after sophism, unravels fallacy after fallacy, and strikes off misstatement after misstatement, till he leaves him at last in a condition of pitiable nakedness and forlornness. In several of Baur's other works the Hegelian predominates over the Christian, to the great disparagement and sacrifice of Christian truth; and, even in his answer to Moehler, his philosophy at times is too obtrusive. But his vindication of the doctrines of the Reformation, and his exposure of the Tridentine fallacies, as well as of Moehler's, is complete. Varus himself hardly fared worse than the modern who has recently been attempting to bring the countrymen of Arminius under the bondage of Rome. May such be the fate of those who would bring us also under that bondage!'

supporting the tottering Prussian State, whilst the Evangelical Established Church of Prussia regained strength on the soil of the strengthened State only.—Kahnis, pp. 307—310.

Our author's friend, Dr. H. Leo, Professor of History in the Protestant University of Halle, has more recently spoken out with still greater plainness the lingering affection for the Lady in Scarlet, which warms the breasts of these German Puseyites. We take these curious passages from the December number of Gelzer's truly golden *Protestant Monthly Magazine*, one of the main objects of which is to counteract the dangerous designs of these traitors to the Reformation.

'My opponent,' he says, 'speaks of a Roman Catholic Church, in which the authority of the Pope goes for more than the authority of Christ, whilst I am only acquainted with one in which the authority of the Pope exists for no other purpose than to minister to the light of Christ. That she orders this ministry differently from us, is, to be sure, very palpable; that is why we are Protestants; but for all that she has no other aim in view, and the Pope is listened to only for the sake of Christ. He speaks of a Roman Catholic Church in which men prostrate themselves before images, instead of before the One Physician; whereas I know only of one in which nothing but the cross of Christ is honoured in all the saints, which they have borne courageously and patiently to the salvation of Christians and the glorifying of the Church of Christ. . . . In the Catholic Church which I am acquainted with, and with which alone I have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted for now half a century, as far back as I can remember, I have found much that I cannot sympathize with, but also nothing which I could call anti-Christian, and ever and anon I cannot help thinking, that although we who have once been made sensible of the antithesis, must for our parts think it out to the end and thoroughly for our souls' sakes, yet that a Christian surrounded by more *naïve* associations may be a very good Christian and come to a quite happy end, without ever having heard a whisper of the doctrinal differences which divide the two conflicting churches. The good which these two churches possess in common is the higher and deeper matter, is the main thing. The rest I can make but very short work of. My adversary has plainly, everywhere where I have spoken of the Church, nothing but *subjective* Christianity and its illumination and effects in view. In presence of these things I cheerfully bow my head, and can only assure him of my acquiescence. But something widely different is the Church's mission, which belongs to universal history, and embraces the nations, and therefore this Church herself. From the bare fact that Christ is our Head, it does not at once follow that our Church has a *monarchical* form, nor, accordingly, that, as a church in general, it possesses that form, in which are to be found healthy repose and growth. The Romish Church, however, which also has Christ for its Head, is built

on a *monarchical* foundation, and is therefore, *in posse*, in spite of its being for the moment chargeable with many scandals, which separate us from her, nevertheless *the Church*. Even her foes feel this, amongst whom I do not reckon myself; I am only not of the number of her members.'

Here is a gem which might have glittered on the triple crown of Dr. Leo's namesake, the persecutor of the Reformer, after whom the Halle Professor delights to call himself:—

'According to the vulgar, low use of the word *conscience*, every opinion is understood thereby, of which an individual chooses to fancy that it is connected with his religious honour, and men demand freedom of conscience even for him, who, under the influence of this fancy and self-will, sets himself in opposition to *the Divine order*. Such nonsense he is to be allowed full scope for propagating,—but the Divine order amongst men people are for disarming of its weapons against him. This cry for freedom of conscience is only pioneering the way for the deepest disorder, and for every sort of revolt against the Word of God.'

Many 'vulgar' and 'low' people (and, as we shall soon see, Dr. Leo's own sovereign amongst them) are given to thinking that the only radical cure for the divisions which distract Christendom, is to be found in a general return to apostolic church-order. But this hallucination, it seems, is precisely the mountain which stops the path of peace. Yet see how before the believing Lutheran's grain of mustard-seed it removes and is cast into the sea!

'The senseless and confusing identification,' he says, 'of the apostolic congregation with the Christian congregation in general presses like a burdensome Alp of falsehood upon whole masses of the separatists from the universal church. It were nonsense, rank, and, considering the holy cause at stake, insulting nonsense, to want to organize the church of our time from below upwards, to wish to make the congregation the foundation of the church, which after the apostolic age, say what you will, *none but the clergy can any longer be*.'

Bunsen it is who throws down the gauntlet in defiance of Romish and Lutheran hierarchical assumption, and boldly champions throughout his ten letters, and especially in the fourth, the rights of the Christian congregation. Most eloquent and striking are his comments on the words with which he has himself, more than once, heard the dean of the sacred college place the tiara on the head of the pope. 'Take the triple crown, and know that thou art King of Kings, and Lord of rulers, and Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth.' No pretension, as he indignantly remarks, 'could be advanced more barefaced, tyrannical, shocking,

and blasphemous. But then, as he adds, the magic power which such claims possess over the minds of men and nations lies in the fact, that, saving the recognition of the Divine as the only unconditioned and absolute, what is here asserted is as true of humanity, and of every christianly ordered congregation (*Ecclesia*), as it is false when the Bishop of Rome, or any one else, arrogates to himself the place of the congregation or of believing humanity, in order to reduce to bondage this, God's own, free-born child. This view of the matter is truly an apocalyptic shifting of the scene, and sets ecclesiastical affairs and their history in quite a new light. Bunsen is equally decided in his assertion of the liberties of the congregation against the dictatorship of the Protestant states, which he is not alone in thinking has lasted quite long enough, and ought now, after three centuries and more of this exceptional sort of rule, to take itself away, after surrendering the keys to the only legitimate claimant. The most powerful amongst the continental Protestant sovereigns now reigning, Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who, with some great faults, has a thoroughly patriotic, human, and what is better, a truly Christian heart, seems to be of the same opinion. In a cabinet order of the 13th of June, 1853, addressed to his Supreme Ecclesiastical Council,* in reference to a petition from the Rhenish and Westphalian synods, praying for certain changes in the church-organization accorded to those provinces in 1835, the king expresses his inmost convictions to this effect:—‘That in the present critical period of the church, no help is to be expected from such essays in constitution-mending and emancipation as the petitioners seem inclined to, which, besides, bear a certain morbid and feverish character; but that their true deliverance, and the perfecting of the Reformation, can be found only in the return to the apostolic arrangements of the primitive church.’ He adds, that he is ready that very day to lay down his position and authority in the evangelical national church inherited from his fathers, in the ‘right hands,’ but that these ‘right hands’ are none other than ‘apostolically-organized churches of small extent, easily overseen, in each of which the life, the ordinances, and the offices of the universal church of the Lord upon earth are in operation, as in a little world, and that with a view to promote the well-being of the entire body of Christ.’ We see that his Prussian Majesty Frederick William is an Independent, or something very much like it, and that the claims of

* We are surprised that Bunsen does not refer to this remarkable document, which ought certainly to have found a place amongst the cabinet-orders relative to ecclesiastical affairs inserted in the Appendix to his Tenth Letter. We find it cited in *Matthes*, i. p. 51.

the poor disinherited daughter of Zion, whom the Chevalier has so chivalrously befriended, are not thought so meanly of in some of the high places of the earth as they may be, perchance, in others. Perhaps it would not be amiss for somebody to follow in the steps of the late Prebendary Townshend, and to undertake another pilgrimage to the Vatican, to see whether Pius IX. cannot be persuaded to emulate the justice and liberality of the laical sovereign, and to restore his share also of the stolen estate to the christian people, which may surely be supposed by this time to have attained its majority. But, no : we fear but little success can be expected to attend a mission to the Curia, whilst such dexterous pleaders for the hierarchy are to be found as Dr. Wolfgang Menzel and his New Lutheran and other equally warm friends of the Reformation in Germany and elsewhere ; so that it seems likely that nothing but a sharp action of ejectment and a strong muster of the *posse comitatus* will serve the turn at last. It is thus that this literary celebrity meets the Chevalier's *claim of right* on behalf of his client ; of course with the old argument, that it is impossible to think of turning out such respectable defendants from the house and grounds they have occupied so long, and with so much *éclat*, since the beggarly plaintiff will be sure to abuse his wealth, and to make ducks and drakes of the money, the right use of which his previous poverty utterly incapacitates him for understanding.

‘ The famous author of the *Signs of the Times* places himself in the midst between the Romish hierarchy and the extreme of state-churchism, and is for saving the free-church, by means of the *congregation*. But the congregation is not, therefore, because injustice is often done her, herself just. She does not, therefore, because standing between two extreme powers, herself occupy the golden mean. In the congregation, rather, are included, and constantly coming into play, the extremes of democracy and aristocracy. All attempts to reform and rule the church, proceeding from the congregation, have only led to revolutionary convulsions, or to ecclesiastical caricatures, such as are now so rife in free America. The congregation can never for any length of time dispense with a church authority placed above it. The only question can be, how that authority may be best organized and maintained. . . . The primary right of the congregation is that of changing its mind as often as it chooses, and of aiming, with every new generation, with every shifting interest of the time, to secure another majority, and to stamp its decisions as truth. In reference to its worship this is perilous ; in reference to doctrine it is nonsense. . . . ‘ Against the alternating preponderance of the extremes of democracy and worldly despotism, *no safeguard can be found, save in an autonomic church authority, independent alike of the congregation and its whims on the one hand, and of worldly despotism on the other, that is in the hierarchy.*’

Von Gerlach, President of the Council of State, one of the most distinguished Prussian statesmen belonging to the Junker or *Kreutz Zeitung* party, as it is styled, thus openly stretches out the right hand of fellowship to our Anglican Tractarians :—

‘In the bosom of the Church of England confined within narrow national forms and fetters, a strong desire has been kindled, which struggles to overleap these barriers. This tendency seeks after union in spirit with the church of the first centuries. *It yearns, in unison with so many consciences throughout the whole world, after the enfranchising (!) blessing of church authority.* It seeks organic participation in the whole of the rich manifoldness of graces and gifts, which the church throughout all centuries and all nations has received out of the fulness of her Head, and will receive to all eternity. In a word, it is in pursuit of that spiritual, and yet corporeal and real Catholicity, which deems Protestantism too negative, and Rome only too new, too narrow, and not Catholic enough.

‘Whatever may lie hidden in the bosom of the future, thus much is certain, that *this* Catholicity, nay, more, that even the bare Papacy will not be vanquished by police measures or by the negations of Protestantism, either in Germany or in England.’

Here is another passage from the same pen, embodying more of ‘the favourite ideas pervading the ecclesiastical politics of the new Prussian Puseyism,’ as the anthology whence it is culled is headed in Dr. Gelzer’s magazine :—

‘We are so spiritual, so fond of looking inwards, so subjective—so emancipated from history, tradition, and authority—so plunged and swallowed up in a confused chaos of private opinions, free as the birds, and of mystifying impressions—so used to anarchy within and around us, that when the *reality* of the kingdom of Christ again comes into play, as it now daily does more and more, it clashes with our habits of thought like a harsh paradox. Whilst we have a horror of tradition, there cleaves to us, nevertheless, a traditional style of teaching, according to which, as if the Church of God were a school, what is taught is treated as the *prius*, and the teacher, on the other hand, and those who have sent him (Rom. x. 15), as the *posterius* : nay, even the Eternal Prophet, Priest, and King, is treated more as the object than as the subject of the teaching ; more as the ideal manifestation of God than as the real Head of His body the Church, such as He appears in history. This style of teaching forgets or neglects, in its zeal for the written or printed word of God, the church as a divine institution, from whose founder, the God-man—from whose apostles, by virtue of whose offices and continuity, we first received and had accredited to us the written or printed word. It regards the individual believers as existing anterior to the church, and the church as nothing but the aggregate of the single previously existing believers, and its constitution as their human work ; whereas, in truth (even according to Calvin) ‘the Church is the mother of the children, of whom God is the Father’

(Gal. iv. 26), and whose birth consists precisely in their redemption from isolation. In the view of that traditional style of teaching, *the constitution of the church, her authority, and obedience to this authority, are mere outward things*, of less weight and less dignity than doctrine, than the inquiry after the way of salvation, and than the individual sinner's obtaining grace, justification, and sanctification. But the truth is, that the foundation and the main article of the constitution of the church is nothing else than the Kingly, Priestly, and Prophetical offices of the Son of God Himself. From Him as the Head proceeds the apostolic office, and the other offices, as members of the constitution and of the church. *And it is only from legitimate mission that preaching, doctrine, and, consequently, the faith and salvation of individuals, flow in a regular channel. Again, the obedience which faith renders to the authority of the church, particularly to the authority of the Apostles and to the authority of the Lord Himself, is precisely the regular way of attaining to saving fellowship with God.* That ultra-Protestant style of teaching may, it is true, be traced back to the excusable polemics of the Reformers; but it is none the less contrary to Scripture in its onesidedness, and is besides, under our present diametrically opposite circumstances, unseasonable and dangerous to the last degree.'

... 'The unity of the entire Church of God is the sublime goal, towards which the world's developments are hastening. This goal probably stands far beyond the year 1900; but, nevertheless, it begins to be visible to the eye of faith on the extreme horizon of the time. To him who presses towards this goal in a genuine Catholic spirit, how important must that primeval half of the Christian Church, the Oriental, appear! It holds fast—more so, in a measure, than the Romish Church—to the primitive traditions, *and is certainly still filled with sparks of the Spirit's fire, which we do not see.* But for now almost a thousand years it has broken off communion with Rome, and with ourselves, who, by virtue of our ecclesiastical genealogy, are also *Latins*, and who, according to our spiritual calling, ought to be the organs of an all-embracing Catholicity. But, alas!—far, terribly far, are we from even comprehending, to say nothing of fulfilling, this calling.'

We have seen Von Gerlach's sympathy with Oxford. In the following passage he bids God speed to the *zealots* of the Romish Church:—

'Prussia has no reason to be afraid of her zealous Roman Catholic subjects. Rather is she strong enough to acknowledge in a friendly and cheerful spirit, that these zealots also after all contend, and give good testimony, as is to be hoped, with extensively stimulating and encouraging success, on behalf of the common truth, on behalf of the Divine truth on which Prussia itself is built—that together with us they stand on the immoveable foundation of the eternal rock—that they are accordingly in the main our friends and our brothers.'

To these revelations of the Romanizing and hierarchical spirit now so powerfully at work in the Lutheran Church, we must still add some extracts from what must be regarded as the most important and significant amongst the recent manifestoes put forth by the faction which seems bent on handing it over to the Jesuits. The allusion is to Stahl's discourse *On Christian Tolerance*, with which the Chevalier deals in such a trenchant and masterly style in his Ninth and Tenth Letters. Dr. Stahl, of whom better things might have been hoped, is now the acknowledged mouthpiece of the reactionary party in Prussia, which, since the revolution of 1848, has engrossed to itself more and more all political and ecclesiastical power. He is a leading member of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council, and as such should be *ex officio* a warm supporter of the 'Union;' but, as Bunsen convincingly shows, he has from the first used the influence thus secured to him to frustrate the main purpose for which, in 1850, this cabinet for church affairs was instituted, and made the depository of the episcopal powers vested in the crown. He has also a seat in the Prussian House of Lords, and is besides one of the most eminent civil and ecclesiastical jurists in the country, a highly-admired philosophical writer, and a powerful political orator. Lastly, he has the reputation of being an earnest and exemplary Christian, so that the atrocious sentiments to which he gives utterance in this speech cannot but be regarded as more those of the party-leader than of the man—a consideration, to be sure, which only invests them with a sadder interest. His laboured apology for bigotry and for calling in the police to help the Deity was delivered on the 29th of March, in the last year, in the presence of the Court and of a large and distinguished assemblage, gathered round the platform of the Berlin Evangelical Union for Promoting Ecclesiastical Objects. We are sorry to add that it was received with great applause by this influential audience, and, after being much bepraised by the *Kreutz Zeitung*, the political organ of the Feudalist reactionaries, and printed in full, with additional notes and illustrations, in their ecclesiastical paper, Hengstenberg's *Evangelisches Kirchenzeitung*, it was published separately, and has had, we believe, a large circulation. Its amiable title, 'Christian Tolerance,' is of course only the fleece thrown over the gaunt limbs of the wolf. May our poor Baptist and other fellow-members of the Good Shepherd's flock on the Continent be preserved from its bloody fangs! The deceptive adjective used to trick out the equally unsubstantive substantive, and which so forcibly reminds one of the old German proverb, 'In the name of God begins all evil,' Stahl will have us understand as a pointed antithesis to the *hea-*

thenish tolerance taught by such men as Locke in his celebrated *Letters*, which have evidently left him unconvinced. It is, perhaps, vain to hope that the Chevalier's, which are fully equal in logical power to those of our great countryman, and must be allowed far to transcend them in brilliancy of style, cutting irony, and burning invective against the principles of intolerance, will convert him.* But we confidently expect they will prove that we have this time sent the Germans a Boniface born amongst themselves, but trained in our school, of whom we need not be ashamed. He has already dealt a blow at the root of the poison-tree; and in spite of all that Dr. Stahl and his superstitious priest-party can do to prop up the ancient fetish, there is no doubt it must come down ere long. Let the reader mark well the abominable maxims which this high-priest of the thunder-god preaches to the benighted idolators at Berlin:—

‘Toleration,’ he says, in his introduction, ‘is a child of unbelief; the demand for freedom of conscience, as a right due from legally-ordered states and constitutionally-governed nations, is part of that work of destruction and revolution which characterizes modern science, and threatens the repose of Europe.

‘In the epoch of culture which styles itself that of enlightenment and philosophy, and which still extends its influence powerfully into the present, toleration—*religious toleration*—passes for the cardinal virtue of all virtues. Every man is to live according to his faith—Christian, Jew, Mohamedan, philosopher—only he is to pay the same deference to the faith of his neighbour. The State, in like manner, is to acknowledge all religions as entitled to equal rights. Yea, even from the most enlightened church—which they pay Protestantism the compliment of allowing it to be—men demand this sort of tolerance, that it shall accord to every opinion, believing or unbelieving, the same right to the university chair and the pulpit.† It matters not before God and man what a person believes, but only whether he acts rightly. The severest censure, accordingly, which a man can draw down upon himself is the stigma of *exclusiveness*—that is to say, a religious conviction which pretends to exclusive truth and validity.’

The orator then shows that this theory of toleration is opposed to both the Old and New Testament: ‘The God of Holy Scripture is not a tolerant, He is a JEALOUS GOD. With Him, the first command is, “THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.”’ And, accordingly, he reminds his illustrious audience, that the Israelites were expressly commanded to root out every other religion from the land, and that the principal prophet

* See note at the end of this number.

† This is a great exaggeration, even as regards Germany at this time, although not far from the truth formerly.

under the old economy slaughtered the priests of Baal. Moreover, Christ himself threatened damnation to all who should not believe in Him; and Paul pronounced accursed any who should preach any other gospel.

This anathema of the Apostle's pleases our modern Judaizer so much, that he takes to hurling it himself, only in the opposite direction, whence it can but recoil upon himself:—

'German Protestantism cannot acknowledge that there is in the doctrine recognized by the church as given by Divine inspiration, any distribution of articles of belief into two sorts—fundamental and non-fundamental. Can the human soul pretend to draw a line on the revealed page, on one side of which shall be placed all doctrines essential to salvation, while on the other are to be found such only as God has made known as luxuries and superfluities? As to the individual soul, nothing is fundamental save the last glimmer of the faith which links it with the Divine source of all spiritual life. But, as respects the church, everything is fundamental which belongs to the one indivisible faith once delivered to the saints. And *anathema sit*, who conscientiously surrenders a single tittle of the Divine heritage!'

Of course, the denial of this distinction implies the *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, which is thus unblushingly asserted by Dr. Stahl. 'Our doctrine is, that God's promises to impart grace are made to the soul only in connexion with the church.' Again: 'The fruit of the kingdom of God is the salvation of the soul, but the soil on which alone this fruit grows and flourishes is the church.' Well may the Chevalier call sentiments like these, with which the discourse on Christian Tolerance overflows, not semi-Catholic, as their modest author seems to apprehend they may be considered, but out-and-out Romanist; or, as he adds, that there may be no mistake about his meaning, popish to the core. We regret that our limited space precludes our giving more specimens, and still more, that we cannot make room for a few paragraphs from his doughty antagonist's crushing refutation. We must not, however, omit one passage in particular, in which Stahl has a fling at Independency—which we are happy to find is being more and more talked about on the Continent, as the discussions on the constitution of the church swallow up all others; nor shall we forbear to add a sentence or two of Bunsen's rejoinder to this ignorant attack upon a system to which the Old World owes so much, and the New everything.

'We deny,' says Stahl, 'that the individual soul, that is, the soul in its individuality, is the seat of the Divine communications and of the impartations of grace. This is the notion to which we stand opposed, and it is nothing else save the culmination of the principle of Inde-

pendency. According to Independency, the single congregation is independent, sovereign in the kingdom of God, and the seat of the Holy Ghost. According to this notion (?), the individual soul, if we follow out the principle, is independent, sovereign in the kingdom of God, the seat of the Holy Ghost, and consequently may begin to expound the Bible entirely afresh, out of its own imaginations, and to discover things therein quite new, certainly, and hitherto unheard of. Our doctrine is that God's promises to impart grace are made to the soul only in connexion with the church. The church, however, is not a mere outward institution; it is a kingdom in which inward spiritual powers breathe and blow. It is the action and reaction of the man's internal personal faith, and, again, of the forms and monuments which faith has aforetime created, and which now breathe back the breath of faith upon men,—an interpenetration of the grace which God has caused to reside in his ordinances, and of the grace which he works in the soul. It is the treasury of all Divine blessings, and of all human charisms and achievements, a handing down of sacred things from generation to generation. It embraces, therefore, the understanding of the Word of God, according to the interpretation given to it by the faith of Christendom, and a profound, believing, theological science through a chain of centuries; and the beautiful worship which thoughtful piety has established from the apostolic age till now; and fellowship with the spiritual office, and the Christian estimate of all the relations of life, the family, the state, art, science, and Christian morality and good order amongst the people, with the sacraments crowning all, in their right administration, and their right meaning. These are institutions and bonds of union which God has cast around Christendom, and which Christendom itself has striven, in harmony with God, to maintain unimpaired throughout all periods. The communion of believers within the scope of these institutions and bonds—not outside them—is the Church, is the mystical body of Christ, the seat of the operations of Divine grace, and of the Spirit, who leads men into all truth.'

. . . . 'German Protestantism can never acknowledge the Evangelical sects, it can only acknowledge certain members of such sects, in their personal capacity, as brethren in Christ, not so much *because* as *in spite of* their belonging to the sects. Its toleration is here also only carried to the extent that it does not judge the persons; it does not go the length—as in America, perhaps, where they know no better—of deeming the existence and foundation of sects as something innocent in itself.'

To us it seems that 'German Protestantism' is at present, like a frog suddenly shifted out of the exhausted receiver and plunged into an atmosphere of oxygen, playing very odd pranks, and giving itself strange airs. Who would believe that this is the Magdalen from whom so lately seven devils have been cast out?—If, indeed, rationalism and its kindred imps have wholly

left her as yet. But this the largest charity can hardly grant, when it reflects that in this same Berlin, where this inflated stuff was vented, not one in twenty of the population ever enters a place of worship, whilst in many parts of Protestant Germany—in Rhenish Bavaria, for instance—there were within half a dozen years, if there be not now, large towns of 6000 or 8000 inhabitants, in which not a score attendants on the Sunday services could be mustered, and not a soul at the sacrament; that comparatively very few young men now enter upon the theological *curriculum* of study, and that science is at so low an ebb, that Hundeshagen lately publicly complained that for hundreds who, twenty or thirty years since, heard the university lectures, scarcely as many dozens can now be got together; that notwithstanding the repeated lustrations of her academical senates, such Pantheists and Deists as Baur and Zeller, and Ewald and Hilgenfeld, and Credner and Knobel and Hitzig, with dozens more who durst not give a plain yea or nay if asked whether our Redeemer really rose from the dead, are still the Gamaliels of her future Pauls; and, lastly, to enumerate no more of these painful scandals, that not to speak of the fearful immorality which disgraces the cities and towns, there are on record such facts as the following, touching the condition of the *rural* population of Protestant Germany. Of the forty-three families inhabiting a small Bavarian commune, thirty-six had children, but only thirteen had none but legitimate offspring. Seven families included none but illegitimate children. Besides these families were seven single women, who had children from one to seven in number, and two of them had daughters with several illegitimate children. Of Mecklenburg, which is one of the principal seats of the New Lutheranism, we are told, that whereas at the beginning of the century only one birth in sixteen was illegitimate, there is now one in four. In 1851, in two hundred and sixty localities more than a third of the births, and in two hundred and nine more than half were illegitimate. Nay, in seventy-nine localities there were none but illegitimate births!*

But we may safely leave these Pharisaical Lutherans, who thank God that they are not as other men—for which these other men, too, ought not to be ungrateful—these Sadducees of yesterday, who make broad their phylacteries to-day—these *quondam* deniers of all that is supernatural in Scripture, who now talk so unctuously of ‘the perpetual miracle of the altar,’ and have so suddenly swung round the whole arc from the highest pitch of negation to the loftiest assumptions of superstitious nonsense—we may safely leave them, we say, in the hands

* Baumgarten's *Zechariah*, ii. 384, 385.

of one who shows himself so able to chastise their sophistry, conceit, and insolence, as the author of the *Signs of the Times*.

We have only still, in performance of our promise, to cite from his genial pages his animadversions on Stahl's reference to the Independents, and may then leave the reader to his own quiet reflections on the newest phase assumed by that portentous thing called GERMANISM. If there was one thing which Luther never attempted, and which, considering his grievous lack of right materials, he most wisely left to future generations, it was the restoration of the New Testament CHURCH, for which he could only pave the way by restoring the RELIGION of the long-forgotten book. Yet it is the bare scaffolding of the temple as it was left by the great Reformer, and which has long had the dry-rot in every one of its timbers—it is the miserable police *succedaneum* for a church, with which his followers have been fain to put up for three centuries, that fills Stahl, and his associates, with such boundless contempt of the sects. The work left undone by Luther was taken up in the generation after his death by another Reformer, ROBERT BROWN—a much-maligned and misunderstood man—whom, we rejoice to find, the Chevalier estimating at something of his true worth. It is thus that he speaks of him and his followers :—

‘ The claims of religious toleration were first preached, and that with the greatest success, by the men, and the martyrs as some became, of the Evangelical Protestant faith.

‘ The series begins towards the end of the sixteenth century with ROBERT BROWN. That courageous preacher, filled with the spirit, proclaimed the independence of particular churches (*i. e.*, according to the *usus loquendi* of Apostolic Christianity, congregations) and the Christian right of Christians to the free exercise of their own mode of worship. Why did the orator (Stahl) choose to suppress all mention of this noble patriarch of the Independents and of the great cause of toleration ? It is clear Herr Stahl has no love for the Independents. In the sequel of his discourse, he seeks to prove against them that their principle, ‘ if consistently followed out,’ excludes Christian communion altogether, and leaves everything to ‘ the individual soul.’ That is just as if any one were to contend that the earth, according to the principle of centrifugal force, ‘ consistently followed out,’ must necessarily fly off into space. The true centripetal force, which is conscientious free faith in the God of the Gospel, it verily appears, to me, no Christian communion has been less wanting in than these same congregationalists. This community of Christians has maintained its ground for now well-nigh three hundred years, under grievous oppressions and cruel persecutions on the part of the State and the priesthood, and numbers, at this day, more congregations than all the Lutherans on the face of the earth. Sufficient reason surely why we

should not underrate them! But their greatest glory, doubtless, is still the fact that they first preached freedom of conscience (I beg pardon, toleration I mean), and that they have violated the principle much less than the 'Lutherans and than their own persecutors the starched Presbyterians.'

ART. VII.—*Modern Painters*. Vol. III., containing Part IV. ('Of Many Things'). By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1856.

MORE than ten years have passed away since two volumes bearing the unpretending title of *Modern Painters*, by a Graduate of Oxford, came out, and startled amateurs, connoisseurs, and artists themselves, alike, by their frank enunciation of new principles in art, and bold assertions of the right of Turner—much-abused Turner—to the foremost place among landscape painters, both past and present. The work was eagerly read, it was much admired, but far more bitterly denounced; still it did not fail in its aim; some check was given to the virulent attacks upon Turner, and the aged painter, already sinking into death, must have felt cheered in his desolate home by the eloquent advocacy of that young champion who flung himself so chivalrously between him and his cowardly assailants, and so willingly received the thrusts that were aimed at the gifted old man.

Turner did not long survive—scarcely long enough to note even the first turn of the current of opinion which now sets so strongly in his favour; and the work originally intended to vindicate the living artist is now continued as a tribute to his memory. 'The critic's proper and appointed work,' as Mr. Ruskin bitterly says, had already been done, so far as regarded the recognition of Turner's genius in his lifetime; 'they had blinded the world in general to the presence of a great spirit among them, until the hour of its departure. With them and their successful work I had nothing more to do; the account of gain and loss, of gifts and gratitude between Turner and his countrymen was for ever closed. He could only be left to his quiet death at Chelsea, the sun upon his face; they to dispose of a length of funeral through Ludgate, and bury with three-fold honour his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery.' Still, with respect to

the illustration and preservation 'of those of his works which remained unburied much may be done;' and he offers the volume now before us, and the two which will shortly appear, as the result of ten years devoted 'to the single purpose of 'enabling myself to judge rightly of art, . . . earnestly desiring to 'ascertain and to be able to teach the truth respecting it, and 'also knowing that this truth was, by time and labour, definitively ascertainable.'

The volume before us—containing the Fourth Part of *Modern Painters*—and in passing, we may remark, that the next volume should certainly have appeared simultaneously with it, since references are made not only to its text, but to its illustrations—is very appropriately entitled 'Of Many Things,' for it is even more discursive than any of Mr. Ruskin's former works—ranging from classical times and Homer to mediæval times and Dante, and from thence to the present day, with its railroads and electric telegraphs, neither finding much favour in his eyes; propounding theories concerning the Greek character,—next the mediæval love of colour, and a very beautiful one as to the form of the budding leaf, together with many exquisite passages, though mixed with paradox, on clouds and trees, and 'green grass'—the last as dear to the author as it was to Chaucer. It is impossible formally to review a work like this; but it will supply us, like all Mr. Ruskin's works, with themes worthy of attention, and with many suggestive thoughts.

The first chapter, entitled 'Of the received Opinions touching the 'Grand Style,' and the second, 'Of Realization,' combat the opinions of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his papers in the *Idler*; that, 'in painting, as in poetry, the highest style has the 'least of common nature in it;' and that 'the faithful rendering 'of nature is an employment in which the slowest intellect is 'likely to succeed best.' These doctrines are utterly scouted, as may well be expected, by the author of the *Stones of Venice*, and ably does he sum up the whole.

'We cannot say that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail; or because he disdains it. He is great if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions. . . . It does not matter whether he toil for months upon a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace front with colour in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose that he has filled his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste. And it does not matter whether he seek for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for beauty, and a hatred of meanness and vice. There

are, indeed, certain methods of representation which are usually adopted by the most active minds, and certain characters of subject usually delighted in by the noblest hearts; but it is quite possible, quite easy, to adopt the manner of painting without showing the activity of mind, and to imitate the choice of subject without possessing the nobility of spirit; while, on the other hand, it is altogether impossible to foretell on what strange objects the strength of a great man will sometimes be concentrated, or by what strange means he will sometimes express himself. So that true criticism of art never can consist in the mere application of rules; it can be just only when founded upon quick sympathy with the innumerable instincts and changeful efforts of human nature, chastened and guided by unchanging love of all things that God has created to be beautiful, and pronounced to be good.'

But, then, what is the beautiful? Reynolds actually declares, that, 'if we were more used to deformity than beauty, deformity would lose the idea now annexed to it,' just as the meaning of yes and no might be changed. Strange paradox for any thinking man to assert, and most of all a painter! truly showing, as Mr. Ruskin observes, 'how completely an artist may be unconscious of the principles of his own work, and how he may be led by instinct to *do* all that is right, while he is misled by false logic to *say* all that is wrong.' It is true,

'The world does indeed succeed—oftener, perhaps, than it is altogether good for the world—in making yes mean no, and no mean yes. But the world never has succeeded, nor ever will, in making itself delight in black clouds, more than in blue sky, or love the dark earth better than the rose that grows from it. Happily for mankind, beauty and ugliness are as positive in their nature as physical pain and pleasure, as light and darkness, or as life and death; and though they may be denied, or misunderstood, in many fantastic ways, the most subtle reasoner will at last find that colour and sweetness are still attractive to him, and that no logic will enable him to think the rainbow sombre, or the violet scentless.'

We come, in the next chapter, to the question, in what greatness of style consists? First, it is in the choice of a noble subject; next, in the love of Beauty—but Beauty always in subordination to truth. 'Great art accepts nature as she is, but directs the eyes and thoughts to what is most perfect in her; while false art saves itself the trouble of direction, by removing or altering whatever it thinks objectionable.' Thus did never the greatest painters—no, nor the greatest poets. 'The beauty, deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts, ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of all shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light. Nature, for the most part, has mingled her inferior and nobler elements as she mingles sunshine with shade,

'giving due use and influence to both ; and the painter who chooses to remove the shadow perishes in the burning desert he has created. Inferior painters, like inferior poets, may lose all nobleness in barber-like admiration of handsome faces' only ; but ' Paul Veronese opposes the dwarf to the soldier, and the negress to the queen ; Shakespeare places Caliban beside Miranda, and Autolycus beside Perdita ; but the vulgar idealist withdraws his beauty to the safety of the saloon, and his innocence to the seclusion of the cloister, because he has neither courage to front the monster, nor wit enough to furnish the ' knave.' The whole of this chapter is worthy of careful note by the young artist, especially the closing remarks.

' Great art is precisely that which never was, nor will be, taught ; it is pre-eminently and finally the expression of the spirits of great men ; so that the only wholesome teaching is that which simply endeavours to fix those characters of nobleness in the pupil's mind of which it seems easily susceptible, and without holding out to him, as a possible or probable result, that he should ever paint like Titian, or carve like Michael Angelo, enforces on him the manifest possibility, and assured duty, of endeavouring to draw in a manner at least honest and intelligible, and cultivate in him those general charities of heart, sincerities of thought, and graces of habit, which are likely to lead him through life to prefer openness to affectation, realities to shadows, and beauty to corruption.'

The five succeeding chapters enter upon 'the Ideal in Art,' the ' False Ideal,' religious and profane, occupying the first two, and the ' True Ideal' the others. There is much ingenuity, and much truth, we think, in the way Mr. Ruskin traces the progress of religious art, from the rude illumination—and rude indeed is the specimen he has given us—which, as merely a ' sort of pictorial letter,' might perhaps awaken the imagination, but which by no possibility could control it, to the finished pictures of Francia and Perugino, where they ' devoted all their skill to the delineation of an impossible scene,' and placed the crowned and jewelled Madonna in the vestibule of a kingly palace, kneeling before a crowned infant, instead of the Jewish maiden in her outcast poverty, under the weather-beaten roof, and beside the actual manger ; thus turning the mind away from the facts as they were strictly recorded, to a kind of dreamy vision of ' a graceful princess, crowned with gems, and surrounded by an obsequious ministry of kings and saints'—a vision which, although, with ' a clear understanding' of the aim of the artist, it may be impressive, has yet, perhaps, done nearly as much toward the heathenizing of modern Europe as the more undisguised paganism of the Renaissance itself. In following out his

inquiry, Mr. Ruskin next shows how, in the subsequent stage of pictorial art, the painter, in his progress toward realizing the actual facts of his subject, withdrew farther and farther from the religious spirit which had guided alike the rude pencil of the early illuminators and the more delicate touches of their successors; how that, while 'in early times art was employed for the display of religious facts, now religious facts were employed for the display of art.' The crowned Virgin of Perugino was succeeded by the simple Italian mother of Raphael; the floor of precious marble gave place to bare earth or littered straw; Joseph was a homely old man, and the ox, and the ass, and the rude manger formed the background, instead of lofty arches and fair landscape.

But was not this a healthy change? 'No,' replies our author, 'it *would* have been healthy if it had been effected with a pure motive; and the new truths would have been precious, if they had been sought for truth's sake. But they were not sought for truth's sake, but for pride's.' The artist sought the scriptural subject merely as he might seek a classical, because it would make 'a fine composition;' and then, as Mr. Ruskin sarcastically says, he proceeded to manufacture 'certain arrangements of apostolic sublimity, virginal mildness, and infantine innocence, which being free from the quaint imperfection and contradictoriness of early art, were looked upon by the European public as true things. The pictures of Francia and Bellini had been received as pleasant visions; but the cartoons of Raphael were received as representations of historical facts.' And hence their evil consequences; chilling the feelings, instead of awakening them, by substituting conventional, though most correct, groups of figures, arranged according to the most approved academical formulas, instead of earnest endeavour to conceive of the fact as it really must have been, and equally earnest endeavour to body it forth to the eye. We know not what the idolators of 'high art' will say to the following trenchant criticism on Raphael's cartoon of the 'Charge to Peter;' but when the importance and the solemnity of the subject is called to mind, and the picture calmly looked at, we think the reader will not wholly disagree with its indignant eloquence:—

'There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief in this manifestation (at the Sea of Galilee). . . . Simon Peter saith unto them, 'I go a-fishing.' They say unto him, 'We also go with thee.' True words enough, and having a far echo beyond these Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when morning came, in the clear light of it, behold a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless

hauls; they had no guess who it was. It asked them simply, if they had caught anything? they said, no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is, and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in, over the nets. One would have liked to have seen him swim these hundred yards, and stagger to his knees on the beach. Well, the others get to the beach too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get, in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful 'dragging the net with fishes;' but they get there—seven of them in all; first the denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

'They sit down on the shore face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal-fire, *thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal-fire, when it was colder*, and having had no word once exchanged with him by his Master, since that look of His—to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy. Raphael's cartoon of the 'Charge to Peter.' Note first, the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the Apostles there—a mere lie to serve the papal heresy of Peter's supremacy, by putting them all in the background, while Peter receives the charge. Note the handsomely-curled hair and neatly-tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground; and Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his war-cout *girt* about him, and his naked limbs) is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel, and hold his keys with a grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of Apostles, not round Christ as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown.'

Now, 'no vigorously-minded religious person could possibly 'receive pleasure or help from such art as this, and the necessary 'result was, the instant rejection of it by the healthy religion of 'the world.' From henceforth pure Christianity and 'high art' took separate roads, and 'fared on as best they might;' and to this day, while the Catholic seeks the image and the picture, and thinks they aid his devotions, the Protestant sternly rejects all such help, and truly much may be said in his favour. We think Mr. Ruskin claims too much for religious pictures when he affirms—though it is only of the best—that they are 'helpful opponents to sinful passion, and weakness of every kind.' The

witness borne by the state of morals in papal countries, and by the character and tendencies of those who use such helps, will scarcely bear him out. Indeed, he almost retracts the assertion when, just after, he finely says :—

‘I nevertheless believe, that he who trusts much to such helps will find them fail him at his need ; that the dependence in any great degree on the presence and power of a picture indicates a wonderfully feeble sense of the presence of God ; nor do I think that any man who is thoroughly certain that Christ is in the room, will care what sort of pictures of Christ he has on his walls.’

In his next chapter, on the ‘*profane*’ False Ideal, Mr. Ruskin points out how the seeking for truth chiefly, and beauty only subordinately, naturally led to the embodying of the highest truth, and thus ‘all art was instinctively religious.’ But as soon as beauty became the chief object of pursuit, although Madonnas and Magdalenes might offer scope for the painter’s skill, and cupid-like cherubs might enliven his backgrounds, still the heathen mythology, ‘which had furnished the highest examples of beauty, would, naturally enough, be turned to with more earnest interest than the saintly legend, or even the sacred narrative.’ The painters of the sixteenth century vainly fancied that classical fable might be ‘delighted in, without being believed, and its errors indulged unrepressed by its awe :’ but men found, as the ages wore on, ‘that the returning Apollo bore not only his lyre, but his arrows ; and that at the instant of Cytherea’s resurrection to the sunshine, Persephone had re-ascended her throne in the deep.’ But even had the revival of classical subjects been less morally objectionable, utterly uninfluential for the slightest good would it have been ; for it was the merest shadow of a shadow that the artist pursued, and the ideal art of modern Europe contented itself with representing ‘men it had never seen, customs it had never practised, and gods in whom it had never believed.’

In the second chapter, on the True Ideal, we have some excellent remarks on the superiority of genius to all rules ; not indeed that it is contrary to rules, but that ‘every great composition, while it is in perfect harmony with all true rules, involves thousands too delicate for ear, or eye, or thought to trace ;’ nor can our reasoning enable any one to do another thing like it, because all reasoning falls infinitely short of the divine instinct. And this superiority to mere written rules holds good in many very subordinate things too ; colouring, for instance, and ‘this is the reason that the Chinese and Indians, and other semi-civilized nations, can colour better than we do,’—an assertion which has aroused the mingled ridicule and indignation of Mr. Ruskin’s

critics. But is not the assertion true? Is it not a fact that, notwithstanding all our lectures on colouring, notwithstanding M. Chevreul's heavy book on the subject, we are still outdone by men who have never heard of a single theory of colours, never attended to a single written rule, but who yet will take the most varied tints, the gaudiest colours, and with instinctive skill combine them in a beautiful whole?

With the assertion, a little farther on, that 'the greatest men, whether poets or historians, live entirely in their own age,' we cannot possibly agree, especially when Shakespeare is brought forward as an instance. That 'Dante paints Italy in the thirteenth century, and Chaucer England in the fourteenth,' will of course be conceded; but that Shakespeare, 'myriad-minded Shakespeare,' wrote perfect historical plays, 'just because there is no care about centuries in them,' is paradoxical indeed. Are Coriolanus, and Cæsar, and Brutus modelled upon the heroes of the sixteenth century—Miranda and Perdita from its maidens—Egypt's queen and her court, a transcript of Elizabeth and her court; and the simple state of Cymbeline's, or the half-barbarous regality of Lear's, a mere reflection of the gorgeous pomp of Westminster and Greenwich? Surely the dramatist whose marvellous plays exhibit such fine discrimination of character, even down to the most subordinate personages, could fling himself back into long past ages, and live and move in them, as easily as he could jest and jibe as Falstaff, pour out withering curses as the wronged and outcast Jew, or embody alike the womanly dignity of Hermione, or the innocent girlhood of Marina. That Shakespeare 'painted that human nature which is indeed constant enough,' we admit; but although 'a rogue in the fifteenth century' may be 'in *heart* what a rogue is in the nineteenth, and was in the twelfth,' the manifestation of his roguery will be certainly different in the three different periods; while that 'a knightly man' will be very similar to other such at any other time, we can only admit in strict reference to the days since chivalry became a power among us. To expect to find the chivalrous character among the nations of antiquity would be as vain as to seek the Gothic arch in the remains of Nineveh, or the Christian legend amidst classical fable. But, after all, surely if the great artist and the great poet work under an immediate inspiration, and, as Mr. Ruskin finely says, '*see what they paint before they paint it*,' is not the giving a vivid reality to ages long since past away a portion of this very inspiration? There can be no need of 'the vision' to paint with Flemish minuteness things and people around us; but from fragmentary details or from dim traditions to paint the scene that startles us with its truth, or to re-clothe the dry bones of history, and bring the men of past ages bodily

before us, this is the true 'mental vision' which Mr. Ruskin acknowledges to have guided Phidias in his representations of the gods, and which certainly has ever inspired the great poet in his conceptions of past times.

Passing over the next chapter, on the 'Grotesque,' with a word of admiration for the noble griffin of the middle ages, on which Mr. Ruskin so lovingly expatiates, and over that upon 'Finish,' in which, among many remarks, paradoxical enough, we meet with some well worthy of careful note, as for instance, 'all true finish *'is added fact,'*—follow natural beauty as far as you can, remembering that just so far as you see, know, and represent it, just so far your work is finished; as far as you fall short of it, your work is unfinished; and as far as you substitute anything else for it, your work is spoiled.' After many such remarks as these, we come to the main object of the volume—Landscape Painting. An interesting and suggestive chapter 'Of the Use of Pictures' introduces that upon 'the Novelty of Landscape,' in which Mr. Ruskin imagines a person well acquainted with classical and mediæval art, but utterly unacquainted with modern, entering for the first time in his life the room of the Old Water Colour Society:—

'So prepared, and so unprepared, he would, as his ideas began to arrange themselves, be first struck by the number of paintings representing blue mountains, clear lakes, and ruined castles or cathedrals, and he would say to himself, 'There is something strange in the mind of these modern people;—nobody ever cared about blue mountains before, or tried to paint the broken stones of old walls.' And the more he considered the subject, the more he would feel the peculiarity; and as he thought over the art of Greek and Roman, he would repeat, with increasing certainty of conviction, 'Mountains! I remember none.' . . . Then he would pass to mediæval art, and still he would repeat, 'Mountains! I remember none: some careless and jagged arrangements of blue spires, or spikes on the horizon, and here and there an attempt at representing an overhanging rock with a hole through it. Lakes! No, nothing of the kind; only blue bays of sea, put in to fill up the background. Broken down buildings! No, for the most part very complete and well-appointed buildings, if any; and never buildings at all, but to give place or explanation to some circumstance of human conduct.' And then he would look up again to the modern pictures, observing with increasing astonishment that here the human interest had, in many cases, altogether disappeared.'

Now how came this change about? The fact of the very recent adoption—we might almost say discovery—of landscape-painting as a branch, and of late a most important one, of the fine arts, is a very suggestive subject of inquiry, more especially in a work expressly devoted to the claims of that artist, for whom

Mr. Ruskin challenges the foremost place among landscape-painters; we are therefore scarcely surprised to find five rather long chapters devoted to the examination of classical, mediæval, and modern landscape; the poet as well as the painter being pressed into service in this inquiry, not only for the light each casts upon the other, but 'because the spirit of classical landscape 'has hardly been expressed in any other way than by words.'

In the chapter on 'Classical Landscape' we have a careful examination of the chief passages in Homer which describe natural scenery; Mr. Ruskin asserting that Homer may be taken as the great exponent of the Greek mind, just as he considers Dante to be the great type of the mediæval. This is, however, we think, scarcely fair to Greek landscape, or to Greek literature, especially when Mr. Ruskin, almost at the outset of his inquiry, acknowledges that in Eschylus and Aristophanes 'there is infinitely 'more of the modern feeling and love of picturesque or beautiful 'form than there is in Homer'; but then, he strangely adds, 'these appear to me just the parts of them that were not Greek.' Surely the dwellers in Athens at the period of the highest development of Greek art and literature, the worshippers in her temples, the writers of her dramas, have an equal claim to be viewed as the representatives of Greek character with the author of the *Iliad*. It is from the *Odyssey* that Mr. Ruskin's illustrations are principally taken, and it certainly is curious to observe in what a dry, cataloguing sort of way these descriptions are given, and how, amidst all the beauty and glory of 'the isles of Greece,' Homer dwells upon those mere constituents of a landscape, which might attract the eye of a farmer, but certainly never fix the gaze of a poet; or else, on the most commonplace combinations of wood and water. Thus the Cyclops inhabit a beautiful country, for they have 'soft marshy meadows near the 'sea, and good, rich, crumbling, ploughing land, giving fine deep 'crops, and vines always giving fruit.' The garden of Alcinous is delightedly dwelt upon, for there are 'orderly square beds of herbs,' chiefly leeks, and apple, pear, and fig trees are planted in rows between them; and there are two fountains, but not flinging up a diamond shower, or flowing merrily along, but one is running soberly canal-wise through the garden, and the other led under the pavement of the palace to a reservoir for the use of the citizens. These descriptions, it is true, are of scenery in which the hand of man has had some share; but the landscape which, we are told, 'even an immortal might be gladdened to see,' in Calypso's island, is formal enough, though far more pleasing. Here is 'a cave covered with a running vine, all blooming 'into grapes, and surrounded by a grove of alder, poplar, and

'sweet-smelling cypress. Four fountains of white (foaming) 'water springing *in succession* (mark the orderliness), and close 'to one another, flow away in different directions through a 'meadow full of violets and parsley; and the air is perfumed 'not only by these violets and by the sweet cypress, but by 'Calypso's fire of finely-chopped cedar wood, which sends a 'smoke as of incense through the island.' There are pleasant materials for a garden landscape here; but still, 'note the subservience of the whole to human comfort, to the feet, the taste, 'or the smell.' In like manner, 'the passage which is always 'regarded by readers of Greek tragedy with peculiar pleasure,' that in which Sophocles describes 'the sweetest resting-place' in all the neighbourhood of Athens, is a wood, haunted perpetually by nightingales which sing 'in the green glades, and in the dark 'ivy, and in the thousand fruited, sunless, and windless thickets 'of the god.' Here, the idea of shelter is the uppermost one. A curious passage relating to this description occurs in a subsequent part of the work in reference to the apparent indifference of the Greeks to colour:—

'The Greek sense of colour seems to have been so comparatively dim and uncertain, that it is almost impossible to ascertain what the real idea was which they attached to any word alluding to hue; and above all, colour, though pleasant to their eyes, as to those of all human beings, seems never to have been impressive to their feeling. They liked purple, on the whole, best; but there was no sense of cheerfulness or pleasantness in one colour, and gloom in the other. When Achilles goes in great anger and sorrow to Thetis, the sea appears to him 'wine-coloured.' One might think this meant that the sea looked dark and reddish purple to him, in a kind of sympathy with his anger. But we turn to the passage of Sophocles,—a passage peculiarly intended to express peace and rest, and we find that the birds sing among 'wine-coloured' ivy. . . . Again, in the same passage, I said there was some difficulty respecting a wood, often translated 'thickets.' I believe it means 'glades;' literally, 'going-places' in the woods. Now Sophocles tells us that the birds sang in these '*green* going-places,' and we take up the expression gratefully, thinking the old Greek perceived and enjoyed, as we do, the sweet fall of the eminently green light through the leaves, when they are a little thinner in the heart of the wood. But we turn to the tragedy of *Ajax*, and are much shaken in our conclusion about the meaning of the word, when we are told that the body of Ajax is to lie unburied, and be eaten by sea-birds on the '*green* sand.' The formation geologically distinguished by that title was certainly unknown to Sophocles; and the only conclusion which it seems to me we can come to—assuming Ariel's authority as to the colour of pretty sand, and the ancient mariner's (or rather his hearer's) as to the colour of ugly sand, be conclusive—is, that Sophocles really did not know green from yellow or brown.'

Now although we may scarcely join in this conclusion, still these illustrations go far to show that the delight which the Oriental nations felt in 'fair colours' was certainly not shared by the Greeks. That they did not look upon beautiful scenery with the joyous abandonment of the poets of the middle ages—even the rudest, who poured forth his glad carol to the spring, or welcomed in the summer—is also proved, we think, by the unwillingness—perhaps carelessness—of the Greek poet to describe aught but his gods, or human beings, even when fair scope is given to him. For instance, what range for the descriptive poet is there in the *Prometheus*? How would Spenser have painted the lowering clouds and the chafing sea, and piled up the inaccessible rocks? What a series of vivid pictures would he have given in the prophecy of Io's far wanderings! But how destitute is that stern old drama of aught of this!—to the modern reader, solemn and majestic indeed, but how harsh and cold!

Still, after all the arguments which may be derived from the indifference of the Greek poet to the beauty of natural scenery, we should rather, for our own parts, rest the proof of it upon the character of Greek ornament. Now when we mark the coldly formal way in which leaf, and flower, and bough, are represented in Grecian sculpture,—and, it should be borne in mind, not because the sculptor had an intractable material to work upon; not because he had not hand, and eye, too, for the finest workmanship, for he wrought the most delicate marble, and the most exquisite sense of beauty was his,—we should, from that alone, say, that with the whole world of nature the Greek had little sympathy. Look at that frieze, or that cornice;—how could sculptor, who had ever looked with a poet's eye upon the rose, chisel that stiff, formal rosette, that stands as the type of it? Who that had marked 'the gadding woodbine,' wreathing in such graceful festoons round the mossy trunk, or springing from one wide branch to another, as though determined to hang a garland on each,—who, that felt its beauty, could coolly elaborate that most favoured and most formal of 'truly classical forms,' the Greek honeysuckle? Look through a whole dictionary of Greek ornament, and, with the single exception of the acanthus, no flower or leaf, strictly such as nature made it, will meet the eye. All beauty is crushed out by that 'iron formalism' which Mr. Ruskin so truly remarks is its characteristic. Need we say, turn to Gothic ornament, and what overflowing delight in nature and her works do we meet with! How the desire of the sculptor to set forth her minutest traits, struggles, and successfully struggles, with all the drawbacks of rude tools and a coarse material! And

when the flowers or the sprays are to decorate the spandril of the arch, or to fill in the square leaf of the manuscript, how carefully and tenderly does the Gothic artist adapt them to his purpose ! Here is no crushing them into 'iron formalisms,' but the spray is bent according to its natural curve, and the flower displays every petal,—as Walton says, though on a very different subject, he 'handles them as though he loved them.' And so he did ; too well to imagine for a moment that he could alter them for the better. But then, ask those lecturers on art, who determinately agree to see no beauty, save in 'the classical,' 'what was this but mere servile copying?' 'Servile copying!' what if it be? Can vain man carve better flowers than He, who bade them come forth in their beauty, chose to form? Shall the pragmatical artist improve (!) upon those works which the Uncreated Word himself pronounced 'very good!'

In entering on the inquiry as to mediæval taste for landscape, Mr. Ruskin considers that in its general features it resembled the Greek, with this important difference, 'that the pleasant flat 'land is never a ploughed field, nor a rich lotus meadow good for 'pasture, but *garden* ground, covered with flowers, and divided 'by fragrant hedges, with a castle in the middle of it.' This is certainly the type of landscapes in illuminated manuscripts, from the middle of the fourteenth to that of the sixteenth century ; and in these, knights and ladies are certainly represented as singing, or making love, gathering roses, or eating oranges—in the Flemish or English specimens the more appropriate apple is substituted—or hawking in remarkably green meadows, with a blue river flowing by the side. And just in so far as it is an evidence of the greater pleasure felt by the higher classes in natural scenery during these two centuries, it is important, as marking the difference between these and classical times ; for 'a Greek, really wishing to enjoy himself, shut himself up in a beautiful *alivum*, with an excellent dinner, and 'a society of philosophical and musical friends. But a mediæval 'knight went into his *pleasaunce* to gather roses, and hear the 'birds sing ; or rode out hunting, or hawking.' This is true ; but then we must bear in mind that these pictures illustrate the tastes of only one, and that a very limited class of society, and spread over only two centuries of a period extending, at least, to thrice that length. In the formality, too, of these garden scenes, we scarcely perceive—save in the substitution of roses for leeks, and these growing in thickets instead of 'square beds'—much improvement upon the gardens of Alcinous ; although we allow, with Mr. Ruskin, that in the one point, the love of flowers thus manifested, the balance is greatly in favour of mediæval taste.

But why take so narrow a range of illustration—even although in the subsequent chapter Dante is also brought forward as evidence—when abundant proofs of the love of natural scenery of the inhabitants of Europe during the middle ages, far more extended than this, lie at hand? May not its first manifestation be traced in the love of all the Teutonic races for the wild woods; in the pleasant sites chosen throughout all Europe for the convent buildings; in the joy of the monks in their convent garden, not for its pot-herbs, although they formed their chief provision—not for its medicinal plants, although these were their sole means of cure; but for the pleasant flowers—the rose and the lily—which, even as early as the eighth century, blossomed in that fair garden at York, which Alcuin so pleasantly describes? Indeed, in the early Latin poetry of the cloister, we often find hints of the delight the writer felt in field and garden, and wood, too, long before the convent illuminator sought their aid for his pleasant art. In like manner, much of the earlier popular poetry—of northern Europe especially—displays this feeling. The *trouvère*, when he describes the knight riding forth to the Paschal feast, or Pentecost tournament, is sure to tell us how pleasantly the sun shone, and how brightly green were the new leaves, and how dazzling white the blossoms;—for the later festival generally adding, that the grass was thickly set with flowers, and the apple-blossoms most delightful to see. It is true that there is not much variety in these descriptions, and that from Benoit St. Maur, down to the latest writer of the French *fabliaux*, or the English metrical romances, they might almost have been stereotyped. Still there must have been an indelible love of fair scenery, and a pleasant feeling connected with the simple noting of its most prominent features among their hearers, to have led the *trouvère* and the romancer, generation after generation, to begin their narratives, and often each ‘fytte,’ with those simple but heartfelt descriptions of spring-tide and summer.

And how widely diffused, from the noble even to the peasant, was this feeling among *our* forefathers; what a glow of delight did the mere phrases, ‘the good greenwood,’ ‘the merry greenwood,’ awaken in their minds; how ‘fayre’ were the forest glades; how ‘blithe and bonny’—what heartiness in the very sound of these old words—were the meadows and leas of Old England! How does homely Robert of Gloucester rise almost into poetry when he describes the

‘Woodes and parkes, yatte joye yt ys to see!’

Joy, not because of pasture for cattle, and pannage for swine,

and venison for the hunter—none of these thoughts entered the old chronicler's mind when describing the beauty of the land, which he deemed 'of eche lande beste,'—but joy, merely to look upon the soft grassy slopes, and the brooklets bounding onward, and the swift play of light and shade, as the trees flung abroad their branches to the summer breeze, and beneath the summer sunshine. Ever respondent to the charm of our woodland scenery was the old English poet, whether singing the rude Robin Hood ballad on the village green, or telling his tale of faërie in the castle hall. Pleasantly may we trace our modern love of landscape-painting from those earliest days, when for pencil the 'many-coloured words' were substituted; and mark too how, always as the national mind has been most healthful, the love of fair scenery, and the power of vividly painting it, has been displayed by our poets.

We almost feel as though Mr. Ruskin had done an injustice to English poetry, in bringing forward Dante as the type of the mediæval feeling as to landscape. Far be it from us to speak lightly of the views of the great Florentine poet on any subject; but still, he 'whose soul'—even more than that of Milton—

'Was as a star, and dwelt apart,'—

who, in his magnificent poem, dealt so much in symbolism as often to render his meaning most obscure—can scarcely be taken as the exponent of the popular feeling of his age. As a type of the deep and solemn religious spirit, of the devoted scholarship of that period, we may well accept him; but for the question before us let us seek an answer, not from the poet who wandered amid the shades of purgatory and gathered roses in paradise, but from him who roamed among veritable woods, and gathered the flowers of earth. Now what an illustration of the deep love of the mediæval mind for fair scenery does our own Chaucer exhibit! How he joys in the spring-tide beauty of field and forest; how he hails the opening wild flowers; how he thirsts to lie upon

'The softe, swete grasse,
That was with flowr's swete embroided all!'

just as our author did, when, with enthusiasm akin to his, he lay down, as he tells us, on the bank, and drew with such loving tenderness, that 'mystery of soft shadow in the depths of the 'grass, with indefinite forms of leaves, which you cannot trace or 'count within it, and out of that, the nearer leaves coming in 'every subtle gradation of tender light and flickering form,' such as he has given us in that exquisite specimen of 'Foreground Leafage,' which we could never be weary of looking at.

And then how minute are Chaucer's descriptions—the wood, in his *Booke of the Duchesse*—where the greensward is so besprent with flowers, as though the earth would be 'gayer than the heven,' and have more for her adornment 'than in the welkin starryes be;' and the tall trees with their broad shadows, and the wild denizens of the forest crowding beneath them; or the pleasant landscape in the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, too, with the flowers spreading out their leaves in the dewy morning to the rising sun; and the 'attempered ayre' just rustling the foliage; and the fresh hawthorn, and the ash, and the oak, with 'many a tree moe,' clustering round the little well, with its living streams gushing forth; and the 'yong grasse' joyfully springing up beside the margin, 'thick and soft as velvet;' or that most vivid description in the *Flowre and the Leaf* of the glorious oaks—

'With branches broode, laden with levés newe,
That springen out, ayen the sunny shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.'

But we might write a long essay on Chaucer, did we only point out the many passages in which his intense love of fair scenery, and his marvellous power of painting it is displayed. Ere passing on, we may, however, remark that the love our forefathers felt for the greenwood was as different from that of the Greeks as was their general character. Shelter, repose, even deep shadow, were the features of wood scenery in which *they* delighted; but to our fathers the forest was a 'lightsome' place, as well as a gladsome; for from 'sunless depths of shade' they would have shrunk with horror. A pleasant place was the merry greenwood of Old England; no dark masses of pine or cypress there, but

'The oak and the ash, and the bonny maple tree,'

the richly-foliaged beech, and the light waving birch, and fern-clad and heathery hills, and those soft grassy slopes that Shakespeare so loved, all cowslip and daisy besprent, or gemmed with glow-worms. It was the thicker and gloomier leafage of the Italian forests—perhaps, too, their vicinity to 'the rugged Apennines'—that doubtless inspired Dante to associate them with scenes of hopelessness and horror. Closely connected, we think, with this feeling, is the preference given by the nations of Southern Europe to the formal enclosure, the well-fenced garden; while the Northerners actually revel in the wild wood, or amid the wide, open landscape.

In their distaste for rocks and mountains, the classical and mediæval mind approximated more closely. 'The picturesque'

of rugged rocks was certainly never recognised either by Dante or Chaucer, nor, in any case that we can remember, by our forefathers. How, indeed, could the lovers—almost the worshippers—of the ‘softe swete grasse’ endure their jagged peaks and harsh outlines? But mountains, equally distasteful as the rocks to the Greek, were viewed with awe rather than with dislike; for they had a solemn meaning to the mind of the middle ages. As Mr. Ruskin truly and eloquently says:—

‘There was an idea of sanctity attached to them. Men acquainted with the history of Moses alone at Horeb, or with Israel at Sinai, of Elijah by the brook Cherith and in the Horeb cave; of the deaths of Moses and Aaron on Hor and Nebo; of the preparation of Jephthah’s daughter for her death among the Judean mountains; of the continued retirement of Christ himself to the mountains for prayer. His temptation in the desert of the Dead Sea, His sermon on the hills of Capernaum, His transfiguration on the crest of Tabor, and His evening and morning walks over Olivet for the four or five days preceding His crucifixion;—were not likely to look with irreverent or unloving eyes upon the blue hills that girded their golden horizon, or drew down upon them the mysterious clouds out of the height of the darker heaven. But with this impression of their greater sanctity was involved also a peculiar terror. In all this—their haunting by the memories of prophets, the presences of angels, and the everlasting thoughts and words of the Redeemer—the mountains seemed separated from the active world, and only fitly to be approached by hearts condemnatory of it.’

Doubtless it was from these teachings of Scripture that an atmosphere, so to speak, of solemn awe, came to invest the mountain ranges, bidding our forefathers reverently gaze on them from afar. But shall we not also find in the same teachings the true source of that keener sense of natural beauty,—of that more intimate and loving fellowship with the works of God’s hands, which the Greek, although he believed a dryad to dwell in every tree and a pearl-wristed nymph to keep watch beside each fountain, never knew? In seeking to account for these peculiarities of the mediæval mind, it seems to have been almost forgotten that the most poetical portions of the Bible formed a large part of the daily service, for the teachings and parables of our Lord, the most vivid prophecies, and the whole Book of Psalms, were among them; and that all these were at a comparatively early period translated into many of the, as yet, half-formed languages of modern Europe. Who can thoroughly estimate the boon—merely intellectually considered—of thus unfolding to the eyes of an energetic and imaginative race the most poetical volume the world ever saw? Who can trace

to their utmost extent the moulding influences of its lofty imagery?

And the more closely we look into this subject, the more numerous will be the proofs we shall find, that in proportion as the Bible was read and meditated upon, so was the vigour and range of the poetic faculty increased. Dante and Chaucer, widely different as are their works, both unite in this testimony, for both were Bible students. Provence and her far-famed troubadours unite, too, in this testimony, although on opposite grounds. Religion was utterly scorned in the gay cities of the south; and M. Raynouard's large collection of those poems, once so admired, presents nought but the merest commonplace imagery, set off by extravagant intricacies of verse and phraseology. France will bear the same testimony; for the only period at which she could boast a company—though but small—of genuine poets, was when the strife of the Reformation opened the Bible to the people; and when—ever eager after something new—court ladies exchanged their books of *virelayes* for the Psalms of David, and Catherine de Medicis wandered in the green alleys of Fontainebleau, psalm-book in hand, while Diana of Poitiers warbled '*Comme le cerf bruit* to her royal lover. Very soon did this 'fashion' pass away, and as soon did the school of really fine French poetry pass away also. But how different was it in our own land. Although amid the strife, and the transition state of the fifteenth century the voice of the poet was scarcely to be heard; although from Gower and Chaucer, down to days of Elizabeth, we pass through a long and almost songless interval, still, from the middle of the sixteenth century, from the time when the Bible was chained to every church desk, that all might open and read it, what fresh beauty did our reviving poetry display, and how great was the company of our poets!—all distinguished by their eager and loving homage to nature, all showing themselves true children of the poet-fathers who, generations ago, had sung the beauties, not of visionary Arcadias, but of the daisied fields and blossoming hedge-rows of England. Surely but a natural result of this so long-cherished, this so widely-spread feeling, is it, that landscape-painting should eventually have taken up its chief abode among us, and that the first among landscape painters should be an Englishman.

Shakespeare's love of landscape is too well-known to need reference; of Spenser's delight in it and marvellous power of vividly painting it, we very lately gave illustrations; and one after another all of their contemporaries might be brought for-

ward to prove how common to the age was that intense and delighted fellowship with Nature, which is the marked distinction between mediæval and classical poetry. But early, very early, in the following century, a change began to pass over our poetical literature. The wretched pedantry of James, and the cold and utterly un-English taste of his son, did much towards effecting this; but more we think was done by the studied contempt displayed by our scholars for all English literature, but especially for the works of our elder poets. And then, just as our poetic wealth was about to be cast scornfully away, a young scholar, nurtured in classic literature, a writer of Latin verse so pure and graceful that it attracted the notice of the scholarship of Europe, came forth, proud of his land, proud of his noble 'birth-tongue,' and laid that richest offering on the shrine of genuine *English* poetry, his *Comus*, his *Lycidas*, and those inimitable twin poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Need we indicate the source from whence Milton derived his highest inspiration? Need we point to his Hebrew Bible?

That the reader has often read with delight these poems we cannot doubt; but has he ever marked the thorough English character of them? Throughout all *Comus* what perfect keeping! 'April buds,' 'pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils'—'gaudy,' not in its low modern sense, but in its old poetic meaning, 'rejoicing'—cowslips and crowfoot, strew the fields; knot grass, overcanopied with ivy and honeysuckle, forms the retreat of the shepherd swain; even the wood-nymphs are 'decked with daisies trim;' and throughout that whole inimitable masque, with the single exception of the 'groves of myrrh and cinnamon,' which the attendant spirit in his exuberant benediction very needlessly bestows on the Severn, every image is true to English scenery. In *Lycidas*, too, where, from the very nature of the occasion, the very character of the poem, the less truly English writer would have strung mere frigid classicalities together, how does Milton lovingly heap up the wild flowers of his own fields upon 'the laureate herse.' 'The rathe primrose that forsaken dies,' 'the pansy freckled with jet,' 'the cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,' the daffodils, their golden cups brimming and bending with dew! And then those unapproachable twin poems: The 'dappled dawn,' the glorious sunrise with its 'clouds in thousand liveries,' and the sweet English landscape gradually opening on the view, and all the rich clustering imagery of that long bright summer-day's scene, of the one; or the twilight groves, and sheltered alleys, and murmuring waters, and the moon 'wandering' in the pathless heavens, 'like one that hath been 'led astray,' of the other. How could Mr. Ruskin, with the

faintest remembrance of these glorious poems, class Milton, in his very desultory but suggestive chapter on the 'Moral of Landscape,' with those who 'love result, effect, and progress, more 'than nature or beauty,' placing him in a strange catalogue between Bacon and Johnson, and next but one to prosing, Dutch-painting Richardson! Surely he who sung with such joyous abandonment,—

'Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees.'

Surely the poet who looked out upon nature with a heart so overflowing with its loveliness, singing like the morning stars for very gladness, was capable of 'sympathizing,' and far more than sympathizing, 'with Byron's lonely joy in a Jura storm, or with Shelley's interest in floating paper boats down the Serchio.'

With *L Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the first school of English poetry, and with it of poetic landscape-painting, ends. Indeed, even Milton's poems, the earlier and the later, exhibit so marked a difference, that they might fairly be assigned to two different writers. But between those exquisite early poems and his *Paradise Lost*, nearly thirty years intervened; years of strife—not a battle-strife alone, for when was righteous warfare unfriendly to true poetry? but the strife of political parties, of religious dogmas, and, later still, of philosophical theories. Perhaps the last was most fatal of all to our poetry. Men began to inquire *why* they were pleased instead of being so, and to propound rules for what was beyond all rule. Meanwhile the influence of the *Renaissance* principles had leavened all Europe. Beauty had been sought at the expense of truth, 'and the proper punishment of such a pursuit—the punishment which all the laws of the universe rendered inevitable—was, that those who thus pursued beauty should wholly lose sight of beauty;' and, 'so far as human effort could succeed in doing so, beauty was banished from the face of the earth and the form of man.' And now came the poetry (?) of the Restoration, when all poetic landscape-painting was thoroughly ignored, together with poetry herself. What a change! not in thought and imagery alone, but even in diction. What miserable striving after a bald, formal phraseology, which was dignified with the titles of 'classical' or

'polite,' according as the 'university man' or the gentleman about town employed it. What a ready-made set of epithets to let were now provided; 'verdant,' for meads—fields and meadows were too vulgar;—'shady,' for groves—woods and forests were utterly inadmissible;—while the stream might 'purl,' or 'murmur,' or 'meander,' according to the whim of the writer, or the necessities of his verse. Perhaps a stronger proof of the thoroughly unpoetical taste of that age can scarcely be found than in Dryden's most thankless task, his modernizations of Chaucer. How completely has every delicate touch, giving such vivid truthfulness to his landscape scenery, vanished away; and for the finely-finished picture we have little more than the coarse mezzotint. And then, forsooth, 'the mob of gentlemen' who wrote genteel verses upon gilt-edged paper, were determined *not* to see what was actually before their eyes; so they prattled about 'amber-dropping trees,' and groves of laurel, and cypress, and roses, and myrtles; just as though the rich garlands of apple-blossom and hawthorn, and the still unmelted snow of the lingering white-thorn, were not quite as lovely; just as though, with our bright greensward enamelled with daisies, and our hills empurpled with heather, there were any need for the English poet to babble about fields of asphodel.

But nature, powerful nature, will assert her claim, and break through the strictest conventionalities; and so she did when, from the days of Louis Quatorze down to the French Revolution, hooped, and patched, and powdered ladies, and perriwigged, point-ruffled gentlemen, sought to ruralize,—in right earnest, as they thought,—as the Damons and Pastoras of a courtly Arcadia, among flower-beds laid out in geometrical puzzles, clipt box-trees, and grottoes decked with periwinkle-shells and bits of looking-glass. There is something mournfully suggestive to us in all this, reflected as it is in the formal pastorals of Queen Anne's reign, and in Watteau's pictured groups. How strong must have been that craving after 'the country,' and its beauty, that could sustain itself even amid this wretched travesty of nature; and yet, how much stronger must have been that debased taste which suffered neither tree nor flower to grow, nor brook to wander 'at its own sweet will,' but iron-bound free nature herself, just as it had caged its Pastoras in whalebone, and crippled its Damons in high-heeled shoes.

Not until we come to Thomson do we find the old English love of natural scenery reviving, and here it displays itself very timidly: kept down by a sense of the 'genteel,' and a fear of critics, and a feeling that poetry should consist of 'lofty verse;' so he addresses spring in phrase worthy of Versailles, and

entreats her descend with the very un-English accompaniment of 'a shower of roses.' By-and-by he walks out; and, although by far too much given to fine writing and to superfine words, we find Thomson really has the poet's eye and the poet's heart, although, to please his patrons, his laudations of Stowe and Claremont are superlative enough; and, although he talks of 'cool judicious art' actually putting nature in a fright lest she should be outdone. Still there are some very fine passages in the *Seasons*, and some very pretty 'bits' of rural scenery too. But whoever would truly estimate Thomson, must turn to that strangely-neglected poem, the *Castle of Indolence*—that splendid allegory that reads like a lost work of Spenser,—as though in adopting the richly-flowing Spenserian stanza, he became inspired with his great master's power of gorgeous painting too. How fine are the descriptions of 'that pleasing land of drowsy-head'—of the streams that 'bicker through the sunny glades'—the 'sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns'—the sights and sounds of perfect calm and beauty that bewitched their days, and the faery dreams that

'Poured all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights.'

And how fine that burst of true poet-feeling—

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face:
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods, and lawns, by living streams at eve.'

Thus sung Thomson, fresh from the study of the *Faery Queen*; such was the living power of that glorious poem, even amid all the sickly affectations and prim formalities of the age of George the Second and Lord Chesterfield, of 'vastly' little lapdogs and 'dragon-china.'

Thomson left no successor: indeed, excepting that pretty landscape poem, Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, we cannot call to mind any composition that for simple love of nature could compete with his. Goldsmith's two little poems, graceful and highly-finished as they are, depend rather upon their human interest. The old English power of landscape-painting is wanting, and

'The varnished clock, that ticked behind the door,'

is described more minutely than the trees which shaded sweet Auburn, and the 'neatly sanded floor' noticed, while the wayside flowers are disregarded. Still, both the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* are delightful poems; there is a sweet, unso-

phisticated taste, and a simple outpouring of warm, natural feeling, that bring Goldsmith very near to our fine old poets, who sang because they could not help singing. Had his companionship been less with the London clubs, where 'the art of poetry' was still solemnly discussed, the second school of English poetry might have had an earlier revival. We can scarcely place Cowper among our landscape poets. He talks of 'happy shades' and 'pleasing fields' with almost the same emotion with which he celebrates the sofa and the 'loud hissing urn.' Evidently he has little sympathy with natural scenery, for even love of flowers with him is very subordinate. The rose is merely a 'beautiful flower,' and the white water-lily itself, that 'flower 'and plant of light,' is but secondary to the dog who rends it from its quiet nestling-place. Nor was it likely that he, who coolly speaks of 'England, with all thy faults,' should have had eye or heart for English scenery. Never did it come into the minds of our great poets to apologize for their own fair land. They looked upon it as the lover looks upon his mistress, feeling that but to note a defect was treason against love's loyalty. And yet Cowper was a religious man: true, but how strangely warped were his religious views. Now it is the healthful religious spirit that looks lovingly abroad on God's universe, and with exceeding joy and gladness sings its glories.

At length, amid the unimaginable sillinesses of the Della Cruscan rhymesters, the 'poetry,' so called, of the Restoration came to an end. Thoroughly fallow now lay the field that in times past had yielded so rich a harvest, for the last worthless crop must be utterly trodden under foot ere the young fresh growth can spring up. It would be an interesting task to trace the influences, for more than half a century at work, ere our new poetical school arose. We have not space for this; but we must, however, remark that again—just as before,—there was a general awakening of the *popular* mind, and that, too, chiefly on religious subjects. And who can fully estimate the influence of those fine hymns sung far and wide by myriad voices? Hymns that, with the seeds of religious truth, certainly scattered the seeds of true poetic feeling too, in many an unconscious mind. And then came the wild outburst of the French Revolution; and almost nursed in it, our enthusiastic young poets, the founders of our modern school, arose. Let Mr. Ruskin take heart as to the future universal recognition of Turner's merits, when he calls to mind the chorus of bitter sarcasm which attacked Wordsworth's *Tintern*, and the loud shouts of idiot laughter that pursued Coleridge and his *Ancient Mariner*.

But there was true English energy in these true English poets; they were not to be ‘snuffed out by an article,’ nor by a dozen; so they held on their own course, and the shouts of scorn died away in the louder shouts of warm and hearty admiration.

We wish that Mr. Ruskin, instead of breaking off so abruptly from Dante and mediæval landscape, to Sir Walter Scott and modern landscape-painting, had turned aside to trace the rise of the Lake school; but, passing over the whole interval, he at once comes to the storm clouds and blue mountains of the modern landscape, and Scott, ‘as the great representative of the mind of the age.’ For this very strange claim, Mr. Ruskin pleads that, ‘although those who can perceive the ‘intense penetrative depth of Wordsworth, and the exquisite ‘finish and melodious power of Tennyson, may be offended’ at Scott being thus placed higher; still his superiority is shown, first, ‘because he and Turner do their work unpretendingly, ‘feeling that they cannot help it;’ next, ‘because of the ease ‘with which the thing is done;’ but the chief claim is, ‘touching the kind of work done by these two men,’ that, inasmuch as the world of literature is divided, more or less, into ‘thinkers ‘and seers,’ and ‘the seers are wholly the greater race of ‘the two,’ so Scott must rank highest. But then Scott has ‘faithlessness, a startling fault of the age,’ and he also exemplifies another ‘notable weakness of the age,’ its ‘looking back ‘in a romantic and passionate idleness to the past ages, not understanding them, nor really desiring to understand them.’ Now, whatever may be said as to the first assertion, what shall we say to this? Surely no writer since Shakspeare has more vividly reproduced past ages. There may be, and are, trifling mistakes, but those best acquainted with the genuine character of the middle ages, and the sixteenth century too, must readily agree that never was the *general* ‘form and pressure’ of the one more truly given than in *Ivanhoe*, nor the strife of the Reformation in Scotland than in his *Monastery* and *Abbot*. But what shall we say to the third characteristic, that Scott was ‘light, careless, unearnest, and yet eminently sorrowful’—truly, proof of any of these would be hard to find; but, Scott sorrowful! do not both his works and his life almost laugh at this strange assertion? When, in his criticism on Scott’s descriptive poetry, Mr. Ruskin points out the peculiarly fine taste he had for *colour*, we think we can discover the reason of his great partiality to him. The illustrations given are very convincing, and it is curious to mark how finely Scott not only describes, but really gives most pic-

turesque colour to his scenes. There is much pleasant criticism in this chapter,—minute and loving criticism, bringing out beauties hitherto unrecognised, and in which Mr. Ruskin especially excels. The succeeding chapter, on the ‘Moral of Landscape,’ although very obscure in parts, and enunciating many paradoxical opinions as to our writers—for instance, that strange estimate of Milton to which we alluded—abounds in passages equally distinguished for their force and beauty. Here is the summing-up of the inquiry :—

‘In general, active men of strong sense and stern principle, do not care to see anything in a leaf but vegetable tissue, and are so well convinced of useful moral truth, that it does not strike them as a new or notable thing, when they find it in any way symbolized by material nature ; hence there is strong presumption, when first we perceive a tendency in any one to regard trees as living, and enunciate moral aphorisms over every pebble, that such tendency proceeds from a morbid temperament, like Shelley’s, or an inconsistent one, like Jacques’. But when the active life is nobly fulfilled, and the mind is then raised beyond it into a clear and calm beholding of the world around us, the same tendency again manifests itself in the most sacred way : the simplest forms of nature are strangely animated by the sense of the Divine presence ; the trees and the flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God ; and we ourselves, their fellows, made out of the same dust, and greater than they only in having a greater portion of the Divine power exerted on our frame ; and all the common uses, and palpably visible forms of things, become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory—to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the changeful and typical aspects by which they witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion.’

In the last chapter, entitled the ‘Teachers of Turner,’ after a comparison of the early influences to which Turner and Scott were respectively subjected, Mr. Ruskin proceeds rapidly to trace the progress of landscape-painting from Raphael and his contemporaries—illustrated by very interesting engravings—down to the rise of that modern school, very unpretending in its first beginning, but differing ‘inherently from that ancients one, in that its motive was love.’ However feeble the efforts might be, they ‘were *for the sake of the nature*, not of the picture ; and ‘therefore, having this germ of true life, it grew and thrived.’ This modern school, therefore, became the only true school of landscape which has yet existed ; ‘the artificial Claude and ‘Gaspar work may be cast aside out of our way ; and from the ‘last landscape of Tintoret, if we look for *life*, we must pass at once to the first of Turner.’

With the remark that, ‘what help Turner received from this

and that companion of his youth,' is of little importance, since it is the pre-eminent prerogative of genius to 'get good out of all things, and all persons,' Mr. Ruskin tells us he shall turn 'now finally to him as the sole object of our inquiry;' first 'reinforcing those statements of general principles which appeared in the first volume, and then proceeding to examine piece by piece his representations of the facts of nature, comparing them, as it may seem expedient, with what had been accomplished by others.' But here, on the very threshold of the inquiry, with an eloquent denunciation of the 'peace at any price' doctrine, and a noble adjuration to France and England, 'the two noblest foes that ever stood breast to breast 'among the nations,' to be among the first 'to decipher the law of international charities; first to discern that races, like individuals, can only reach their true strength, dignity, or joy in seeking each the welfare, and exulting each in the glory of the other—the volume abruptly comes to an end, almost ere the main subject is begun.

As the fourth volume has not yet appeared, we must here break off too; and as in the present review we have—following our author's example—directed the reader's attention to the landscape painting of the poet, so in the next we hope to follow out the sister branch of the subject—the poetry of the landscape-painter. Few subjects can be better suited than this, to Mr. Ruskin, whose fine taste and sound principles—even when his conclusions may not be admitted—must always command respect. We look forward with much interest to the two concluding volumes; and—having little sympathy with those critics who seem unable to comprehend that a writer may still be a learner, and after ten years' earnest and continuous labour, acknowledge himself to be still so—we shall be right willing to repair, under Mr. Ruskin's pleasant guidance,

'To-morrow to fresh fields, and pastures new.'

ART. VIII.—*The Life and Works of Goethe ; with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries. From published and unpublished sources.*
By G. H. LEWES. Two vols. Nutt.

THE successful biographer of Goethe must possess no ordinary combination of qualities and accomplishments. He has to portray a literary career of twice the common duration, and of seven times the usual versatility. He has to penetrate and analyse a mind which found an equal interest in the serene creations of art and in the intricate details of science. He has to criticise the contents of a long row of volumes, claimed on the one side by the Theatre, on the other by the Museum. He has to estimate the workmanship of the faculty which combines, and of the faculty which dissects—productions about which the brush and the scalpel, the chisel and the microscope, have been employed by turns. For where is the admirer of Goethe who never dreamed that Götz appeared to him holding the 'typical plant' in his iron hand ; that Mephistopheles exhibited, with a grin, the intermaxillary bone ; and that the tears of Werther were a shower, on which a rainbow spread itself, to illustrate the Theory of Colours ? Once more—he who would give us a life of Goethe has to transport himself, body and soul, into the alien world of German society and German literature. He has to give us thence an accurate survey of the inflowing tendencies of the time which filled and stimulated the mind of Goethe during a period of intense excitement and prodigal production. He must show us next how the outflowing streams from that fertilizing genius ran among the hills, as rivulets from some lofty tarn, and widely watered all the plains of Germany. And this our biographer must do without losing his hold upon the interest of English readers, to most of whom the names, of the second-rate German literati are names, and nothing more.

In the case of Mr. Lewes, the tastes and the acquirements thus requisite, are assembled together with a felicity somewhat rare in the annals of biography. He is himself a man of letters. An acute critic, he possesses, at the same time, no mean power of original production. His literary knowledge is extensive ; his taste catholic. The masterpieces of the modern literature of Europe are familiar to him in their original languages. His mind is clear-sighted and singularly agile. Such characteristics fit him readily to enter into the cosmopolitan manysidedness of Goethe. Stoicism is odious to him : enthusiasm is apt to awaken his quick sense of the ludicrous : speculation he will analyse for

you to a nicety, and fling away the shreds as worthless. Here again is an advantage for the biographer of Goethe. The artist and the sage of Weimar—so little speculative, so active, and yet so calm—is a man after his own heart. Mr. Lewes will be sure to erect no austere ideal to the disadvantage of his hero. He need never take a step out of his way to admire, to sympathize with, or to defend him. What many have blamed as Epicurean indifference in Goethe, would have been praised by Mr. Lewes as good sense, had he never contributed a single stone to his monument. In Goethe's preference of natural science to metaphysics our author shared, long before the design of the present work had entered his mind. Mr. Lewes lays before his readers an adequate supply of facts, and with sufficient fairness, to enable them to judge for themselves concerning the true character of the poet. So long as a biographer will do this, it is better for his biography that he should err by temperament, rather in the same direction as his hero than in the opposite. We have all an instinctive feeling that the estimate of kindred minds concerning us is most likely to be the true one. For love gives insight; and the labour of love is, for the most part, a successful labour.

One excellent feature in this book will render it no small service—the care which has been taken not to demand too much from the reader. No pains have been spared to render into English, in a manner,—not German *words* merely,—but German *life*. The story is told in such a way that we are insensibly placed in the position necessary to its full enjoyment. The survey of German literature, the descriptions of Weimar scenery and Weimar society, are only the most conspicuous among many similar helps and illustrations, welcome to every reader. The style is clear and sparkling; the interest never flags; the book cannot be laid aside unfinished. This *Life and Works of Goethe* will live among the best biographies in our language.

Let the reader consider, too, what this work *might* have been. With many writers, the two volumes must have swollen to six. Let any one consult the list, in the Appendix, of works called forth from the German press by Werther alone. Let the correspondence, the controversies, the commentaries, be called to mind, that have shot forth, taken root, and propagated about that gigantic banyan trunk, the *Sämmtliche Werke*. We shudder as we think of what we have escaped, and we style thrice-blessed Mr. Lewes's power of shelving the uninteresting. Suppose we had been lost in a forest of filed letters;—the Germans of those days wrote *such* letters—interminable, after-æsthetic-tea-in-select-circles-to-be-read lucubrations, of inscrutable profundity. Suppose we had been blinded and swallowed up in such a sand-whirlwind of minute

and unintelligible facts as some writers delight to send flying about men's ears. How miserable the reader's fate, had he been swept away among the icebergs of allegory to those frigid and misty realms where move symbolic forms, bright only with the prismatic hues of an idle rhetoric! Under the guidance of Mr. Lewes we travel swiftly, always on *terra firma*, in sober daylight, in clear sunshine, seeing afar the mountains of German erudition, and hearing untroubled (as an occasional rumble underground) some reverberation from its deepest utterance.

The Germans themselves are emphatically acknowledging their debt to our countryman by beginning already to translate his book. Not only have his repeated visits to Germany been highly opportune, but he has been more active, when there, than lies in the nature of the lethargic Teuton. The leviathan biography of Viehoff, and the very able-bodied book of Schaefer, were achieved without a visit to Weimar, without any inquiry among the localities most rich in traditions of the poet. So little is the German mind disposed to trouble itself with those accessories of external detail which are of such interest to us. Here, as elsewhere, old Time is a double-dealer. While he adds, with one hand, to our store of minor facts concerning Goethe, he lessens it with the other. A few years liberate, one after the other, little collections of correspondence; but these same years also carry away those who could enrich us with their personal reminiscences. The inquiries of Mr. Lewes have been prosecuted late enough to reap the advantage of the first, and not too late to be altogether deprived of the last. He has kept quick-eyed watch on the banks of his river, and as each flood from the hills has swollen it, and set floating again the land-locked waifs and strays of information—those boughs, and leaves, and blossoms that lay coiled together by many a frothy eddy in its little creek,—he has been at hand to intercept the drift. And while other relies on the surface, lower down the stream, have been borne more swiftly away by the accelerated current, his nets have been spread for them also, at due interval, so that he has never let slip the old while hastening to secure the new.

To taste at once the quality of our author's style, let the reader quaff the following cup of welcome, wherewith Mr. Lewes announces the advent of his young Jupiter:—

‘Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born on the 28th of August, 1749, as the clock sounded the hour of noon, in the busy town of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. The busy town, as may be supposed, was quite heedless of what was then passing in the corner of that low, heavy-beamed room in the *Grosse Hirsch Graben*, when an infant, black, and almost lifeless, was watched with agonizing anxiety—an anxiety dissolving

into tears of joy, as the aged grandmother exclaimed to the pale mother: '*Rüthlein, er lebt!*'—'he lives!' But if the town was heedless, not so were the stars, as astrologers will certify: the stars knew who was gasping for life beside his trembling mother, and in solemn convocation they prefigured his future greatness. Goethe, with a grave smile, notes this conjunction of the stars, as Condivi, in his *Vita di Michelagnolo*, does of his hero, *without* a smile.

'Whatever the stars may have betokened, this August, 1749, was a momentous month to Germany, if only because it gave birth to the man whose influence has been greater than that of any man since Luther. A momentous month in very momentous times. It is the middle of the eighteenth century; a period when the movement carried out by Luther was passing from religion to politics, and freedom of thought was translating itself into liberty of act. From theology, the movement had communicated itself to philosophy, morals, and politics. The agitation was still mainly in the higher classes, but it was gradually descending to the lower. A period of deep unrest, big with events which would distend the conceptions of all men, and bewilder some of the wisest. A few random glances at the 'notables' may serve to call up something like the historical presence of the epoch.

In that month of August, Madame du Châtelet, the learned and pedantic *Uranie* of Voltaire, died in childbirth, leaving him without a companion, and without a counsellor to prevent his going to the Court of Frederick the Great. In that year Rousseau was seen in the brilliant circle of Mad. d'Épinay, discussing with the Encyclopædists, declaiming eloquently on the sacredness of maternity, and going home to cast his newborn infant into the basket of the Foundling Hospital. In that year Samuel Johnson was toiling manfully over his English Dictionary; Gibbon was at Westminster, trying with unsuccessful diligence to master the Greek and Latin rudiments; Goldsmith was delighting the Tony Lumpkins of his district, and the 'wandering bear-leaders of genteeler sort' with his talents, and enjoying that 'careless idleness of fireside and easy chair,' and that 'tavern excitement of the game of cards, to which he looked back so wistfully from his first hard London struggles.' In that year Buffon, whose *scientific* greatness Goethe was one of the first to perceive, and whose influence has been so profound, produced the first volume of his *Histoire Naturelle*. In that year Mirabeau and Alfieri were tyrants in their nurseries, and Marat was an innocent boy of five, toddling about in the Val de Travers, untroubled by phantoms of *les aristocrats*.

'This was the period in which Goethe was born. Of the city—Frankfurt—he has given us a loving picture. No city in Germany seems so well fitted for the birthplace of this cosmopolitan poet. It was rich in speaking memorials of the past, remnants of old German life, lingering echoes of the voices which sounded through the middle ages; memorials, such as the town within a town, the fortress within a fortress, the walled cloisters, the various symbolical ceremonies still preserved from feudal times, the Jews' quarter, so picturesque, so filthy, and so strikingly significant. But if Frankfurt was thus repre-

sentative of the past, it was equally representative of the present. The travellers brought there by the Rhine-stream, and by the great northern roads, made it a representative of Europe, and an emporium of commerce. It was thus a centre for that distinctively modern idea—industrialism—which began, and must complete, the destruction of Feudalism. This two-fold character Frankfurt retains to the present day. The storks, perched upon the ancient gables of the past, look down upon the varied bustle of fairs held by modern commerce in the ancient streets.—Vol. **2** pp. 17—19.

So in quaint and bustling Frankfurt are to pass the early years of the boy Goethe—that old-fashioned, handsome, precocious child. A pleasant childhood! Not relegated to the detestable barbarities which great public schools like ours legitimize; but spent, for the most part, under the family roof-tree. Those young days are a garden which the father and the mother divide between them. On the one side are formal walks and terraces, precisian avenues of clipped trees, and all the methodism of rectangular horticulture. On the other, mimic ruins, glens and waterfalls,—what seems a slip of wild sweetness from some tract of romantic landscape that might have glistened and blossomed in the vale of Avalon. For the father schooled him by mathematic rule, training up a life-long love of order. The young mother made her boy a friend—told him tales of the sunny south, and fed him with wonders from fairy-land. From him came intellectual strength and legislative will: from her, the gladsome buoyant spirit—the poetry of a poet's life. The boy of eight years old writes German, Greek and Latin, French and Italian. So precocious is the receptive faculty. He fills his mind with images from his classics, from travels, from story-books, from the poets of the day, and invents tales of his own to tell his school-fellows. So active, already, is the faculty which produces. He has a whole heap of stories and lessons written ready to teach his little brother Jacob, who was carried off by the small-pox. So affectionate, as well as clever, is this learned child.

At sixteen Goethe was sent to college, entering Leipsic University to study jurisprudence, regarding a professor's chair as the summit of his ambition. He had loved mathematics as little as poetic natures usually do. He soon began to abhor logic; and presently grew tired of law. Some medical students, with whom he used to dine, spoke much of botany, of Linnæus, and of Buffon. The impressionable Goethe, smitten by every novelty in the world of knowledge, prefers their pursuits to his own. The flower-dust is fairer than the book-dust—pollen more wondrous than the pandects, and nature ever dearer than abstrac-

tions. Meanwhile, he learns even more from Dr. Böhme's accomplished wife than from that learned law-professor himself. She takes him in hand—and how many youths have been similarly indebted to the refined tuition of woman. She tells him he really must not wear such coats,—he must correct that provincial accent,—he must learn to speak without that Sancho-like profusion of proverbs. Let him sit down, and she will teach him how to take a hand at cards, like other folk. Verses, indeed! Let her read them. Ah! he is quite mistaken; they are clever, but he can do better. He shall do better. His models themselves wrote wretchedly. He must surpass them, at least. So Goethe is polished, and begins to walk with an air, and will make a figure in society, with that fine face of his, and those large resplendent eyes. As to his productions at Frankfurt, he gives them to the flames. He will go forward now, for he has burnt his boats. And wisely, too. Frau Böhme was right. The lost fleet was but a nutshell Armada, launched in a little pool. Next, he sees life in company with a rollicking blade named Behrisch,—falls in love, and is righteously rejected by the young lady for returning her affection with restless and impatient suspicions. He finds his way behind the scenes of Leipsic society, and embodies his sense of his own faults and those of others in a drama called the *Fellow Sinners*, inculcating universal charity, since all are in some way culprits.

Two facts are here significant; one, that young Goethe should have attracted so many confidences,—should have become the depositary for domestic secrets, and initiated into the mystery of the stock-ton-closet, in so many families. There is a certain class of men who do remarkably attract to themselves (like magnets laid down among the filings of a workman's board) the ill-fated, nondescript particles of fact, thrown off by the great turning-lathe of society. But such men have always three qualities,—sympathy, judgment, reticence. A kindly readiness of interest in the sorrows or perplexities of others, and a steady principle of honour, must have been conspicuous in Goethe, despite his random way at times. Confidence is not for chatterboxes, nor weathercocks, nor unsunned rugged natures; the best hearts never suffer daws to peck at them a second time. Let Goethe, then, have the credit due in this matter. Observe, also, the other peculiarity to be noticed here—the tendency to turn life into art—to represent his personal experience in song or dramatic action.

Goethe belongs to the *objective* order of poets. His sphere is reality. It may seem to the English reader (wearied with the perpetual antithesis of objective and subjective) that those artists should be called subjective who are limited, like Goldsmith, al-

most wholly to scenes and persons within their own experience. But, in fact, the question between realist and idealist is one of quality, not quantity. There is no little ambiguity in our æsthetic language arising from the fact that there are two kinds of invention and two kinds of experience. There is invention of one kind in Milton's conception of Satan's journey out of hell. There is invention of another kind in the situations brought about in *Twelfth Night* by the deceptive resemblance of Sebastian and his sister Viola. There is experience of one kind gained by every youth who is enamoured—is jealous—is ambitious—is disappointed. There is experience of another kind, accumulating every day, as we observe character, and become expert in the practical affairs of life. The invention which combines or clothes ideas belongs, for the most part, to the genius which is eminently subjective. The invention which develops and reconstructs character and incident is rather objective. Shelley and Jean Paul are subjective artists. The objective tendency predominates in Scott and Thackeray. Fleur de Marie could only exist in the imagination of Eugene Sue. But Pendennis is frequently to be seen, and so is his uncle, the Major. While Sir James Graham blandly prosed, every one must feel that Pecksniff has actual existence. The counterpart of Juliet's nurse may still be met with in the picturesque streets of Verona. These are objective characters, yet about these, also, the subjective faculty must be busy. For to interest the reader in them adequately, they must talk more cleverly, more wittily, or more absurdly, than in actual life. They must be the originals *plus* the author. They must be sufficiently themselves to escape mere caricature or any unnatural profusion of good things; sufficiently his to be something more than themselves,—to exhibit in strong relief the culminating point of their nature. Many poets, gifted with a preponderance of the objective faculty, have yet commenced their career by attempts altogether subjective. They have sought remote sources of interest. They have given us, not nature, but a solution of nature. They have seen all through the medium of some one humour, aspiration, or regret. The world, for them, is shut in a lachrymatory, or shows obscurely through the folds of a spangled gauze. By degrees they forget themselves, and begin to represent things directly, as they actually are. Thus it was with Byron. But Goethe began with experience, and drew his first sketches from the life.

Yet he could scarcely have seen life in any very great variety of aspects, at the time when he thus began to attempt its picture. It may appear remarkable that so many of the best dramatic writers should have been young men. In fact, youth, while

gaining its experience, is best fitted to record it. There is much attraction in that distinct and brilliant impress which has been just stamped on the last new metal in the resounding mint of time. Much is effected, moreover, by that inward experience, to which allusion has been made, wherein youth may be a great proficient. The school of the heart counts no terms. Where the poetical or the dramatic faculty exists in large measure, there we always find the gift of *Anticipation*, as Goethe calls it,—an experience that seems almost innate. Thus young Goethe may correctly surmise how a certain character will express itself under the influence of love, hate, terror. If exhibitions of passion thus truthful be adroitly arranged, a dramatic success is assured. The stage exhibits the concentrated effects, not the processes of action. But for minute description of external details, or for the development of a series of incidents, a far greater amount of practical knowledge, and much more extensive observation is necessary. Some acquaintance with law and lawyers is requisite if a writer would well conduct a story whose *dénouement* turns upon a suit in chancery. Some knowledge of business is demanded for a novel which assigns an important part to the commission of a forgery or the failure of a bank. Thus riper years and fuller information bring more advantage to narrative than to dramatic fiction.

The attention of our versatile student was next turned to Art. He studied drawing under Oeser, with but moderate success. But from this teacher he learnt ‘that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose; that therefore no youth can be a master.’ Though unsuccessful as a draughtsman, Goethe’s time was not wasted by such endeavours. In the woof of life the broken threads are gathered up, and woven in again with care. Nothing is lost. Whether triumphant or abortive in detail, the curiosity, the ambition, the very imitation of youth, work toward the ripe production of wealthy age. Winckelmann contributed to *Wilhelm Meister*; and the truth of many a description of nature may be traced to the crayon or the brush. The sketches of a poet are studies for poems. The eye acquires a new insight, and the memory a new retentiveness for form and colour, when the habit has been formed of long gazing on a landscape, while asking, How shall I preserve that gleam? how produce that blue? by what touches shall I indicate that particular foliage?

After an interval of ill-health, beguiled by some religious thoughts and theosophic studies, we find Goethe, in the spring of 1770, standing on the platform of Strasburg Minster, exultant in recovered health, joyous in escape from Frankfurt, which seems duller now than ever, inhaling the April breezes and

watching the flying April clouds, as they shadow the Rhine valley, and as the many branching streams, each embracing its green island, sparkle or darken underneath. At Strasburg he still corresponds with the pious Fraülein von Klettenberg, and continues his mystical studies. He goes to communion, associates with religious people, and scruples to play at whist. But the scruple passes away, and pietism cannot retain him. He finds anatomical lectures more interesting than law, and pursues science with an avidity grievous to his father. He learns to dance and to play the violoncello; he rides and fences; he studies the Minster; he quaffs bumpers of Rhine wine on glorious summer eves; reads Moses Mendelssohn and Plato; and forms acquaintance with Herder.

And here the nature of Goethe's friendships should be noticed, as illustrating his character. His temperament was such that he shrank instinctively from perplexing questions, gloomy thoughts, scenes of unnatural excitement. It was the habit of his mother—the cheerful, sunny Frau Aja, to dispatch disagreeable duties as quickly as possible, and to receive disagreeable intelligence as late as possible. The characteristic had descended to her son. But from companionships the most opposite and seemingly uncongenial, Goethe felt no disposition to shrink. He had nothing of that unsocial reserve which naturally flies to solitude. He had nothing of that timidity or that narrowness which can only feel in safety or at home with natures in nearly all respects similar. He was too genial for the numerical isolation of the one class; too robust for the intellectual isolation of the other. That manly liberality of the youth, which found a point of interest in natures most unlike or even antipathetic to his own, became in after years the serene optimism of the sage. Let each individuality have its place, he would say: let the friend enjoy in his friend, not that which he has, but that which he has not. He rejoices in associates like headlong Behrisch and fantastic Lenz. He is strongly interested in the devout and sentimental Stilling. He associates with the radical and scoffing theorist Basedow—the dirtiest of smoke-dried pedagogues. He is familiar with the pious, science-loving Lavater—nearest of mortals. It is as though a man should be friends with Cobbett and Wilberforce at the same time. He derives a stimulus toward production alike from the comprehensive mind of the poetical Herder, and from the acute mind of the critical Merck. The friend who spouts Macpherson's *Ossian* by moonlight claims one part of Goethe; another part is assigned to the friend with whom he first enjoys the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*. One of his associates affects in his talk the manner of

Shakespeare's fools; another is a prim classicist, who admires everything French, and worships the Unities. The man and the artist are in fact inseparable. The benefits of such social and æsthetic catholicity, perfectly compatible as it is with the retention of a man's own individuality, are too obvious to need illustration. Goethe was manysided in his works, simply because he was manysided in his sympathies.

Schaefer appears to us quite right in thinking that Goethe has scarcely done justice in his Autobiography to the influence of his friend Merck—that accomplished critic and practical man of business. Goethe wrote when he was himself another man, and with recollections coloured by the fact, that within twenty years from the old times when they had worked together on the *Frankfurter Gelehrten Anzeigen*, the intellect of Merck had been overcast, and he perished by his own hand. The influence exerted by Merck was the complement of that exercised by Herder, and both were in these days of great service to Goethe. Herder was frequently dogmatical and bitter; for his fervid nature knew nothing of Goethe's tolerance. Merck was frequently cynical and sarcastic; for his tastes were refined, and his sense of the ludicrous exquisite. Merck, less self-inclosed than his friend Herder, was the first to discover the greatness of Goethe. Herder loved to extol the poetry of the people at the expense of the poetry of art. He revived a taste for the song which sprang from the heart of the nation, whether in ancient Judæa, in mediæval Germany, or in the merry England of the olden time. He possessed all that interest which Goethe lacked for the great movements of history, for the utterance and for the fate of the masses of mankind. His impetuous rhetoric belonged entirely to the *Storm and Stress* period of German literature. In the case of Goethe, he poured oil on that romantic fire which Merck could only tolerate. Herder's sarcasm was aimed at conventionalism, at critical canons, at the tame proprieties of mediocrity. Merck was inclined to quizz the young poets of the tempestuous school, so audaciously defiant of the past. Herder kindled the ambition of Goethe, but Merck invited his confidence. The ideas of Herder may be said to have effloresced in *Götz von Berlichingen*. But to Merck only was the manuscript shown, with Merck the young dramatist took counsel, and it was Merck who advised its immediate publication. The student years of Goethe are concluded by a well-known episode—the most touching in his story—his love for Frederika. The lovely and simple-hearted daughter of a village pastor could enchain but for a season the restless ambition of a youth who belonged to another sphere. Goethe felt, when he bade her farewell, that he was forsaking her. He

does not defend himself. Mr. Lewes, wiser than some of his admirers, does not defend him either. It may be true that the sense of honour which exacts the performance of a pledge to which the heart gives no fulfilment is a very mistaken one. Such a marriage keeps the word of promise to the world; but breaks it—where alone it is of worth—at the fireside. It sacrifices the spirit to the letter. Wretched must be the union which, begun by a spasm of self-sacrifice, collapses in a lasting sense of wrong. The greater then should be the care and forethought exercised in the first formation of engagements. Yet how vainly does grey wisdom preach to joyous youth, hungering after love, surrounded by the facilities and the incitements of life's springtime!

Returning to Frankfurt, Goethe found his brain in a ferment, from his passionate admiration for Shakespeare: his heart in sorrow, from remorseful memories of Frederika. He adopted at that time the course which he followed all through life. He relieved both heart and brain by literary production. He wrote *Götz von Berlichingen*, toiling hard, correcting often, finding—like all true workmen—the work itself his choice delight. He drew from his own experience. He represented the stormy strength of his own youth in Götz, and the weakness of that youth in Weislingen. One of his friends was represented both by character and name in the gallant Lerse. In Wetzlar, Goethe became practically acquainted with the 'law's delay' and the law's corruption. Nothing more was necessary to enable him with all his soul to admire, portray, and justify that iron-handed knight, whose warrant was the sword, whose law-book, chivalry. The first draught of *Götz* was written, it is true, in 1771, and Goethe did not visit Wetzlar till the following year; but the *Götz* which appeared in 1773 shows plainly that there had been times when the wild fist-law of the sixteenth century appeared to him a more equitable settlement of disputes than the false and ruinous 'justice' of the eighteenth.

Great and instantaneous was the success of *Götz* with the public, though small the profit to the author. That play broke the last fetters of literary conventionalism. Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* and Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* were the pillars of Hercules out of which the daring genius of the *Storm and Stress*—the pride of young Germany—was to sail forth upon an untried sea. Goethe professed to reanimate the old conflict which had been carried on in the age of the Reformation. The ancient forms are visible—the scenery, the plumes, the cognizances, of vanishing chivalry. The clash of arms is heard, and the tumultuous dissolution of the feudal time. But the fire and fury of the strife were derived from the similar struggle then raging

about him. *Götz* fights the battle of heroic individualism against decayed prescription. Hence the loud acclaim which greeted its appearance. The spirit, and not the form only, was in harmony with the time. It was not merely that Lessing had taught the nation to break away from the literary despotism of France; not merely that the genius of Shakespeare and the literature of England inflamed the young enthusiasm of the day. Frederick the Great had crushed, with buffalo tramp, through the routine of courts and armies. Multitudes were feeling still as the boy Goethe had felt. To the wrongs of Maria Theresa they never gave a thought. The cause of that bloody war was as nothing. But the *man* they admired—that impersonation of indomitable will, that tyrant-anarch, that portentous giant—sprung out of the Prussian sands, who had shaken, as with Briarean hands, the Olympian thrones of Europe. The American Revolution, too, had kindled an unlooked-for beacon in the West. The theories of Rousseau were awakening strange thoughts in France. Everywhere revolutionary speculation seemed about to pass over into action; and each sign of action generated its progeny of sanguine speculation. The spirit of the time was itself a prologue to *Götz*; for the struggle and the hope of its hero represented the battle of Liberty with Tradition, and gave a voice to the confidence of the Present in its revolt from the Past.

Götz von Berlichingen was succeeded, within little more than a year, by a work destined to a still wider renown, *The Sorrows of Werther*. That period in the literary history of Germany, called, for want of a better name, the *Storm and Stress* time, contains two elements. It is a strange compound of strength and weakness. There is a high-souled, strong-handed protest against a corrupt age, which is proper to the manly nature. There is a querulous and heartsick discontent with every form of hindrance or limitation, which is the weakness of the effeminate. The former thunders in *Götz*; the latter weeps in *Werther*; for must not every thundercloud have its rain-droppings? Werther is the phantom reflexion of the armed warrior Götz. The stout old German hero dies sword in hand in a battle with circumstance; and is a victor in his very fall. The tearful youth who makes his moan in *Werther*, can neither fight with courage nor yield with dignity. He fills the air with his melodious plaint, and sadly sings how heaven and earth have joined to beset his path with obstacles,—in shape of straws. One act of self-denial, one vigorous resolve, and the adversities which mar, had made him. But with a nature so distempered, mere desire is mistaken for power, mere fretfulness for the sublime unrest of a genius too refined for the coarse jostling of this everyday life. This valetu-

dinarian soul is always imagining what it would have been in some position of impossible indulgence, some state wherein existence would have known no *vis inertiae*, no barrier, no strife; wherein even art should have been without a canon, and beauty without a law. At this period, then, society and literature were uttering a twofold complaint, a complaint against grievances which were imposed from without; and a complaint against grievances which were in reality evolved from within. The murmurs of the latter were a faltering echo from the trumpet-tones of the former. Sentimentality is heroism with the reverse side outwards; its form and colour faded, confused, distorted. The character of Götz is cast in the iron of Goethe's own nature; the character of Werther is moulded in its wax. Götz is an ideal of Goethe as he was when the strength of his youth asserted itself. Werther is an image of Goethe as he might have been had the weakness of his youth been more indulged.

In Wetzlar, Goethe first saw Lotte, the original of Werther's Charlotte. To her belonged the three gifts which Chaucer celebrates in woman, 'sweet Thought, sweet Speech, sweet Looking.' To Goethe belonged a heart in which tender regret for an old affection served only to enhance the attractions of a new. Lotte was beloved by Kestner, and returned his affection. Kestner and Goethe were friends. Yet Goethe beheld Lotte and loved. Strong as the temptation appears to have been, the principle of Goethe was reinforced by powerful auxiliaries. Neither the vanity of the coquette nor the vanity of the prude could find a lodgment in the true heart of Lotte. She was as wise as she was winning. Her lover, Kestner, too, was not only a friend, but the most magnanimous of friends. Some men are too proud for jealousy. The modest Kestner acknowledged at once the superior fascination exercised by Goethe. Yet no hint of suspicion betrayed a doubt of his betrothed or of his friend. Merck, too, was at hand, a sagacious pilot, to warn Goethe of his danger. Here, verily, were three guardian angels; and Goethe's better self prevailed. He fled from Wetzlar.

Not long after his return to Frankfurt, he received from Kestner a letter, relating an occurrence which had thrown Wetzlar into great agitation. A melancholy youth, named Jerusalem, who had quarrelled with his employer, and loved his employer's wife, had borrowed a pair of pistols, shut himself up, and blown out his brains. So miserably did the sentimentalist cut that knot which Goethe had just untied by timely flight. Here, then, were the materials of that tragic tale which Goethe wrote, in a few secluded busy weeks, at Frankfurt. It is easy to understand how Goethe found solace and pleasure in representing

a nature tossed and overwhelmed by those waves from which he himself had just escaped safe to land. To portray the strength of such a passion was to present to himself an excuse for having entertained it, even for a season. To give utterance to the hysterical fervours of *Werther* was to part with the last remnant of his weakness in the act of giving it expression.

The author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* makes Rinaldo cross a stream by a magic bridge of gold. The knight is no sooner on the other side than the bridge breaks up and drops into the water, while the stream becomes a raging torrent, precluding all retreat. The composition of *Werther* served a like temporary purpose, and carried Goethe out of a country to which he never returned. In his old age, he declared to Eckermann that he had read the book but once since its appearance, and had taken good care not to read it again. It was a mass of Congreve rockets, he said. He felt uncomfortable when he looked at it, and dreaded lest he should experience once more the peculiar state from which it was produced. Throughout his life it was the habit of Goethe to relieve his mind of oppression or excitement by literary effort. The fervours of sentimentalism evaporated in *Werther*. The influence of Shakespeare was liberated through the safety-valve of *Gotz*. By the production of that play and *Egmont*, all danger of undue bias from the great Englishman was finally escaped. The uneasy reminiscence of so much time lost at Weimar, was removed in Italy by the composition of his *Tasso*. The smart of criticism he would assuage by an epigram. The retaliating rhymes lay unheeded in some drawer; they had drawn out the sting, and restored him his serenity. He used to say, that could Byron only have vented his vexation in Parliament, his poetry would have lost half its gloom and bitterness. Many of those morbid, sarcastic poems he proposed to call 'suppressed parliamentary speeches.' There was insight, as well as wit, in the remark. How much good English indignation is dissipated by a few weeks' grumble.

Goethe did not attribute the astonishing success of *Werther* to the peculiar susceptibility of the crisis during which it appeared. Such an expression of discontent and weariness was sure, he thought, to find an echo in multitudes of youthful hearts at any time. It belonged not to a period in the culture of the nation, so much as to a period in the life of every individual. Every personal history has its epoch, wherein the first discord between the ideal and the actual is felt with peculiar keenness—perhaps bewailed in lugubrious verse. A woful tale, like that of *Werther*, is at once the aliment and element of these imaginary sorrows. Poor Prince Arthur, in his prison, suffering

a real distress, could remember how, in France, 'young gentlemen would be as sad as night, for very wantonness.' How certain, then, was *Werther* to find hundreds of readers, to each of whom it seemed written for him or her alone. How much more so in a country like Germany, where 'the luxury of woe' may be said to rank among the national entertainments. The young people at Weimar were never better pleased with the management of the theatre than when they had enjoyed 'a good cry' over a tragedy by Kotzebue. To the constant vein of sentimentality in the German public may be attributed the difference in the effects produced by *Götz* and by *Werther* on the literature of the day. *Götz* became the first of a number of similar efforts; but *Werther* did not, in the same way, multiply reflections of itself. Goethe's play was the parent of many a terrible and stormy drama. Goethe's novelette did not found a school of sentimental tales. The former imparted an impetus to action; the latter was accepted as a consummate expression of feeling. In giving utterance to Werther's sorrows, sentimentalism had said its utmost. The book became a lovers' manual—the unrivalled and perpetual classic of sick hearts—the authorized repertory of language for fantastic passion. It was solemnly denounced; it was mercilessly caricatured; it was pirated, travestied, vulgarized; it was recast, it was continued, it was dramatized by many hands, but it stood alone—a climax, not a starting-point.

And now, passing over an interval of minor significance, we come to Goethe's court-life in Weimar—that German Athens, whither he repaired, at six-and-twenty, to become the friend and counsellor of its generous prince. Very interesting is the picture given by Mr. Leves of the state of society in that little Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, whose capital has been described as a city with ten thousand poets, and a few inhabitants. It is but too true that Goethe and Schiller found at Weimar a circle, but not a public. Yet in Germany, and in the middle of the eighteenth century, it could scarcely be otherwise. Germany is still far from that well-knit nationality which would make the 'Fatherland' a reality and a power. In those old-fashioned days of strong prejudices and slow communications, the disintegration of the country was far more complete. The most civilized parts of Germany were a century behind England in all the convenient and comfortable appliances of life. Hear the following account:—

'The absence of comfort and luxury (luxury as distinguished from ornament) may be gathered from the memoirs of the time, and from such works as Bertuch's *Mode Journal*. Such necessities as good locks, doors that shut, drawers opening easily, tolerable knives, carts on springs, or beds fit for a Christian of any other than the 'German

persuasion,' are still rarities in Thuringia; but in those days, when sewers were undreamed of, and a post-office was a chimera, all that we moderns consider comfort was necessarily fabulous. The furniture, even of palaces, was extremely simple. In the houses of wealthy bourgeois, chairs and tables were of common fir; not until the close of the eighteenth century did mahogany make its appearance. Looking-glasses followed. The chairs were covered with a coarse green cloth: the tables likewise; and carpets are only now beginning to loom upon the national mind as a possible luxury. The windows were hung with woollen curtains, when the extravagance of curtains was ventured on. Easy chairs were unknown; the only arm-chair allowed was the so-called *grandfather's chair*, which was reserved for the dignity of grey-hairs or the feebleness of age.

The *salon de réception*, or drawing-room, into which greatly honoured visitors were shown, had, of course, a kind of Sunday splendour not dimmed by week-day familiarity. There hung the curtains; the walls were adorned with family portraits, or some work of extremely 'native talent'; the tables alluring the eye with china, in guise of cups, vases, impossible shepherds, and very allegorical dogs. Into this room the honoured visitor was ushered; and then, no matter what the hour, he was handed refreshment of some kind. This custom—a compound product of hospitality and bad inns—lingered until lately in England, and perhaps is still not unknown in provincial towns.

On eating and drinking was spent the surplus now devoted to finery. No one then, except gentlemen of the first water, boasted of a gold snuff-box; even a gold-headed cane was an unusual elegance. The dandy contented himself with a silver watch. The fine lady blazoned herself with a gold watch and heavy chain, but it was an hei-oi-oi! To see a modern dinner service, glittering with silver, glass, and china, and to think that even the nobility in those days ate off pewter, is enough to make the lapse of time very vivid to us. A silver teapot and teatray were held as princely magnificence.

The manners were rough and simple. The journeymen ate at the same table with their masters, and joined in the coarse jokes which then passed for hilarity. Filial obedience was rigidly enforced, the stick or strap not unfrequently aiding parental authority. Even the brothers exercised an almost paternal authority over their sisters. Indeed, the 'position of women' was by no means such as our women can conceive with patience; not only were they kept under the paternal, marital, and fraternal yoke, but society limited their actions by its prejudices still more than it does now. No woman, for instance, of the better class of citizens could go out alone; the servant girl followed her to church, to a shop, or even to the promenade.

The coarseness of language may be gathered from our own literature of that period. The roughness of manners is shown by such a scene as that in *Wilhelm Meister*, where the Fair Saint, in her confessions (speaking of high, well-born society) narrates how, at an evening party, forfeits were introduced; one of these forfeits is, that a

gentleman shall say something gallant to every lady present. He whispers in the ear of a lady, who boxes his ears, and boxes it with such violence that the powder from his hair flies into the Fair Saint's eyes; when she is enabled to see again, it is to see that the husband of the lady has drawn his sword, and stabbed the offender, and that a duel, in the very presence of these women, is only prevented by one of the combatants being dragged from the room.

'The foregoing survey would be incomplete without some notice of the *prices* of things, the more so as we shall learn hereafter that the pension Karl August gave Schiller was 200 thalers—about 60*l.* of our money—and that the salary Goethe received, as councillor of legation, was only 1200 thalers—about 200*l.* per annum. On reading this, Mr. Smith jingles the loose silver in his pockets, and with that superb British pride, redolent of Consols, which makes the family of Smith so accurate a judge of all social positions, exclaims, 'These beggarly Germans! I give my head clerk twice the sum.' Without, however, wishing to mitigate Mr. Smith's just contempt, it is necessary I should establish something like the real relation of this sum to the expenses of living. Thus we find in Schiller's correspondence with Körner, that he hires a riding-horse for sixpence a-day (vol. i. p. 84), and gets a manuscript fairly copied at the rate of threehalfpence a-sheet of sixteen pages (vol. i. p. 92); with us the charge is twopence for every seventy-two words. The whole of *Don Carlos* cost but three and sixpence for copying. He hires a furnished apartment, consisting of two rooms and a bed-room, for two pounds twelve and sixpence a quarter (Charlotte von Kalb, writing to Jean Paul, Nov. 1796, says his lodgings will only cost him ten dollars, or thirty shillings a quarter); while his male servant, who, in case of need, can act as secretary, is to be had for eighteen shillings a quarter (vol. i. p. 111). Reckoning up his expenses, he says, 'Washing, servants, the barber, and such things, all paid quarterly, and none exceeding six shillings; so that, speaking in round numbers, I shall hardly need more than four hundred and fifty dollars' (vol. ii. p. 94); that is, about 70*l.* a-year. Even when he is married, and sees a family growing round him, he says, 'With eight hundred dollars I can live here in Jena charmingly—*recht artig.*'' (vol. ii. p. 153).—Vol. i. pp. 320—323.

The early years at Weimar were abandoned to the jovial lawlessness which was then accounted the prerogative of genius. Duke Karl August was a young sovereign heartily desirous of benefiting the subjects of his little principality. He was clear-headed yet headstrong, original, adventurous, fond of break-neck chases, disguises, practical jokes, mad freaks, shocking to court etiquette. Young Goethe was as wild as he, and countless were their extravagances, eating, drinking, love-making, and befooling. Yet when business must be done, the madcaps could grow sober on the instant, and despatch it with a promptitude and skill at which Humdrum held up wondering hands. At Weimar, Goethe forgot

his short-lived love for Lili in a new passion for the Frau von Stein, the wife of the Master of the Horse, a beautiful woman of three-and-thirty, the mother of seven children. So low were the morals of that petty court, that no one was scandalized by this amour. The higher circles of German society had caught all the immorality while attaining none of the elegance which distinguished the Parisian models. What they wanted in wit they made up in sentimentality.

During this period Goethe's muse produced nothing of importance. Scanty, indeed, must have been the time reserved for his art, what with 'boar-hunting in the light of early dawn, sitting in the middle of the day in grave diplomacy and active council, rehearsing during the afternoon and enlivening the evening with 'grotesque serenades or torch-light sledgings'—to say nothing of balls, masquerades, private theatricals, and concerts. It cost Goethe nothing to throw himself headlong into this whirl of brilliant trivialities. He never felt for a moment that he was sacrificing his grins to the frivolities of a court. Having chosen such a position, it would have been foolish to quarrel with its conditions. To nourish in seclusion 'a youth sublime,' elaborating in poverty some mighty poem, would have been intolerable to Goethe. He cherished no large designs for some creation yet unborn, which should eclipse his early efforts. That time was precious, and that he was wasting it, was not a thought likely to occur to him—at least, until mere satiety brought on reflection. He enjoyed the Weimar life, and he persuaded himself that this dissipation was a part of his culture. In his personal habits he was neither luxurious nor self-indulgent; but he entertained no views concerning art which rendered it imperative 'to scorn delights and live laborious days.' His estimate of literary occupation somewhat resembles that of Sir Walter Scott. In his eyes the enjoyments and even the fame of literary effort were objects altogether secondary as compared with social status, with the enjoyment of nature, and the healthy sports of the field. It was not in Goethe's nature to become pre-eminent the man of books. To be shut up to write for bread, would have been for him a doom as melancholy as poor Scott at last found it. Some men must work with weary assiduity for years to produce a slight impression, to add a mite to the knowledge or the good among their fellows. Others labour for a few weeks, and have achieved a reputation. A few felicitous strokes have laid the foundation of a growing fame, and won a place in history. On the gifted Goethe the obligation of painful toil was not laid; and as far as his enjoyments were innocent, he is not to be blamed for preferring, as a young man, the pleasures afforded by his position to the ex-

haunting labours of the study. Those who can taste largely life's delights, while accomplishing a memorable work, are surely at liberty to do so. Let only such joys be stingless. In these days of grinding competition, we see too exclusively the severest side of life. We are too eager in acquisition to find time for enjoyment. The return for labour which has been forced beyond the demands of duty is often too dearly bought, even if it amount to fame. But when such austere servitude realizes but a brief or uncertain reputation it becomes a folly, for peace of mind might have been ours without it. We may call such a mistake the infirmity of noble minds; but it is a very great mistake, notwithstanding.

The temperament of Goethe was too restless for protracted labour on a single subject. The disadvantages attendant on the production of a great work—the task of years—he clearly saw; and doubted whether the harvest was worth the tedious seed-time. Such an undertaking demanded tranquil days, remote from all disturbance. Has not the present, he would ask, its claims? Are not those poetic utterances commonly the best which express the feeling of the hour? But he who is absorbed in some great artistic project is apt to check those natural emotions, and sacrifices the pleasantness of life to his one purpose. His burden oppresses him. His thoughts receive an unnatural bias,—like the trees upon some bleak seaboard, they all lean from the quarter whence blows the prevailing wind, and delicate flowers sicken or die. Few are so various in their mastery as to succeed equally in every portion of a long poem. But a single gift may achieve perfection in an occasional piece. And a consummate song or ballad is better than a halting epic. In a lyric, plan and music are evolved together. In a long poem, the plan must be elaborately laid before a line is written. For a great fault in construction, nothing can compensate. And this is the toil of all others least seen, least estimated, and most arduous. Much of Goethe's cheerfulness was owing to his rejection of any load so heavy. He did not press, blind and eager, through a joyless present to the far-off bliss of completion. He was free to take enjoyment as it came, and to express it as the moment prompted. Pursuits so various and efforts so fragmentary might always be made to harmonize with the changeful moods of the mind, or with the uncertain humours of the body. His frame was never vexed by the tyranny of an inexorable resolve. Always doing something, he was seldom doing one thing long; and so filled with his activity the ample span of foreshore years.

But even to Goethe, and to Goethe in the heyday of his youth, such giddy-paced times as those first years at Weimar

must ere long bring grave disquietude. We discern accordingly, in 1779, the commencement of a change. As he enters on his thirtieth year we find him rising toward a more earnest view of life and its responsibilities. 'God help me further,' he writes, 'and give me light, that I may not so much stand in my own way, but see to do from morning till evening the work which lies before me, and obtain a clear conception of the order of things; that I be not as those are who spend the day in complaining of the headache, and the night in drinking the wine which gives the headache!' He devotes himself manfully to new official duties, having accepted the direction of the war department, when military preparations were active throughout the Saxon states. He resolves to attain self-mastery, and is encouraged in feeling that his efforts are not in vain. Science begins to attract him anew. He draws, and studies mineralogy and anatomy, during such intervals as he can snatch. He becomes more observant of decorum in his relations with the genial and boisterous Karl August. Their friendship is close as ever; but Goethe becomes now and then a plain spoken, though loving and respectful Mentor. He begins to feel that he is destined by nature to be an author, and nothing else. A momentous discovery for a temperament so versatile and so susceptible. He finds his own *Werther* a moonstruck fantasy. Gothic art recedes from his sympathies. The majestic and severe repose of the Grecian models begins to command that admiration which is to determine the ideal of his maturity. His spirit yearns toward Italy, and while yet afar off he celebrates in song the land of the cypress and myrtle. He at once sums up, and bids adieu to, the period of his early youth, by a visit to Frederika and a visit to Lili. The latter he found a happy wife, with a baby in her arms. The former (worth a score of Frau von Steins) had recovered the anguish which his desertion caused her. But she had refused every other offer. The heart that has once loved Goethe, she would say, can belong to no one else. Frederika and her parents received him in the most delicate and generous manner. He need not have feared any attempt to revive his long extinguished passion. To be welcomed as though he had brought no sorrow into that quiet household, to be made to feel as though he had but returned to some old friends after an absence of six months, was an inexpressible relief. He was but too willing to be deceived by that noble self-control. It would have said more for him had that reception cut him to the heart.

The literary product of these years of growing seriousness was principally prose. He wrote his prose *Iphigenia*, and began *Wilhelm Meister*. Prose was then in vogue, and verse accounted

artificial. Schiller's first plays were all in prose, and in prose *Götz* had done its stirring work. It would be difficult to produce a single respectable argument in favour of this preference. Still less defensible is the practice, then so frequent, of turning into blank verse dramas originally written in prose. Those who can sing, sing best at once, when thought and melody are born together. To choose rather to versify prose than to write verse in the first instance, is to prefer the workmanship of the gilder to the solid ore. The mechanism of such a process will betray itself in spite of the facility with which ordinary speech falls into iambs. For poetic diction, rhythm, and rhyme do not alone constitute the difference between prose and poetry. These two modes of expression are vehicles for two different kinds of thought. In some departments of the poetic art, verse may merely superadd a grace of form. But the higher utterances of poetry are beyond the due limitations of prose. The mind labouring with thoughts inadmissible to prose, takes refuge in the larger licence of verse. Combinations so subtle or so daring that prose would seem intoxicated were it charged with them, are beauties, not extravagances, in the domain of poetry. In these two spheres, thoughts are accepted and rejected by a very different standard. Prose is a sober, thrifty householder, who refuses admittance to those gorgeous and princely revellers, whose splendour and whose excess would fill his house with riot. Poetry is queen of an enchanted garden, whither Goodman Prose cannot win access, lacking the royal bearing and the shining raiment of its denizens. To take an instance: suppose that a prose writer should address the west wind somewhat as follows:—‘O wild west wind, who bearest loose clouds shed upon thee in the vexed heights of the air—as on earth decaying leaves are shed upon a stream; who bearest them—those children of sky and water, shaken from the intermingled branching of the heavens and the ocean—those clouds that fly as the angels of rain and lightning; I see them spread on the blue surface of thine aerial surge, like the bright hair lifted up from the head of some fierce Mænad, streaming from the dim verge of the horizon to the height of the zenith, and I imagine them the locks of the approaching storm,’ &c. Now here not a word is used, nor a construction, which may not be found in ordinary prose. Yet how tumid, how fantastic, how insane would appear such a passage in prose composition! Because thoughts like these belong to poetry proper, and prose would burst and fly to tatters with them. Such ideas occur to no man while writing prose; but the very act of writing poetry summons them and their kindred in multitudes about the mind which is eminently rich in the poetic faculty. Transport these

'thick-coming fancies' to their proper clime—restore them to their place in Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, and we admire what otherwise a correct taste would assuredly have cancelled:—

• 'Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm.'

Let, then, these two provinces be kept distinct. Prose in poetry is a copy of the Parthenon built in red brick; poetry in prose is a counting-house built of sunset clouds. It is true that the tendency of our modern prose has been to approach the exaltation of poetry. Nor is that tendency to be regretted. For in the advance thus made, prose is not in reality trenching on the domain of poetry; it is but occupying a portion of its own soil which had, for nearly a century, lain waste. The influence of French literature encumbered with dignity the prose of the eighteenth century, while narrowing its sphere. That wealth of imagination or of wit which shines in the prose of Jeremy Taylor, of Henry More, of Thomas Fuller, of Thomas Brown, of Milton's *Arcopagitica*, would be condemned as a fantastical or barbaric quaintness by the prose of Shaftesbury, of Gibbon, or of Hume. A return toward the copiousness and the daring of our earlier writers was a return to nature. It was to bring out the full power of the great prose instrument, and to make use of those stops which the French school had never touched. Then again, as culture has extended, the demands made upon the poet have been more rigorous. Sixty years ago, Dickens and Ruskin might have taken enviable rank among the poets of the day. The large poetical element of their nature now finds sufficient scope in prose, and leaves poetry proper to Tennyson. Yet poetical as our prose is growing, the distinction between it and poetry is in nowise removed. Prose becomes poetical in order to give vividness to a description, expansion to a thought, form and colour to an abstraction, fire to an argument,—always with some practical purpose. The most musical rhetoric still falls short of singing. The most gorgeous passages in Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* were wrought out under quite other laws than those which presided at the creation of Shakespeare's *Queen Mab*. It is impossible to conceive of the conversations of Romeo and Juliet as ever written in prose. The German prose-mania was a great mistake—a mistake from which we have kept ourselves free.

One such prose drama as Sheridan's *Pizarro* is quite enough for us.

Concerning Goethe's *Iphigenia*, Mr. Lewes rightly observes that in spirit it is anything but Greek, however classic in its form. He has indicated some of the main points of contrast between Goethe's drama and the play of Euripides on the same subject. He points out the higher moral tone of the modern piece as compared with the ancient. In the latter, Iphigenia does not hesitate to escape from Thoas by a falsehood, and to carry off the sacred image intrusted to her. In the former, her unwillingness to resort to deception brings on the most anxious crisis of the action. In Euripides, the unknown Orestes is almost as much endangered by the revengeful feelings of his sister as by the barbarous superstition of the Tauri. The Iphigenia in Goethe's drama has been for a long time successful in persuading Thoas and his people to remit their sacrifice of blood.

It appears to us that these secondary differences resolve themselves into a primary one. It is the design of Goethe to concentrate on Iphigenia the main interest of his play. With Euripides, the central figures are certainly Orestes and his friend. The German drama is really complete in itself; the Greek is an organic outgrowth from previous tragedy—the sequel of the crime and sorrow which had haunted for generations the doomed race of Tantalus. Goethe could not fail to perceive how susceptible of the most effective treatment was the situation of Iphigenia—a Grecian maiden, a captive priestess, a noble exile on the wintry shores of the Euxine. But to secure the interest of a modern audience, she must be endowed with an elevation of principle which we are prepared to admire. The tragic conflict must be within rather than without—from a conflict of motives rather than the mere aggression of circumstance. And such a design, altogether distinct from that of Euripides, Goethe has executed with consummate art. A counterpoise to the motives which urge Iphigenia to flee must be somewhere found, in order to give rise to the contemplated struggle. So Thoas is no longer, in Goethe's hands, the ruthless barbarian which the Greek dramatist depicted. He is neither the stormy savage of Euripides, nor the sentimental savage of Rousseau. He is a Teutonic chieftain—a barbarian such as Tacitus portrayed, to shame degenerate Rome. He offers his hand to Iphigenia; he is even chivalrous in the respect he renders her. The most dramatic part in Goethe's play is its close, where she confesses all, and casts herself upon his generosity. The part least dramatic, though containing some of the finest lines, is the conversation between Orestes and Pylades. Of the Greek drama the converse is true. Euripides is most dra-

matic where the friends dispute, each eager to remain and die, and where the giving of the tablets leads to the discovery of Orestes. The final escape with the image is secured by a mere *deus ex machina*. At the same time we do not think, with Mr. Lewes, that the interest of the play, for Greeks, is at all defective in the latter part. The unity of the plan, indeed, is broken: but several of the great Grecian dramas are divided, in like manner, by a double object. The story of the statue of Serapis is a sufficient proof of the importance attached by the ancients to such sacrilegious achievements. To carry off a statue was to deprive another nation of the powers and the services in the gift of the divinity it represented. Many a pirate-hero in an Athenian audience would sooner have left the sister behind than the goddess.

In the slowness of its movement and the severity of its style Goethe's drama is certainly classical. It has more action than some of the Greek plays, but considerably less than others. The exaggerated ideas so prevalent concerning the *repose* of the Greek drama, are to be attributed, doubtless, in great measure to its lyrical origin, to the fact that it grew up from a chorus of singers, and that the actors, or declaimers rather, spoke in recitative. But the cause of this great contrast between the rapid development of the modern play, and the scanty or the tardy action of the ancient, is not to be found exclusively in that source. The Greeks were frequently satisfied with a single situation, developed in its various aspects by successive arrivals. Such a play is the *Prometheus Bound*. They were not averse to a monotonous repetition of the same sentiments which would utterly exhaust our northern patience. Neither did they object to long descriptions, far more epic than dramatic in their character. The *Seven against Thebes* is an example of both faults—as we should term them. The description of the chiefs is altogether epic. The lamentations of the chorus when the main action is complete are inordinately protracted. The unity of plot is marred, moreover, by the addition of an entirely new interest, when Antigone resolves to bury her brother, despite the law. At the same time it should be borne in mind that many of the Greek plays, taken separately, appear much more meagre in action than they really are. Many of the ancient plays are to the trilogies in which they have their place, what a single act is to a drama of full five-act proportions. Thus the action of the *Suppliants* of Æschylus is very insignificant. Taken alone, it appears of worth only as the possible vehicle of some good music. But if we had the two lost plays which completed the trilogy, we could then form a truer judgment. The mere reception of the

fugitive daughters of Danaus by Pelasgus is a poor theme for a tragedy. But let the *Egyptians* and the *Danaïdes* be added, and the piece which, standing alone, we deem a failure, would assume its beauty and significance as an introduction. We should then mark how the joy of the suppliants darkens into the purpose of a monstrous crime. We should be stricken by the terrors of that night when the fifty brides slew their fifty sleeping and new-wedded lords. We should admire the one noble exception,—that Hypermnestra, who stands forth fearless amidst the wrath, and unstained amidst the crime, of her remorseless house.

In 1786, Goethe was enabled to gratify his long-cherished desire. He quietly withdrew from Weimar, and travelled through Italy under an assumed name. Among the churches and picture-galleries of the south, his devotion to art acquired a deeper intensity. As northern art was hidden from his view, Goethe became that decided Hellenist in æsthetics which he ever afterward remained. Science, too, occupied him very often, when it was more natural to expect that the associations of the past or the beauties of natural scenery would have absorbed every thought. Among the Baths of Caracalla, the vegetable physiology of the luxuriant verdure would interest him more than the crumbling ruins over which it grew. In Italy, *Egmont* was rewritten. That play would have been the better had he finished it at once, under the influences which presided at its commencement. There is too much history, and too little invention. *Egmont* and *Clärchen* are portrayed with the hand of a master; but the introduction of Ferdinand is less happy, and almost all the rest is mere historic dialogue. The scenes are many of them unduly protracted, and the conversations overcharged with politics, while underfed with passion. For such a subject something more was requisite of that fervid *Sturm und Drang* enthusiasm, on which Goethe had now turned his back for ever.

Returning to Weimar, Goethe gradually dissolves the connection which had existed between himself and the Frau von Stein. She had become less attractive and more exacting. Soon afterwards he formed a *liaison* with Christiane Vulpius, a sprightly, golden-haired, rosy-checked country lass; sufficiently clever, though uneducated, to form a sympathising companion, content to reside with him for some years, and to present him with a son, untroubled by the absence of that important ceremony—the marriage service. The Weimar world, unscandalised by the Frau von Stein affair, was shocked at this *mésalliance*. Such were the ethics of the German Athens. Goethe is said to have offered her marriage, not very earnestly, perhaps. We cannot attribute to Christiane so surpassing a devotion as that of Heloise, who

could say with perfect truth to Abelard, that did the Emperor offer her his throne, *Carius mihi et dignius videretur tua dici meretrix quam illius Imperatrix*. Yet Christiane was probably sensible that, in the Weimar world, no excess of selfish libertinism could have been so injurious to Goethe as a generous marriage. The *Roman Elegies* were produced under the influence of this new passion, and while the memory of classic Italy was yet fresh. It is enough to say that in the licence of thought and expression, as well as in felicitous elegance of form, they are worthy of Ovid or Catullus. Such writing is utterly indefensible. It is idle to say, with Schiller, that the poet returns to an ideal state of nature, where the conventional reticence of society is unnecessary. On such a principle those eccentric young friends of Goethe's, the Stolbergs, might have justified themselves, in sober earnest, for going naked through the public streets to bathe. The conventional public, in shape of town-boys and others, pelted them with stones. Goethe would say, 'I do not sing for those who will make an ill-use of my verse.' The Stolbergs might have said, 'We do not undress for those who cannot appreciate our principle.' To the one we reply, If you must write such things, keep them in your desk: to the others, Indulge your predilection for the nude only in the presence of those happy few who are prepared to estimate it. But there are, in German criticism, refinements so dextrous, and spiritualisations of the material so subtle, that they would eliminate all impurity from Wycherley's *Country Wife*, and prove Congreve's *Way of the World* an indirect inculcation of the austere virtue.

Tasso was commenced in 1777. Next to *Faust*, this appears to us the poem (among the greater works of Goethe) which must leave the deepest impression on the reader who, for the first time, peruses it in the original. It is not historic. Its atmosphere is that of Weimar rather than Ferrara. We do not believe that *Tasso* was at all insane. The suspicion which would have been morbid in a happier age was perfectly natural at the court of Alphonso. It is not dramatic. With the minimum of action, it represents the collision of two opposite types of mind. This drama depicts completely, and once for all, the contact of the two extremes of cultivated humanity. Each one of the two genera includes a host of species; and the strife between them is daily waging in a thousand ways. On the one side is the poetic nature, impulsive, romantic, idealist, intense alike in pain and pleasure, ever restless, striving to overcome the actual. On the other, stands the practical man, cool and self-possessed, sagacious in device, prompt in execution, cautious and

utilitarian, oppressively well informed, trusting rather to routine than impulse, suppressing carefully the outbreak of every emotion. Though Goethe's picture is unfavourable to the man of poetic genius, as compared with the man of action, all our sympathies are with Tasso. If there is anywhere exaggeration, it is in the childish or sickly petulance of Tasso, and in the generosity and candour which half redeem the utilitarian coldness of Antonio. The Italian diplomatist is to Tasso what a Scotchman was to Charles Lamb—a being with whom (in his mild way of putting it) his sympathies were 'imperfect.' The inevitable misunderstanding is traced in its progress and in its consequences with exquisite skill, and in language which, for Goethe, is unusually rich in poetical adornment. The poem gives consummate expression to what multitudes have felt and observed, to what multitudes will continue to feel and observe. This is enough, even though at the same time we are all the while unable to believe in a Tasso quite so foolish, or an Antonio quite so benign. To have done justice to the real Tasso, Goethe must have drawn Ferrara as it was. To have drawn Ferrara as it was, might have been construed into a malignant design to draw Weimar as it certainly was not.

In 1790, Goethe was torn from Weimar, and those charming 'Friday Evenings' at the Duchess Amalia's to follow Karl August to the wars. We cannot wonder that he felt no enthusiasm for the wretched cause which his country had espoused. We should not greatly blame that officer in the army or the fleet of Louis XIV., who entered with less than his usual alacrity on the execution of projects for the invasion of England, or for a campaign in Ireland, to restore our James II. In the camp, Goethe was occupied with the many scientific inquiries which new scenes suggested. It was no part of his vocation, either in that war or during the strife which succeeded, to write war-songs, or to produce political pamphlets. He was accustomed to say that he ought no more to be accused of criminal indifference in not forsaking his poetic art for the political, than should a military man be blamed because he did not step aside from his art of war to become a bungler in the art of government. And Goethe being what he was, his resolve was wise. Yet we cannot but regard it as an intellectual, and even in some sort a moral defect, of no small magnitude, that he should have been at all times so destitute of sympathy for the great movements among the masses of mankind. How charitable and candid was he toward individuals! His purse was open, and his heart. The waywardness of distress could not chill his sympathy. On the caprices or ill-treatment of a friend he had ever some kindly construction to

put. But wherever men are gathered in multitudes, this large-heartedness forsakes him. The historic imagination, which sees in bodies of men only multiplications of the group which surrounds us each personally, was wanting to Goethe's mind. Some grotesque and angular individuality he could bear with, beyond most. He would say it was well in its place. But an epoch, an event, a social outbreak,—to that he could not assign its allotted place, as an individual in a needed cycle of events. Revolutions he dreaded, as disturbing forces marring the harmony of nature, as hindrances to gradual development. But granting that an analogy drawn from nature to society in such cases is allowable; it must never be forgotten that the slow processes of organic development are not the only types of progress which surround us in the natural world. The realm of nature has its thunderstorms which clear the air, its volcanoes to relieve earth's bosom of its 'perilous stuff.' The present order of our globe, with its manifold and ever-developing wisdom and beauty, is founded on ruinous convulsion in the immemorial past. A great revolution does for awhile check peaceful literary and scientific culture. But if such movements hinder art in one generation, they prepare a public for it in another. If they arrest some forms of elegant development, they also arrest the progress of that servile corruption which proves at last as fatal to taste as it is to freedom. The artist, therefore, who sees only the present earthly side of such great times of change, only the tumult, only the folly, only the blood, is wanting in some of the largest views of his art. He may faithfully pursue his own culture, he may refine and elevate the taste of his time—and this did Goethe—but he has failed to link art duly to humanity, and to associate it with the noblest destiny of man. The indifference of Goethe will surprise no one who remembers that he was so deplorably ignorant of the first principles of social philosophy as to maintain that political freedom was not necessary to man. He believed that art and commerce might flourish under a despotism, and such material prosperity appears to have satisfied him. He forgot that every epoch which has seen literature flourishing under a despotism has been the fruit of a better time which despotism has displaced. The Augustan age was the child of the commonwealth, not of the empire. The offspring of the latter is seen in that weakness which succumbed to invading barbarism. The Prussia of the present day would scarcely appear to him ignoble or oppressed. Hungary would have touched no chord of sympathy. Russia would have aroused no outburst of indignation. The poet may believe that he is not qualified to help a great cause by his art. But he is bound to feel as a citizen and a man. It may

be true that we should not transfer to Germany our strong insular feeling of nationality. In divided Germany, a sentiment so powerful as that which animates united England can only be awakened for a moment by some extraordinary crisis. What is there in the continental governments to draw forth affection, far less to inspire self-sacrifice? Nowhere is cosmopolitanism so excusable as in a German. But Goethe would have disdained to plead this accident of birth. He justifies himself deliberately and on principle. He is convinced that every reasonable man should be satisfied with a paternal *régime* which, like that of Austria, allows its subjects to sing and to traffic, to play and to paint, but forbids the faintest approach to self-government. He believes that to serve the artistic culture of his age is a worthy and sufficient work for any man—that none should require of him more. The first proposition is wholly false; the second, partly false and partly true.

On his return to Weimar, Goethe received an agreeable surprise in the shape of a house which the Duke had ordered to be rebuilt for him during his absence. The spacious staircase he adorned with classic busts, and enriched the apartments with paintings on wall and ceiling, with sketches from Italian masters, with cabinets of engravings and gems, with vases, lamps, and statuettes of bronze. The rooms in daily use, when he was alone, were singularly plain. Mr. Lewes thus describes their present appearance:—

‘But the sanctuary of the house is the study, library, and bedroom. In the rooms just described the visitor sees the tokens of Goethe’s position as minister and lover of art. Compared with the Weimar standard of that day, these rooms were of palatial magnificence; but compared even with the Weimar standard, the rooms into which we now enter are of a more than bourgeois simplicity. Passing through an ante-chamber, where in cupboards stand his mineralogical collections, we enter the study, a low-roofed, narrow room, somewhat dark, for it is lighted only through two tiny windows, and furnished with a simplicity quite touching to behold. In the centre stands a plain oval table of unpolished oak. No arm-chair is to be seen, no sofa, nothing which speaks of ease. A plain hard chair has beside it the basket in which he used to place his handkerchief. Against the wall, on the right, is a long pear-tree table, with bookshelves, on which stand lexicons and manuals. Here hangs a pincushion, venerable in dust, with the visiting-cards, and other trifles which death has rendered sacred. Here, also, a medallion of Napoleon, with this circumscription: *Scilicet immenso superest ex nomine multum.*’ On the side-wall, again, a bookcase with some works of poets. On the wall to the left is a long desk of soft wood, at which he was wont to write. On it lie the original manuscripts of *Götz* and the *Elegies*, and a bust of

Napoleon, in milk-white glass, which in the light shimmers with blue and flame colour; hence prized as an illustration of the *Farbenlehre*. A sheet of paper with notes of contemporary history is fastened near the door, and behind this door schematic tables of music and geology. The same door leads into a bedroom, if bedroom it can be called, which no maid-of-all-work in England would accept without a murmur. It is a closet with a window. A simple bed, an arm-chair by its side, and a tiny washing-table with a small white bason on it and a sponge, is all the furniture. To enter this room with any feeling for the greatness and goodness of him who slept here, and who here slept his last sleep, brings tears into the eyes, and makes the breathing deep. From the other side of the study we enter the library; which should rather be called a lumber-room of books. Rough deal shelves hold the books, with bits of paper on which are written 'philosophy,' 'history,' 'poetry,' &c., to mark the classification.—Vol. ii. p. 178.

In the year 1799, the generosity of Karl August enriched the Weimar circle with a new luminary—Friedrich Schiller. He and Goethe, unlike in so many respects, speedily became inseparable. The one link of their friendship was that sameness of pursuit, and that community of ambition, by which less noble natures are so frequently set at jealous variance. Their alliance was the more creditable to both, as the criticism of the day abounded in comparisons the most invidious. Together they directed the management of the Weimar theatre; together they laboured for the *Horen*, for the *Musenalmanach*, so rich in the finest lyrics of both; and together they lashed their adversaries in the pages of the latter with the epigrammatic scourge of the *Xenien*. To the wife of Schiller is due the praise of having contributed more than any other person to effect and cement a union so beneficial to the friends, and so serviceable to literature. For, during their daily intercourse, each unconsciously supplemented the nature of the other. Schiller began to turn with weariness from the philosophy of Kant. He overcame, in some measure, that reflective tendency, and that proneness to speculate upon art, which had withdrawn so much time from poetic production, and had darkened with obscurity so much of what he did produce. It was an auspicious hour for the genius of Schiller when Wilhelm von Humboldt left him, and when Goethe drew near. He forsook those metaphysical Kantian rhymes—too obscurely allegoric for any human interest—and wrote popular ballads, like the *Cranes of Ibycus*, and the *Diver*. While philosophy was at one time so injurious to the poetry of Schiller, it was always characteristic of Goethe to work unconsciously, as from instinctive impulse. He would never analyse his processes; he refused to think about Thought. Their dis-

similarity in this respect produced a singular result. It seemed to make them change characters. The reserved Schiller is communicative about his work, and will talk over scene after scene of a play with his friend. The more free and careless Goethe carries his plans about with him, and speaks of them to no one. Schiller was astonished when Goethe showed him his *Hermann* and *Dorothea* complete; for he had not breathed a syllable of any such undertaking.

Most truly said Madame de Stael of Schiller, 'His conscience was his muse;' so high and earnest was his purpose, so bent on teaching while he sang, on making the very stage a pulpit. Schiller energetically asserts the prerogative of Will. Goethe musingly surveys the harmony of Nature. Goethe's ideal is a combination of select realities—is sensuous. Schiller's ideal is an abstraction impossible in reality—is super-sensuous. Goethe could never fall a martyr to a theory. Kant's categorical imperative hastened the untimely end of Schiller. For to vindicate the supremacy of spirit, he forced his physical nature upon fatal labours. The Grand Duke had offered to double his income if he should be hindered from working by sickness. He declined the offer. 'I have talent,' said he, 'and must help myself.' But then two dramas must be composed annually, in addition to other engagements, if his family is to find support. So he forced himself to work when ill. Hence the necessity for stimulants. Hence, too, the inferiority of such a play as *Maria Stuart*, written in pain and late at night, when his broken frame should have courted sleep. Goethe worked in the mornings, and husbanded that costly thing emotion. Schiller, who lived in the region of the ideal, was a man of large historic view, and strongly moved by the events of his day. Goethe, who lived in the actual, regarded the striving multitudes of men with a philosophic smile. For the outer world of Schiller was Humanity; the outer world of Goethe, Nature.

Schiller was of service to Goethe, in urging him to composition. In his own case, the productive power was greater than the receptive susceptibility. He worked from within outwards. Of Goethe, the reverse was true. The crowding impressions of the new Italian world were unfavourable, as we have seen, to poetic execution; for they seemed to block up with their numbers all the gates of utterance. Goethe had abundant material; he lacked only stimulus; while, for material, Schiller was frequently indebted to the affluent resources of his friend. Yet, while each was urging on the other to production, the creations of both are seen to exchange properties in the process. Schiller, who had been writing for the philosophic few of late,

began to appeal once more to the many. Goethe, who touched the manifold outer life on so many points, began to withdraw into a narrower æsthetic circle. He became more ideal as Schiller became more real. He did not, indeed, betake himself to that Kantian philosophy from which he had recalled his friend, but he yielded more than ever to a kind of contemplative Quietism. When writing prose, he sought repose at the cost of animation, and introduced symbolism at the expense of interest. He elaborated trivial incidents to weariness, while endeavouring to render them the real or apparent vehicle of optimist philosophy and æsthetic spiritualism. The later books of *Wilhelm Meister* betray the symptoms of this unfavourable change. Every reader must find them disappointing, so much less life and colour have they, so much less nature, and so much more disquisition and speculation. Every work of art is, no doubt, variously suggestive to various minds of a deeper meaning than lies upon the surface. If such significance be designed by the author, and made to underlie the whole, no harm is done, so far. But the story itself—the envelope—must be as full of truth and interest as though there were no such meaning. It is vain for any artist to urge profundity of inner sense as a set-off against an awkward plot, a feeble representation, or an unsatisfactory *dénouement*. In consequence of the change adverted to, it came to pass (as Gervinus justly observes) that the lofty and abstract Schiller grew more popular, while the direct and simpler Goethe became less comprehensible. The poet whose high aim sought *man* in his fullest development is the favourite of youth and the delight of women. • The poet who retained in age all the sunny susceptibilities of youth is the companion of grown men, whose ideal has already suffered loss at the rough hand of actual experience. The richer poet began to fill a lesser circle, and the poorer expanded his influence throughout a broader and more varied sphere.

Goethe scrutinised nature with the man of science, and hence the accuracy of his delineation. He watched it lovingly with the man of taste, and hence the comprehensiveness and the judgment displayed in his descriptions. He had seen far more of nature than Schiller, and seen to better purpose every object within that wide range. Schiller makes nature speak his language; Goethe forgets himself that he may interpret hers. As a word-painter of landscape, the superiority of Goethe will be readily acknowledged. Yet the descriptive power of Schiller was in reality more rare and wonderful. His faculty in this respect is a remarkable instance of intellectual compensation. A strange felicity in what might be called *à priori* construction

made amends for limited experience. From the scantiest materials, from the hint of a traveller, from a phrase in a book, he could develop the complete conception of a scene with such vividness and force, that it became difficult to believe he had never visited the spot. It is said that Gainsborough would sometimes paint landscapes suggested by bits of glass, stones, and moss heaped together—a medley miniature which his imagination enlarged, completed, and idealized. Somewhat analogous must have been the process in the mind of Schiller. Goethe told Eckermann that the localities of Switzerland, which Schiller has so finely employed in his *William Tell*, were all related to him by himself. Schiller had never visited Switzerland. ‘But he possessed,’ said Goethe, ‘such a wonderful mind, that, even on hearsay, he could ‘make something that possessed reality.’ In reading Schiller’s *Diver*, we recognise the presence of imagination of the highest order, when we remember that the description of the whirlpool in that ballad, where we seem to see the foam flung up out of the depths—where the very words rush, and chafe, and seethe, was written by a man who had never seen a waterfall.

The latter part of *Wilhelm Meister* was written, and the whole given to the public, during the period when Goethe and Schiller were labouring in concert. The beauties and the defects of this well-known novel, at once so admirable and so provoking, lie upon the surface. We cannot agree with those who regard its tendency as immoral. Its effect, as a whole, is to enlarge the sympathies and to gird the loins of action. Every mind in tolerable health will derive invigoration from its pages. It is no more immoral than *Macbeth* is immoral because Shakespeare does not pause to dilate on the guilt of murder. *Antony and Cleopatra* would not have been rendered more edifying had the poet reminded us continually that the Queen of Egypt would have been happier in a hut with the virtue she had not, than in a palace with the temperament she had, and that the triumvir was exceeding foolish to lose the world for so false a fair one.

In 1806 was published the first part of *Faust*, which had been growing from time to time in the mind of Goethe for some thirty years. Our limits do not allow us to enter on the merits of this great poem—this masterpiece of Goethe and of German literature—which German criticism can darken by clouds of speculative commentary, but can scarcely praise too highly. We commend to our readers the able chapter in which it is analyzed by Mr. Lewes, and compared with other noted dramas on the same theme. The criticisms of Mr. Lewes on art are always interesting, for he refuses to dive down into depths of fathomless obscurity in search

of the 'Idea,' and is content to enjoy the Beautiful for its own sake, without digging under it for the Abstract.

Most of our readers have heard the story of Goethe and Bettina. They may have read how the ardent and precocious girl displayed a fantastic passion for the old man; and how the calculating sage coquetted with the child, nourishing by sonnets and by compliments her folly,—that he might gather from her letters materials for his poems. The amatory sins of Goethe are sufficient, without the addition of scandal. The charitable will be glad to learn that the Bettina correspondence has been shown to be a 'romance, which has only borrowed from reality the time, place, and circumstances.' There is every reason to believe that instead of Goethe's turning her letters into poems, Bettina turned Goethe's poems into her letters.

Justice to Goethe also demands that due estimate be made of his marriage with Christiane Vulpius. In his fifty-eighth year (five days after the battle of Jena) they were wedded, after a connexion of fifteen years. Her beauty was gone; and much of what had constituted attraction of a more lasting kind. Always fond of gaiety, she had of late yielded to those habits of intemperance to which a father and a brother had fallen victims. Goethe sorrowed in secret; he forbore; he endured; he hoped against hope. In spite of all, the past endeared her; and he made her his wife. How easy had it been for a man utterly selfish and heartless (such as Goethe has been often represented) to have dismissed her to infamy, and accelerated her ruin! But her love, in Goethe's eyes, covered many sins; and he chose rather to suffer himself, than to inflict on her such suffering.

Allusion has been made to the political views of Goethe. We have seen that the calm judgment of such a man could not be proud of the position of his country as an Englishman is proud of England. To compare his own nation with other nations was to awaken painful feelings. In Art and Science—in a region beyond all nationality—he found a refuge from such pain. Can the thoughtful Prussian of the present day experience any other feeling, or find any better resource? The return which the labours of Bunsen have met with, at the hands of those who rule his country, may well quench the last spark of enthusiasm.

But it is natural next to inquire how we should judge concerning a somewhat similar indifference as regards religious truth. Goethe and Schiller, Herder and Jean Paul, with most of the leading names in the literature of their time, occupy a middle ground between two theological extremes. The dreary ice-fields of Rationalism are too frigid for them; and as much too hot are



the sentimental fervours of Romanticism. The pert materialist sciolism of men like Nicolai and Lichtenberg was of course intolerable to minds with too much common sense to ignore all mystery, and too much veneration to ridicule as fools all the by-gone generations of mankind. Equally remote from their sympathies would be the capricious bigotry of Frederick Schlegel, and the crude fantasies of the sickly Novalis. But this religion of the temperate zone is not without its grave defects and curious inconsistencies. Schiller looked upon religion as a help to those meaner or more feeble minds which cannot rise to the higher region of disinterested virtue. Where virtue cannot be had, we are to put up with its substitute, religiousness. Goethe, a nature-worshipper, is inclined to regard a violation of natural law, in the shape of miracle, as a blasphemy against his goddess. Yet he acknowledges the genuineness of the Gospels, and believes that the morality there set forth can never be superseded. He would have been as much amazed as any of us at the folly of some recent teachers among ourselves, who appear afraid of having their morality degraded to the biblical standard. He was early brought into contact with some persons who were the subjects of ardent religious feeling. He could never have written the *Confessions of a Fair Saint*, but for his friendship with Fraulein von Klettenberg. That remarkable episode displays a familiarity with some of the more intense forms of devout experience, otherwise inexplicable. To the last, Goethe retained his respect for such devotion in others. His most anti-christian expressions were called forth by those who, like Lavater, could not let him alone in his æsthetic heathendom.

It was in the ethics of Spinoza that Goethe found a welcome justification for that indifference to which he was naturally prone. There he learnt the comfortable (and ultimately materialist) doctrine that each person judges of things 'according to the disposition of his brain, or, rather, accepts the affections of his imagination as real things.' Even in his youthful days such doctrine was congenial to Goethe, and he believed a Daniel had come to judgment when Spinoza told him that good and evil, harmony and discord, were purely subjective—that they varied in every man with the disposition of the *cerebrum*. Far, indeed, are we from sharing in the admiration of Mr. Lewes for the frigid ingenuities of the mathematical moralist. One of Spinoza's propositions, which appeared to young Goethe very sublime, appears to us very absurd. It is this—'No man who loves God can possibly endeavour to obtain his love in return.' The good sense of Goethe prevented his using this dictum as Spinoza uses it. He applied it to disinterestedness in friendship, not to our relations

with the Highest. This idea of doing without the love of the Supreme Being, is as arrogantly self-sufficient in spirit, as it is unphilosophical in principle. It ill becomes a creature who owes being, understanding, affection—all, to the bounty of God, to assume indifference to his regard, or to refuse to supplicate further bestowments,—too proud to be laid under further obligations to the Infinite. A man who has from the first been heaped with benefits—whose debt of obligation is past his power to calculate, affects disinterestedness as though he were self-originated, self-preserved,—the creator of some rival universe. Or, if it be not pride which affects the sublimity of an impossible virtue, a perverse irrationality alone can lay down such a proposition. For there can be no love on our part to God without love on his part to us. The veriest Deist will acknowledge that the divine goodness has been beforehand with him. We know what love means, only because we are made in his image who is love. Gravitation is not more surely a law than the co-operation of infinite and finite in the elevation of the latter. Such an acquiescence as that Spinoza inculcates, is an acquiescence in the practical stultification of man's highest aspirations. If by this maxim he meant that a man ought not to test the efficacy of prayer by petitioning that he may win a lottery-ticket, it is a sorry truism. If it means more, it is a high-sounding folly.

Goethe fell early into the common mistake of regarding faith as a mere sentiment, independent of truth or falsehood. He opposed to faith, knowledge,—as though we could believe that of which we knew nothing. The mere fact of faith was enough for him: let a man only believe something or other, no matter what. And it is not difficult to see how the teaching of Spinoza should have landed his pupil in an absurdity so palpable. According to Goethe's guide, all the symbols, terms, propositions, &c., which men may use, fall so infinitely short of expressing the Infinite, that it makes little matter which of those intrinsically worthless counters a man takes up. Let one take a blue, another a red, a third a yellow,—none of them can derive from these bits of paste-board, bone, or tinsel, a conception of the rainbow he has never seen. The varieties of positive religion are accordingly matters of circumstance merely,—of individual taste and choice. Hence the indifference of pantheism.

The fallacy which conducts to such a result is obvious. It is true that no finite sign adequately expresses the Infinite. But such signs are of two kinds. Some truly render a divine characteristic, on their smaller scale. These are relatively *true*. Others are not merely defective in compass, but also in proportion. They darken or distort what they profess to interpret. These are

relatively *false*. There is, therefore, an objective religious truth for men. There are certain signs to be chosen, certain others to be shunned. The reverse of Goethe's assertion is the truth. The important point is *what* a man believes concerning God. The word 'father' is a faithful sign, as far as it goes. But the word 'tyrant' substitutes an idol for the true God. Man does not need revelation to give him *a* belief in God; he does need it to inform his ignorance and correct his misconceptions.

By reasoning equally superficial would Goethe (and some of his thorough-going admirers with him) defend his tendency to pantheism. He fancied that to give personality to God was to banish the Creator from his work, and to represent him as sitting on high, 'seeing the world go.' The Christian theist, however, believes that God is in the world as well as above it. In fact, to remove or impair our apprehension of the personality of God is to remove him *farther from us*. For the God with whom the heart communes is the near, the besetting God. The abstraction called God, which waves in the grass on which we trample, is far away. The friend a hundred miles distant is nearer to the spirit—the true self, than the house wherein the body dwells. Mere physical proximity effects no nearness in the domain of spirit. Sympathy is contact. In nature is no sympathy,—only the imperfect sign of the sympathy which is elsewhere.

Altogether praiseworthy is the indifference of Goethe to the disputes between the rival philosophies of his time. It cost him little to renounce the pursuit after the unknowable and the unattainable. But the renunciation was not less wise and modest, the example not less wholesome. Through a long, a happy, and a famous life, he was practically reminding his countrymen that they might do better than worry themselves to death about *Ego* and *Non-Ego*. He enriched with original creations a native literature, only too prone to imitation. He took art as his province, and in that province did manful and laborious service. He did his best to correct the morbidly subjective tendency of his nation and his time. Rarely did he lose sight of his main purpose—to awaken a taste for simplicity and nature. He is not to be blamed for regarding it as his mission to write books in quiet. Why should he allow himself to be driven distracted by 'the Great Popkins question,' or any petty squabble of the kind? Let him do his work, and let others do theirs. But thus much conceded, it must be said that this manysided Goethe was grievously onesided in other respects. His aspirations ascended but a little way above the visible and actual. Of the material he was insatiable; for the spiritual he had little relish. He disarranged the functions of life. Art stood in the place of Virtue.

Beauty sat above Principle. From this error, more than all the rest, lies a danger in his great example. Degenerate Greece grew weak of old, and fallen Italy has long been feeble, in proportion as the pleasures of taste have been allowed to displace the sterner duties of life. Goethe resembles in his ethnic culture, classic taste, and southern temperament, those graceful scholars and poets who adorned the courts of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo the Tenth. However superior his genius, his aim rose little above theirs. To expect that such serene optimists would step forward as patriots or reformers were unreasonable. But it is not unreasonable to expect of any thoughtful man that the demands of the spiritual nature should be paramount,—not all but utterly unheeded. It is not unreasonable to require that when any great effort is made by truth against falsehood, by freedom against slavery, that he should take some pains to understand the nature of the conflict, and testify some appreciation of the interests at stake. Those strong and foremost natures who bear for others the brunt of progress are entitled, at least, to the sympathy and the good word of those who sit at home at ease. Many who would be themselves unequal to such self-sacrifice, are inwardly elevated by the admiration they render to the martyrs and the heroes of the past. But even of such safe sympathy and praise Goethe is singularly sparing. The same defect which rendered him so indifferent to the struggle of the eighteenth century, would have prevented his espousing the cause of progress in any of the preceding. No party, in any time, has in its possession all the truth. Only the zealot is blind to the faults of the social section with which he acts. But thus much is certain, that in some quarter a preponderance of truth is to be found. The search should be made; and that cause espoused, whatever be its name. Such search Goethe might have undertaken, such service he might have rendered, without neglecting his personal vocation as poet. Mr. Lewes's book will contribute to remove some prejudices which have been extensively entertained against Goethe. But it would be difficult to clear him from the charges to which we have adverted. With defects of a kind so grave, the character of Goethe can be upheld as a specimen of manhood, only by ignoring the highest spiritual relationship of man. He remains for ever an example of consummate culture in one chosen walk, but far indeed from that higher completeness of which Milton stands almost the sole example among poets.

ART. IX.—*The Credulities of Scepticism*. A Lecture, delivered at Exeter Hall, by the REV. ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Nisbet.

FOR reasons we need not mention, it was not our purpose to call attention of any sort to this publication in these pages. But slight as the performance may seem—consisting necessarily of the merest sketch on a large subject—the exposure it presents has been felt to be very disagreeable. Some scribbling has appeared upon it betraying more temper than intelligence, and the poor author is warned of something much more terrible to come.* We must be permitted to say, however, that we are far from regarding what has been done as something which should not have been done. Indeed, we have regretted often that a pledge made to our readers long since, to do something of the same sort in this journal, has not been redeemed.† The credulity of many modern sceptics, even of such as are conspicuous leaders in that school, is such as few men suspect, and all men should know.

In the above lecture on this subject, the lecturer is said to be chargeable with two grave faults. He is said to have misrepresented the philosophical sceptic, purely with the view of making him appear contemptible; and to have exhibited the religious sceptic under aspects tending, not so much to convert him by argument, as to exasperate him by exposing him to ridicule. The first of these charges is not true,—the second may have some truth in it, but it is truth which admits of such explanation as should preclude it, we think, from being a ground of censure.

It is a very naughty thing, it seems, for any man to affirm

* One of the Scriblerus authorities to whom reference is made above is a writer in the *Saturday Review*. 'This new periodical,' a friend writes, 'owes its origin to a few young university-men, who have money to expend upon their hobby, whatever may be said of their wit. What they do, or get done, is meant to be done with surpassing cleverness. The intention, indeed, in this respect, is so obvious, that it defeats its own purpose. The politics of the publication are peculiar, especially as being those of gentlemen so aspiring. They consist in a seventh-day worship of an old woman, known in the upper circles as Lady Aberdeen. From this cause, or from some other, the circulation of the work does not, I suspect, answer expectation. I infer this from the fact that it is found necessary to hunt from week to week for some subject that may do for a spicy piece of personality, or for a free use of the tomahawk. This expedient is not new; but men who understand such matters generally construe it as a sign of distress. Unless, however, something much better is done in this way than is done by the reviewer of the *Credulities of Scepticism*, there is little room to think that this high-minded policy, so befitting gentlemen fresh from their academic bowers, will be successful. Indeed, I should not be surprised to find some wag ere long suggest that the unmeaning title—the *Saturday Review*—be taken down, and that the *Slatternday* be set up in its stead.' We obscure country folk who write for the *British Quarterly*, of course know nothing of such high matters as the secrets of the London Press.

† Vol. xv. p. 372.

concerning the philosophical sceptic, that were he consistent he should so far distrust his senses as not to credit their verdict when they seem to teach him that there is really a difference between midday and midnight, and between land and water. Now every man familiar with such speculations will be aware that there are degrees in philosophical scepticism, and that there are sceptics who may take exception to this language with some appearance of justice. But can the same be said of others? The author of the lecture before us has said that the man who is sceptical enough to deny the existence of matter, must be credulous enough to account the common sense conviction of mankind on that point a great falsehood—a falsehood, as experience shows, inseparable from man's nature. But exception has been taken to the statement that such is the notion common to mankind. The question has been asked, and with a great air of authority—do you mean to say that, when we take away from a piece of paper colour, form, weight, and all its other properties, that the essence or *substance* of the paper remains? If this question has any meaning as so put, it must mean that, when the paper properties mentioned are taken away, *nothing* remains. The colour was the colour of *nothing*, the form the form of *nothing*, the weight the weight of *nothing*! The lecturer says that this is not the common belief, nor, in his judgment, the true one; that the intuitive belief of men generally is, that under all such *properties* of matter, there lies the *substance* of matter, though they do not pretend to know, have never attempted perhaps to ascertain, what that substance is. This, as every one knows, was the 'common sense' ground taken by Dr. Reid on this subject, and taken, we think, with full warrant and with success. The idealist, indeed, endeavours to persuade us that this cannot be the common belief, seeing that the common mind cannot comprehend what is involved in it. But if we are to conclude that men believe in nothing of which this may be said, the creed, not only of the common people, but of some other people, is likely to be a very short one. We have no scruple in saying that the common belief is, that the properties of matter are the properties of *something*, not the properties of *nothing*—that matter, and the properties of matter, are not the same thing.

But take the contrary ground. Suppose the properties of matter, as they are called, to be the properties of nothing. What you have thus done with matter you may do with mind. Denude mind of its phenomena, its thought, memory, imagination, and so on, and you have nothing left; just as by denuding matter of its qualities you have nothing left. So you have neither matter nor mind. It is nothing that thinks, nothing that

remembers, nothing that imagines—for assuredly you cannot say *what* it is that so does. †

This reasoning, if good for anything, is good as thus extended. Now, to what does this lead? The following passage from Fichte, cited by Sir William Hamilton as giving us ‘the most consistent scheme of idealism known in the history of philosophy,’ presents the result.

‘The sum total is this: there is absolutely nothing permanent either without me or within me, but only an unceasing change. I know absolutely nothing of any existence, not even of my own. I myself know nothing, and am nothing. Images there are, they constitute all that apparently exists, and what they know of themselves is after the manner of images; images that pass and vanish without there being aught to witness their transition; that consist in fact of the images of images, without significance, and without an aim. I myself am one of these images; nay, I am not even thus much, but only a confused image of images. *All reality* is converted into a marvellous dream, without a *life* to dream of, and without a *mind* to dream; *into a dream made up only of a dream of itself*. Perception is a dream; *thought*—the source of all the existence, and all the reality which I imagine to myself of my existence, of my power, of my destination—is *the dream of that dream*.’—*Hamilton’s Reid*, p. 129.

We beg the reader to ponder the language of this passage. First comes distrust of the senses, then distrust of the intellect, until matter and mind are alike gone, and nothing but utter scepticism and *nihilism* ensues. Does the man, then, we ask, commit a great mistake, who avers that men who profess to look on life as this ever-changing, ever-treacherous dream, ought not to credit their senses even on matters so palpable as the difference between day and night? We think not. That even such speculators as Fichte are obliged to believe in the reality of their sensations, and to act upon that belief, we all know; but the question is, how does such belief and practice accord with such theories?

But here good Bishop Berkeley is brought in, and we are reminded that he, devout Christian man as he was, was no believer in this *substans* we call matter. Alas! for the good Bishop, he has been made to do strange duty in his time. Only to think of such men as Hume, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel, with all their pantheisms and atheisms, claiming to be disciples of Bishop Berkeley, so as to cause it to be a common artifice to describe any attack upon *them* as an attack upon *him*! It is enough to make the good prelate turn in his grave. But if the question be asked, Do you mean to account Bishop Berkeley a sceptic? our answer is, Yes, after his manner. The

man who does not believe in the existence of spirits, is a sceptic in regard to things spiritual; and the man who does not believe in matter, is a sceptic in regard to things material. Berkeley was a sceptic of this latter class. He did not materialize mind, but he spiritualized matter. It is well known that he managed to persuade himself that there was no inconsistency between his speculations and the common-sense manner in which he acquitted himself in his daily work like other men. But his reasonings on this point are not valid. His disciples have been more consistent than himself; and the passage we have cited from Fichte gives us the natural issue of that consistency. The assumption of Berkeley, at the outset of his system, is, that we perceive nothing but *ideas*. Reid destroyed his argument by denying his premises, and by insisting, that in the mind, perception and thought are the same thing; and that, were it otherwise, our perception of ideas within the mind, would not be more certain than is our immediate perception of outward things. Not that Reid *proved* the existence of matter any more than Berkeley *disproved* it. Dr. Brown's summing up of the controversy between these disputants is, upon the whole, just. 'One bawled out, 'We *must* believe in an outward world;' but added, in a whisper, 'We can give no reason for our belief.' The other cried out, 'We can give no reason for such a notion;' and whispers, 'I 'own we *cannot* get rid of it.' No doubt, as a matter of fact, philosophical scepticism exists in all conceivable grades, but its first principles are opposed to such gradations, and involve the most extreme results. Jouffroy, late Professor of the Faculty of Literature in Paris, in his admirable *Introduction to Ethics*, has three lectures on philosophical scepticism, to which we refer the reader who wishes to consider this subject more attentively. The following weighty passage is from the conclusion of the second lecture:—

'Is there, I ask, in the present day, any one who refuses to believe in the truths which have been discovered in physical and mathematical science? If these truths are not doubtful, if they are worthy of credit, then it is plain that the faculties of human intelligence are capable of acquiring truth. They are not by nature deceptive, therefore, or incompetent to distinguish truth from error. If the authority of these faculties is acknowledged in one exercise of their power, then must it be acknowledged in all; and if denied at all, in any case, then is all faith impossible. In other words, there can be no half scepticism or half dogmatism. He who would be a sceptic in our day must, if he would be consistent, consider mathematical and physical truths, as well as others, chimerical. Scepticism, which once occupied so prominent a position in philosophy, has gradually withdrawn; and

from resting on those arguments so much used by antiquity, though now refuted, it finds itself driven, in modern times, to take refuge in the simple metaphysical doubt as to the veracity of our faculties—an impregnable position, it is true, but one where it does not, and cannot, exert any actual influence on the human mind.'—Vol. i. 247.

Such is Jouffroy's account of what *consistency* requires in a course of philosophical scepticism. And the drift of the little that is said in the lecture at the head of this article touching a sceptic of this class, is, that, in becoming what he has become, he must have learnt to believe in a multitude of things that ought to have been far more difficult to admit than anything in the faith of a Christian. If the reader will just look to what is involved in philosophical scepticism, even in its first principles, he will need little help on this point from either lecturers or critics.

As to the position which Jouffroy describes as 'impregnable'—that of sheer doubt, affirming nothing and denying nothing—it is a position easily taken, but one which no virtuous man will be found to take. Every virtuous man must be a lover of truth; as a lover of truth he will always be ready to state the reasons for his doubting, and will gladly listen to any man who can promise him certainty in the place of doubt. We can have no faith in the integrity of men who profess to look on all such questions as beyond solution. We have not credulity enough to believe that man is so conditioned—not credulity enough to believe the thousand-and-one perplexing and contradictory things which we feel we must believe in order to believe that.

But enough of these subtleties. Sad has been the waste of time upon them; and sad the affectations, for the most part, of perplexity and doubt in relation to them. The author of the lecture on *The Credulities of Scepticism* might be held excused, we think, in regarding Exeter Hall as not the place for anything beyond a passing glance at such ingenuities in paradox. The scepticisms and credulities of mankind with which we have most to do, have respect in the main to objects less recondite and remote. Our most prevalent form of scepticism is that which, rejecting Christianity, either avowedly or tacitly, contents itself with world-worship, with nature-worship, or with reason-worship, or some one or other of its forms. And in dealing with this error, what should be our course? Should our great aim be to make converts of the apostles of this new faith—or no-faith? Not exactly. We must own that we have ourselves but very little faith in the probabilities of success in any such enterprise. But there are the unsophisticated, the unsuspecting, the inexperienced, who need protection against the arts of such men;

and one object of great importance for the safety of these parties is, to take care that whatever of the hollow and worthless there may be in the pretensions of these apostles should be detected and laid bare. Convert such men if you can. But the next best thing is to render them powerless, and much may be done in that way by a thorough and honest exposure of the insincerities or the credulities with which they are often chargeable. It is easy to ask—what have you gained by showing that infidels are credulous; are not all religionists, and all mankind credulous? The answer is simple. The great boast of our sceptics is that they are *not* credulous. The notion they project upon us from morning till evening, and from the first day of the year to the last is, that *they* are men who have risen above the region of credulity. We are expected to regard them as having risen so far above prejudice, and as having learnt to distinguish so clearly between the true and the false, as to be warranted in looking down on all Christian priests with scorn, as preachers of old wives' fables, and on all Christian people with pity, as believers in such fables. To convey precisely this impression concerning themselves to the young mind of our country, is the point towards which they work with their utmost—their most elaborate assiduity. The truth is, *they* know full well the value of the prestige which they thus aim to secure, whatever may be our notion of the matter.

No one, of course, pretends that *all* sceptics are credulous. But it is a significant fact, that among the persons who have become most notorious in our time as propagators of sceptical opinions in regard to religion, we find many who present *some* of the most anile instances of credulity to be found in history. We shall endeavour to aid such as need edification on this point by furnishing them with a few examples.

Some time since we apprised our readers that Miss Martineau had discovered a great hierophant of nature in a Mr. Atkinson, and had taken her place with great docility at his feet. We showed how this gentleman discoursed about the miracles and prophecies of our Lord, alleging that he could do the same; how, when mesmerizing in cold weather, he had only to shake his flannel-waistcoat, and the sparks of the magnetic fluid would be such that he could consult his watch at midnight; how, on entering a sick room, he could tell where his patients were suffering pain by his own sensations; how he could, in the same way, feel the pleasures of others, so as at times to think himself 'all in all'; how one of his patients could read from the top of her head, and from other parts of her body, without her eyes; how the fluid passing from a lady coming out of a mesmeric sleep, passed into

another lady standing by, and that other lady ran away screaming, so that Mr. Atkinson thought of the herd of swine in the Gospel; how one lady always knew when some one known to her had died, by seeing a black cat walk over her bed; how the face of Mr. Atkinson shone to the eyes of his patients like phosphorus when he was in great health and force; how a person's entire history might be told, merely through the touch of a bit of hair touched by that person; how mind, when properly considered, is found to be nothing but organized matter; and how, as the result of the whole, the hierophant and his devotee seem to have come alike to the conclusion that 'Philosophy finds no God in Nature, no personal Being or Creator, nor sees the need of any.' And since the time of which we speak, Mr. Atkinson would seem to have extended his marvellous discoveries still further, for he writes,—'On one occasion *I breathed a dream into a glove*, which I sent to a lady; *the dream occurred!*'* Such are the 'credulities' which may be allied, not only with Deism, but with Atheism. The following extract will introduce our readers to another of Miss Martineau's friends:—

'About seven years ago, two handsomely-printed octavo volumes made their appearance in this country, intitled, *The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelation, and a Voice to Mankind, by and through Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer and Clairvoyant*. The publisher of this work was Mr. Chapman, of 142. Strand. So valuable was it deemed, and so large was the demand expected for it, that the edition was stereotyped. Mr. Chapman was not merely the publisher, but the editor, and wrote an extended and elaborate preface to it, giving an account of its substance, and expressing his thoughts as to that substance. It is pretty well known that Mr. Chapman's career as a publisher has been that of a propagandist. The profits of his publications would seem to have been a matter of less concern to him than their principles—a somewhat unusual feeling for a bookseller. But Mr. Chapman has come to the conclusion that it is high time Christianity should be accounted a thing of the past, and that something much better should take its place. Great, accordingly, has been his zeal in ushering all sorts of books into existence which have promised to be in any way favourable to his object; some of them able, others presenting specimens of the veriest trash that has ever seen the light. It is right to say that there are some things in the visions of this Poughkeepsie Seer too extravagant even for Mr. Chapman's credulity; but, as a whole, he commends these visions respectfully to the scientific minds of the age, and is prepared to accept them as a natural harbinger of that brighter future, towards which all men not sunk in the narrowest bigotry are said to be looking.

'Revelations' he supposes them to be, not immediately from the

* Gregory's *Letters on Animal Magnetism*, 517.

Deity, but from natures of the spiritual world intervening between man and the Infinite. 'There is no unreasonableness,' he writes, 'in the presentiment that in the present age, *when the creeds and dogmas of the past have lost their influence and vitality*, and man has attained to a degree of development unfolding new wants and feelings, and higher sentiments; and when his faith in the immortality of the soul has become weakened and almost annihilated by his struggles with material nature, and his purely analytical and inductive modes of obtaining knowledge;—a *new revelation*, suited to his enlarged views and more spiritual needs, should be vouchsafed. And it may be that we are on the verge of an era, when this mysterious and *mediatorial element* between mind and mind, the *magnetic fluid*, will open up to us a means of intellectual acquisition and psychical experience more commensurate with our yet unfolded capacities, and our boundless desires.' (Preface, 30.) As Mr. Chapman discourses on this subject, so do the gentlemen discourse who present themselves as witnesses to the authenticity of these supposed visions. With them, and with the beardless prophet, Andrew Jackson Davis himself, all our present *isms* in theology have had their day, and the revelations of the next stage in the world's progress are to be revelations by clairvoyance and the magnetic fluid.—pp. 12—14.

Andrew Jackson Davis, we are told, was not more than twenty years of age when he rose to the dignity of a 'seer.' He is a person of little education, and has not, it is said, been in the way of conversing with persons much better informed than himself. Such he is in his normal or natural state. But put him into a mesmeric state, and he roams through all space and time, and sees and knows on a most marvellous scale. He goes beyond creation itself, and looks on as all things are made. He comes down the stream of time from the beginning, and converses with the great field of forgotten history. He ascends to the planets, and gives us the science of their physical geography—place, products, living creatures, people, everything. Everywhere the lower forms of development terminate in a higher, and last of all in a species of the genus man. We here give a second extract from the pamphlet at the head of this paper:—

'There are the men of the planet Saturn, for example. Their form, we are told, 'is perfect in its developments and adaptations to its uses.' But their limbs, it is said, are 'very straight and round.' The substance, moreover, of which their bodies consist, is so fine as to be 'almost transparent.' Their heads, it is added, are 'high and lofty,'—for everything in the planetary worlds, it appears, has been done on phrenological principles. Thus it is said of the men in the planet Mars, that 'there is a peculiar prominence on the top of the head, indicative of high veneration. The cerebrum and the cerebellum correspond in form and size; and the latter extends upwards at the junction

of the two brains, *which makes* them very susceptible of internal and true affection.' As to the inhabitants of Saturn, so clairvoyant are they, that every man knows the surface of the whole globe, and what is everywhere taking place. 'They inhabit buildings,' says the Seer, 'of an ingenious and peculiar structure, which are also beautiful and convenient. These are very large and extensive, covering immense areas of land, like an extensive city among us. There are, however, but few of these large and united buildings on the surface of the planet, these being near the equator, where light and heat, which correspond to interior truth and love, are most perfectly enjoyed.' Concerning the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, the clairvoyant says, 'Much might be said that would be of interest; for their relation to our *conceptions* of a perfect being is much closer than the inhabitants of Saturn. Their form is full, and well sustained by inward and physical forces. Their size, symmetry, and beauty of form exceed those of the earth's inhabitants. Their mental organization corresponds to their physical developments. Smoothness and evenness are upon their form generally.' But the clairvoyant adds, 'They do not walk erect, but assume an inclined position, frequently using their hands and arms in walking, the lower extremities being rather shorter than the arms, according to our standard of proportion. And by a modest desire to be seen only in an inclined position, they have formed this habit, which has become an established custom among them.' With all deference to our clairvoyant, it is not one of *our* conceptions of a graceful and perfect being that he should go upon all-four. But something more note-worthy still is recorded of the inhabitants of Mars. 'Sentiments arising in their minds,' it is said, 'become instantly impressed upon their countenances, and they use their mouth and tongue for their specific offices, and not as the agents for conversation. But that glowing radiation which illumines their faces while conversing, is to us inconceivable. Their eyes are blue, and of a soft expression, and are their most powerful agents in conversation. When one conceives a thought, and desires to express it, he casts his beaming eyes upon the eyes of another, and his sentiments instantly become known. And thus do their countenances and eyes, together with their gentle affability, typify the purity and beauty of their interiors.' It should be added, that one of the lessons acquired by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis in his abnormal peregrinations is, that the origin of evil has come from the invention of language. Every perfect world, accordingly, should be a world of pantomime or dumb-show, where people talk, not by using the tongue, but by making faces!—pp. 16—18.

The same high authority is described as expressing himself to the following effect, concerning the origin of the earth and of man.

'Andrew Jackson Davis, in common with Moses, divides the process of the creation of the world into six days or periods. But Moses has told us nothing on this subject, compared with what the modern

prophet has related. The Hebrew lawgiver is allowed to be at times correct. But he is said to be frequently in error, and even his truth is borrowed. One is chiefly curious, however, to know what sort of account this better Moses has to give concerning the origin of man. According to his story, the hand of nature in this direction was long but a 'prentice hand.' Her work was not done well, it appears, until done many times over. The first type of man, it seems, made its appearance in the early part of the sixth day. The creatures in question, which then somehow worked their way into existence, are called *quadrumana*, because they were not so much bipeds as creatures going, Jupiter fashion, upon all-fours, being of a huge monkey or baboon tribe. This Poughkeepsie Seer, this new cosmogonist, describing these embryo specimens of humanity, says:—'Their body was short and heavy, their limbs disproportionately long, and their heads of a very wide and low form. The spinal column, in the early species, resembled more nearly that of the fish than that of any other form. The shoulders were of great width, and the neck was very short and full. The whole body was covered with thick, heavy hair, like many of the plantigrades of that period. Some parts of the body of this *quadrumana* resembled those of the lowest animals, such as the fore limbs, which were used always in walking. This animal was the first type, after many ages of regeneration, which resembled in any particular the form of man.' So writes our Poughkeepsie Moses. Behold—Homer and Æschylus, ye Shakespeares and Miltons—behold your sires! Those hairy brutes climbing their way through yonder primitive forest, they—*they* are your fathers!—pp. 18, 19.

Of such substance is the work in which Mr. Chapman can recognise the probable harbinger of 'a new revelation' for man, 'suited to his enlarged views and spiritual needs!' We pass from Mr. Chapman to Mr. Robert Owen, of 'New Moral World' memory. Every one has heard something about spirit rapping, and spirit communications. The following is Mr. Owen's manifesto on that subject 'to all Governments and Peoples':—

'PEACE, CHARITY, LOVE, UNION, AND PROGRESS, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.

'A great moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

'Strange and incredible as it will at first appear, communications most important and gratifying have been made to great numbers in America, and to many in this country, through manifestations by invisible yet audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits; and to me especially, from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, my first and most enlightened disciple; and many members of my own family, Welsh and Scotch.

'I have applied all my powers of mind, so as honestly and fear-

lessly to investigate these new manifestations, said to be made by departed spirits from another advanced state of existence.

'Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in their combinations and results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

'By investigating the history of these manifestations in America and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of the American *medium*, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state; and that from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have attained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon earth, by various means.'—pp. 21, 22.

Now this is from the gentleman, who, beyond all men of our time, has been rating the world, for a full half century, about its credulity. He could believe nothing on the authority of the Bible—nothing in natural religion; but he can believe that these 'rapping' communications do really come from disembodied human spirits. Such are the heads, which, allied with a dogged obstinacy, may succeed for a time in leading multitudes into the gravest speculative and practical delusions.

But for the fullest illustration of the credulities of scepticism we must look across the Atlantic. Some of our cousins in the United States seem to have been singularly ripe for manifestations of this sort. In that country, it seems, in 1855, there were not less than 30,000 *mediums*—that is, persons through whom existences in the spirit-world made their communications to persons in this world. The believers in this new revelation are said, on the same American authority, to exceed two millions, and in these two millions there are many from the professional and educated classes.

Among the phenomena of this supposed spiritual influence now absorbing so much attention on the part of those myriads of people, there are many strange things. Departed spirits converse with surviving relatives, and with others, answering nearly all sorts of questions about the secrets of the invisible, and doing nearly all sorts of kind offices for such as seek their help. They are very communicative about their own condition, and as to the condition of others about whom inquiry is made. No less a person than the aged Professor Hare, in a lecture delivered as lately as in December last, tells us that, in compliance with his wish, a spirit went by means of a medium in Cape Island, to a medium in Philadelphia, and inquired when a certain bill would be due

at a bank, and the information obtained from fifty miles distant in two hours and a half, proved to be correct. Instruments, it is said, are played without any visible performer; and articles of furniture are raised from the floor and suspended in the air without any visible support. But the miracle of dispensing with the law of gravitation is only one among miracles almost innumerable. Certain favoured persons possess the power of healing, so that they can expel nearly all kinds of diseases, by means wholly independent of this world. The fame of some of these gifted persons is such that the afflicted rush to them from all quarters. In a newspaper before us, published in New York, intitled the *Spiritual Telegraph*, and bearing the date of last December, we find some twenty advertisements, filling three-fourths of a wide column, announcing a series of clairvoyant medicines, and the names, addresses, and pretensions of about a dozen practitioners on clairvoyant principles. Of this number of persons inviting medical consultations, eight are ladies! The following are some of these advertisements:—

‘MRS. LORIN L. PLATT would respectfully announce that she has taken rooms at No. 134, Canal, where she offers her services to the public in the examination and treatment of diseases by means of clairvoyance. TERMS. Examination, \$2; Examination and Prescription, \$3; if the person is present, or if absent, by autograph, or lock of hair, \$5. Psychometrical Readings, \$1.

‘MRS. HARRIET PORTER, Clairvoyant, Physician and Spirit Medium. Rooms, 109, West Twenty-fourth street. Hours from 10 to 12 A.M., and 2 to 5 P.M. Wednesdays and Sundays excepted.

‘MRS. E. SPARKS, Healing Medium by Manipulations, Nature’s Restorant, No. 339, Fourth Avenue, near East Twenty-fifth street. Hours from 10 to 4.

‘MRS. E. FRENCH, late of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician, Office, 343, Broadway, opposite Telegraph Building. Hours 10 A.M. to 1, and 2 to 4 P.M. All morbid conditions of the human organism delineated and prescribed for with accuracy hitherto unknown in the annals of Mesmeric Phenomena.’

The remaining advertisements are all to the same effect; and the ‘Restorative Syrup,’ the ‘Dysentery Cordial,’ and the ‘Celebrated Elixir,’ may all be relied upon as remedies compounded according to directions ‘given by Mrs. Mettler, while in a state of clairvoyance.’

It is a serious drawback upon the value of these spiritual communications that they are admitted to come from bad spirits as well as good, and, which is a still more serious affair, the bad are so wicked as sometimes to personate the good. The spirit sphere

accordingly teems with the falsehoods and follies with which we are but too familiar in our own. One should have thought that an oracle as likely to deceive as to speak the truth, would not be accounted of any great worth. It is, furthermore, an awkward fact, that while the mesmeric and clairvoyant power in the hands of Mr. Atkinson, and Miss Martineau leads to nothing but Materialism and Atheism, on the other side the water, it shows the earth to be encircled by a succession of extending spheres, all peopled with spirits innumerable. The diseases, moreover, which are said to be cured, are mostly such as naturally yield for a time to the force of imagination. There are many which the power of the clairvoyant, miraculous as it is, cannot reach. But patent as these facts, and others like them, may be, credulity runs its course.

Now the fact to be observed is, that this spiritualist movement is really an anti-christian movement. 'The true spiritualist,' it is justly said, 'professes to have no fixed creed, but trusts to find his religion of a progressive nature.' The spirit utterances are full of censure upon the 'sects,' as they are called—that is, the whole Christian people about them. What is said about spiritualism as not being hostile to Christianity is wholly deceptive. If Christianity be recognised at all, it is very much as some parties among ourselves profess to recognise it—as *a* religion, in common, and only in common, with all other religions. 'A man,' says Professor Hare, 'who devoutly worships *any* object which he mistakes for his God, is no more wanting in piety than a debtor who pays a forged order is deficient of honesty. Would a tenant be dishonest who should pay the rent due to his landlord to one falsely personating him?' To minds of this *very* liberal mood spiritualism adapts itself. Hence some of its most zealous and gifted converts are reported to have been 'confirmed atheists.' Of seventeen converts, whose letters are printed by Judge Edmonds, fourteen confess to having been religious sceptics. Such, in fact, is the complexion of this case generally. It gives us, both in America and in this country, the state of mind common to the great majority who either avowedly or silently ignore the religion of the Bible. Most clear is it, that if such persons are not believers in the better sense, it is from no lack of credulity. If there be any trace of modesty left in the world, it should suffice, in the face of such facts, to put a complete end to the assumption so often obtruded upon us—viz., that the men who respect the authority of the Christian revelation do so because they are credulous; and that those who reject that authority, do so because with them credulity is a thing of the past. The question here is manifestly not a question of evidence, but a

question between the heaven of the Gospel and a heaven which at best is but a poor reflection of earth. That there are consistent sceptics—men who doubt concerning other things as much as concerning Christianity, no one will deny. But what of the multitude? Let the spiritualism of America answer. And what of those among ourselves who have made themselves most conspicuous as the assailants of Christianity? Let the names which occur in this paper answer.

- ART. X.—(1.) *Beaumarchais et son Temps. Etudes sur la Société en France au XVIII^e Siècle d'après des documents inédits.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. Paris: Levy Frères. 1856.
 (2.) *Œuvres complètes de Beaumarchais, précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie et ses Ouvrages.* Par SAINT MARC GIRARDIN. Paris: Chez Lefevre. 1835.

THERE is no more interesting, or we may add no more instructive, study than biography. Without biography, and especially autobiography, it is impossible that the history and manners of a time can be perfectly understood or correctly presented by the historian of a country. The English language is rich in biographies and autobiographies: and if memoirs are to be comprised in this category, containing, as they frequently do, the story of a life, or lives, our neighbours and allies are still richer than ourselves in a delightful species of literature.

The two volumes before us, consisting of more than eleven hundred pages of printed matter, have certainly cost their author a considerable expenditure of labour. M. de Loménie has to our own knowledge been more than five years engaged in his task; so that it is from no hurry or precipitation—from no indiscreet haste in rushing into print, that he has failed in producing a perfect book. The amount of materials placed at his disposal was very large, though somewhat confused and indigested; but it does not appear to us that he has always made the best use of these materials, or that he has succeeded in giving a complete biography of Beaumarchais, or truthful and graphic sketches of the society in which the author of *Figaro* lived and moved. Still less has M. de Loménie realized his purpose of giving us a perfect idea of society as it existed in France in the eighteenth century, though he has confessedly added considerably to our knowledge of facts and means of judgment. It is not to be

denied that the author of the work under review has thrown considerable light on certain epochs in French history with which the name of Beaumarchais is inseparably bound up; but he has failed, we think, in giving us a living flesh and blood picture of the society—of the men and women who were actors and contemporaries of Beaumarchais on the great stage of life—in the sixty-seven years of that chequered, ever-varying, and agitated existence which passed between 1732 and 1799. This is altogether the fault of M. de Loménie, for he received from the son-in-law and grandson of Beaumarchais all the papers left by that alert, mobile, restless, and energetic personage, who was a perfect type of what the Italians and Spaniards call the *furia francese*. The very abundance of M. de Loménie's materials may have encumbered, if it has not appalled him. But, if he had made these materials his own by a proper labour of the brain and hand—if he had winnowed and recast them, and then arranged and re-written the whole with a due regard to chronological sequence, we cannot but think his volumes would have been to readers, both foreign and native, much more interesting and satisfactory. In a preface to his work, M. de Loménie takes occasion to state that English biographers do not sufficiently distinguish between narrative and citation, or establish a due and fitting proportion between the two, thus frequently abusing the patience of their readers by citing letters, speeches, essays, treatises, and other productions of their heroes at inconsiderate length. This is, doubtless, an abuse observable enough in certain biographies in our language; but it is also an abuse from which these volumes are assuredly not free. The current of the narrative of the life of Beaumarchais is frequently impeded, not to say obstructed, by letters and extracts set forth at far too great a length, the pith and point of which might have been given in a few lines, had M. de Loménie taken the pains to abridge or to make the matter his own by recasting and condensing it. The fault of the volumes before us is, that they are unnecessarily diffuse. All that it is necessary to know of *Beaumarchais and his Times* might have been better conveyed in a single volume of 400 or 500 pages, in which the narrative portion might have been given more briefly, rapidly, and strikingly than it is conveyed in two ponderous volumes.

The French in general, to do them justice, recur but sparingly in biography to documentary matter. If a vast mass of documents be presented for any particular biography, the better custom among our neighbours is to eliminate, and, after elimination, to distil, so to speak, the residuum into a highly-concentrated spirit. This is the essential oil or essential essence of

biography, savouring of the character and habits, and flavoured with the mental and moral idiosyncrasy of the being whose life, manners, tone of thought, and *manière d'être* are all extracted and expressed. Such a biography M. de Loménie has not given us. He has not winnowed or sifted the mass of materials placed before him, but has thrown before the public, *in extenso*, a vast deal of hitherto unpublished matter, which often illustrates his views, but not seldom fatigues, by its endless prolixity. Sometimes these citations do not very well fit in with the text; and let it be said in passing, that the text partakes somewhat of the style of patchwork. You feel that the author of the biography, though a sensible, well-read, and well-informed man, with a good deal of taste and commendable candour, has made up his book of shreds—that his 'web,' to use the illustration of Shakespeare, is of 'a mingled yarn,' in which there is wool of all qualities and colours intermixed. The greater part of these two ponderous volumes have been already published in separate papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from which separate papers an article was compiled for *Fraser's Magazine*, if we remember rightly, more than two years ago.

To us, we confess, it appears that the articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have somewhat spoiled the biography. In a review the intercalated matter may not only be pleasantly, but now and again profitably, introduced. But in a distinct and separate biographical work, such variations and transitions in a word, the introduction of such foreign matter, detracts from the requisite unity and homogeneity. Every one acquainted with French literary society is aware that M. de Loménie began by being the pupil, and ended in being the *suppléant*, of the academician Ampère, *au Collège de France*. Jean Jacques Ampère, the son of the celebrated mathematician of that name, co-operated with M. Guizot in contributing to the *Revue Française*, and when that publication ceased, transferred his pen to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is, therefore, natural enough, that the pupil and friend of Ampère should have addressed himself to a publication, such as the *Revue*, in which his articles would find a ready acceptance. What we maintain here and are concerned on insisting on is, that the shape, form, and tone of thought given to these articles has had an unhappy influence on the biography, and given it a character somewhat *décousu*.

M. de Loménie is not quite correct in saying that there exists no memoir of Beaumarchais, with the exception of the two volumes in which are contained his *factums judiciaires*. A succinct, yet satisfactory memoir of Beaumarchais, was prefixed by M. Saint Marc Girardin to his edition of the *Œuvres*

complètes de Beaumarchais, published one-and-twenty years ago, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. An equally short, though less satisfactory, but more graphic biography of Beaumarchais, appeared about the same epoch, from the fertile pen of M. Jules Janin. Beaumarchais was certainly one of the most active and stirring of a specially active and restless generation. He never allowed, to use a somewhat vulgar but expressive phrase, the grass to grow under his feet. His light was not under a bushel; and in the diversity of his avocations, and the *éclat*, not to say scandal, incident to some of them, would be found joined to the memoirs or *factums* which he published, sufficient matter to furnish the better portion of a volume.

Though we have taken exception to the manner in which M. de Loménie has mingled together extract and narrative, and think he might have composed a better book in rewriting and recasting his materials, yet we find no fault with the spirit in which this task has been executed. The author has been throughout perfectly fair and thoroughly candid and impartial in his estimate of Caron de Beaumarchais. Though the Messieurs Delarue furnished him with papers and documents, he has not in consequence deemed it necessary to pronounce a panegyric on their kinsman. On the other hand, he has not unfairly depreciated or run him down, but has held the scales evenly between the subject of his book, and his readers, the public. Without concealing or palliating the weak points of Beaumarchais, he has shown us that he was often more sinned against than sinning; that he possessed an excellent and feeling heart, a kindly nature, and an obliging and generous disposition.

The manner in which M. de Loménie states that he became possessed of the MS., on which he has drawn so largely, is especially interesting.—

‘Conducted,’ he says, ‘by a grandson of Beaumarchais, I entered a house in the street of the *Pas de Mule*. We ascended an attic, into which no mortal had penetrated for years. Opening, not without difficulty, the door of this nook, we raised a cloud of dust, quite suffocating. I ran to the window to inhale a mouthful of air, but the window, like the door, had become difficult to open, and resisted all my efforts. The wood, swollen by the damp and partially rotten, seemed to give way in my hand, when I resorted to the wiser plan of breaking two of the panes. We were now enabled to breathe. The little hole of a room was filled with cases and boxes crammed with papers. There was there before me in that uninhabited and silent cell, covered with a thick dust, all that remained of one of the most strange, lively, bustling, and agitated existences of the last century. I had before me all the papers left fifty-four years ago by the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*.’

A portion of these papers was arranged with care. It was that part having relation to the numerous affairs of Beaumarchais as litigant, merchant, ship-builder, contractor, administrator, &c. The remaining portion, consisting of literary and biographical matter, was in the greatest disorder. The arrangement had been confided to the cashier Gudin, who, like a zealous clerk, had subordinated everything to matters of business; meaning by business matters of commercial and pecuniary interest. After having disinterred from this chaos the manuscripts of the three dramas and the opera of Beaumarchais, M. de Loménie vainly sought for the MSS. of the *Barber of Seville* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, when a trunk presented itself, of which no key could be found; and on this being opened by the aid of a locksmith, the two missing MSS. were discovered at the very bottom of the box, covered with the corrections, additions, and alterations of the author, and lying under a mass of useless papers. By the side of the MSS. were the works of a watch or clock, executed on a large scale in copper, with the following inscription:—'*Caron filius ætatis 21 annorum regulatorum invenit et fecit, 1753.*' This was the first invention by which the young watchmaker signalized himself on his entrance into life. The juxtaposition in the same trunk of two objects so different as a masterpiece of watchmaking and two masterpieces of dramatic writing, had in it, as M. de Loménie remarks, something piquant, reminding one of that Eastern monarch who placed in the same chest his shepherd's dress alongside his royal mantle. At the bottom of the trunk also were some portraits of women. One of them was a small miniature, representing a handsome woman of from twenty to twenty-five. The portrait was wrapped up in a paper, on which these words were written in a fine hand:—'*Je vous rends mon portrait.*' Gracious and fragile remnant, says M. de Loménie, in relating the circumstance—Gracious and fragile remnant; but yet less fragile than us mortals, for it survives us. What, he asks, is become of this beautiful woman of eighty years ago, who, doubtless, to seal a lover's quarrel, forwarded her portrait? The answer to this inquiry can best be given in the words of the old ballad of *Dames du temps jadis*, by Villon.

'Dites moi où, ne en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Romaine,
Archipiada ne Thais
Qui fut sa cousine germaine ?
Echo parlant quand bruyt ou maine
Dessus rivière ou sus estan
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'humaine,
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan.'*

* D'autan de l'an passé.

It would appear that Beaumarchais had intended to write the history of his own life, for on a large collection of papers containing his correspondence with M. de Sartines, and the detail of his travels and proceedings as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., there are these words written in his own hand:—*‘Papiers originaux remis par M. de Sartines, matériaux pour les mémoires de ma vie.’* Lower down is, in the same hand, *‘inutiles aujourd’hui.’* These latter words, written in the old age of Beaumarchais under the first Republic—at a period when he had a law-suit with the Government, and when his affairs were in confusion—sufficiently indicate that he did not wish to leave a disputed inheritance to his daughter, or to injure his own memory in blazoning forth his services as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. (for such he undoubtedly was), and his connexion with their ministers. It is to be regretted that Beaumarchais did not accomplish his intention of writing an autobiography. No man’s life was filled with more stirring incidents, and there is no one of his age as to whom more fables were invented. It may be added, that though Beaumarchais was not calculated to excel in a serious or sustained work requiring very deep thought or reflection, yet that he possessed, and in a high degree, too, that particular kind of talent and *esprit*—that sagaciousness, clearness, fluency, flow of animal spirits, flexibility, and power of dramatising, so desirable in a biographer. The want of a life of this remarkable man was sought to be supplied, not long after his death, by his friend Gudin, who had known him for thirty years, and who, like himself, was the son of a watchmaker. But the widow of Beaumarchais, having read the 419 pages of Gudin’s MS. in 1809, was not satisfied with it, and it never was published. Till Saint Marc Gerardin, Jules Janin, Villemain, and Saint Beuve had written biographies and appreciations of Beaumarchais, there was scarcely any other account of the man than the one published by La Harpe in his *Cours de Littérature*, in 1800; an account meagre in itself, and wanting both in dates and details. It was while M. de Loménie was pondering on these materials, and considering, in delivering his course of lectures at the College de France, the influence that Beaumarchais exercised on his generation in a literary, social, and political sense, that he accidentally became possessed of the papers of the deceased author in the manner he so graphically describes. The information contained in these papers is great, and the details numerous; but we shall endeavour to compress the most important particulars within the compass of an article.

Pierre Augustin Caron—who assumed, when he was twenty-five years of age, the name of de Beaumarchais—was born on the

24th of January, 1732, in the shop of a watchmaker of the Rue St. Denis—a street in which not only Regnard, the best comic poet after Molière, but Scribe, and greater than Scribe, Béranger, first saw the light of day. The family of the father of Beaumarchais was humble; but the intellectual culture of old Caron appears to have been superior to that of a Parisian tradesman of the present day, and his manners certainly were superior in ease and good breeding to the bearing of the modern Parisian shopkeeper, who is too often brusque and uncivil, and occasionally wholly unpolished and bearish. The eighteen years' reign of the citizen king has too generally diffused among the shopkeeping classes of Paris a material and sordid sensualism, and the Republic and the Empire have only added cynicism and coarseness to selfishness, avarice, and other vices not necessary to dwell on here. A century ago, the aristocracy of a polished court occasionally, as M. de Loménie truly remarks, mixed with the *bourgeoisie*, and had an influence, by their language and demeanour, over the tone of civic life. But the best of the French aristocracy now lives far removed from Paris, and its place in the social scale is filled by political and commercial adventurers, by *agents de change*, by jobbers on the Bourse, or by men who have made large heaps of money by successful speculations in the *crédit foncier*. To return, however, to the father of Beaumarchais. André Charles Caron was descended of a Protestant Calvinist family which had held to its faith unconvinced by the eloquence of Bossuet, and undismayed by the persecution of the *dragonnades*. While yet young, André Charles enlisted in a regiment of dragoons; but after a short service obtained his discharge, and came to Paris to study watchmaking. A month after his arrival he abjured Calvinism, and was received into the bosom of the Roman-catholic Church by Cardinal Noailles, on the 7th of March, 1721. Beaumarchais was therefore born into the Roman-catholic faith; but we agree with M. de Loménie in thinking that the religion of his ancestors was not without its influence on his character and tone of thought, while it serves further to explain—for there is no need to justify—the zeal he displayed in all questions relating to the interests and welfare of the Huguenots. The father of Beaumarchais had six children, five of them daughters, and the young Caron, the only boy among them. He was naturally '*l'enfant gâté de la maison*,' and exhibited in infancy the gay, frolicsome, and lively spirit which never deserted him in his latter years in his greatest misfortunes. From one of his letters we learn that the precocious youth was about to kill himself for a love affair, at the early age of thirteen; but the sombre and melancholy fit passed away, and he was soon as

waggish and frolicsome as ever, as we learn from an epistle, in verse, of his sister Julia. Caron, the pervert father, like many other over-zealous Papists, *donna dans la dévotion*, and fined his son twelve sous if he entered the *Grande Messe* after the Epistle, twenty-four sous if he arrived after the Gospel, and a whole month's pocket-money if he came in after the Elevation of the Host. But notwithstanding all this severity, the droll young caitiff laughed in his sleeve at periwigs and perruques, and turned many a joke against the sleek and unctuous *prêtraille* of the day. We have few details as to Beaumarchais' school-life. He neither studied at the university nor with the Jesuits, but was brought up at the school of Alfort, which since has become a place of renown as the cradle of the great Veterinary School of France. At twelve years old he made his first communion at the convent of the Minimes, which was then near the forest of Vincennes, and was seized with a violent liking for an old monk who zealously sermonized him, seasoning his discourse with a capital luncheon. 'I went to the old fellow,' says Beaumarchais himself, 'every holiday;' but whether for the sermon, the salmi, the sausages, or the sauterne with which the good things were washed down, does not distinctly appear.

Beaumarchais left school in his thirteenth year, and soon after addressed a letter in verse to two of his sisters, who had crossed the Pyrenees, one of them being married in Spain. This letter, to use the words of M. de Loménie, is distinguished by an 'astonishing precocity, more particularly when it is considered that the classical instruction of the author was slight and scanty. Immediately on quitting school the lively youth was apprenticed to his father the watchmaker. It is clear he was not a model apprentice. To an almost fanatical passion for music he joined less innocent and less defensible tastes; so that his father had some difficulty in governing this impetuous and dissipated youth. At length, in his eighteenth year, he was for a time banished from the paternal residence, when he took up his abode with some relatives. Peace, however, was soon established between father and son on certain conditions. Beaumarchais returned to his home, and so completely devoted himself to his art, that, at twenty years of age, he had discovered a new *échappement*, or escapement, for watches.' M. de Loménie tells us, that a celebrated watchmaker, by the name of Lepaute, to whom the young man had confided his invention, appropriated it to himself, and announced it as his own in the *Mercur*e of September, 1753. The young Caron, however, replied in a clever letter to the same journal, and after two commissions had been named by the Academy of Sciences, it was decided

that the invention belonged of right to Beaumarchais. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that an *échappement à chevilles*, invented by one Amat, was improved and perfected by Lepaute—a fact of which M. de Loménie makes no mention; and a clock on a large scale with this kind of escapement exists at this moment—or at least existed in August and September last year—in the Cabinet of Natural History in the Garden of Plants. It may not be unnecessary to remark, that, within a year after he had defended his invention, Beaumarchais was appointed watchmaker to the king. Shortly before he received this appointment, he had presented the smallest watch which had been hitherto made, and with the particular escapement in question, in a ring to Madame de Pompadour.

As *horloger du roi*, and watchmaker to the king, the princes and princesses, Beaumarchais had the *entrée* to Versailles. In July, 1754, as we learn from a letter of his addressed to one of his cousins, a watchmaker at London, he states that he was favourably recognised by Louis XV., who ordered a repeating watch of him. Till his four-and-twentieth year, it appears the ambition of young Beaumarchais was limited to the production and selling of watches. How he commenced to have other views and objects in life does not clearly appear. We know, indeed, from his friend Gudin, that the fair sex at Versailles admired his form and figure, the regularity of his features, his brilliant complexion, commanding air, &c. &c. &c., and other personal advantages, *quos nunc prescribere longum est*. This general statement of the biographer might seem to be a remark of the modest Beaumarchais himself, which the complaisant Gudin had jotted down, did we not know from other sources that a lady who had seen Beaumarchais at Versailles actually made a journey express to Paris to visit his shop in the Rue St. Denis, under the pretext that her watch needed repairs. The lady was not precisely what is called a *grande dame*, but she was the wife of a '*contrôleur clerc d'office de la maison du roi*,' one Pierre Augustin Francquet. This office or employment was transmissible from father to son, and when the lady, with watch in hand, came to visit Beaumarchais, her husband was very old and infirm. Though the wife was not young, yet, on the other hand, she was not old, having just attained her thirtieth year, being six years the senior of Beaumarchais. It may be supposed the young watchmaker used his best efforts to repair the watch confided to him. So well did he accomplish his task, that, at the end of a few months, M. Francquet was conscious that his age and infirmities prevented him from properly filling his employment of *Contrôleur*, and that he could not do better than yield the place to the

young Caron, in consideration of a life-annuity. This arrangement being acceptable to all parties, Beaumarchais renounced his business as a watchmaker, and was inducted into his new employment by royal patent of the 9th November, 1755. The *contrôleurs d'office* were only employed in the '*repas et festins extraordinaires*.' They served the king's table '*l'épée au côté*,' placing with their own hands the dishes on the board. Two months after Beaumarchais became invested with this new office the old man who surrendered it to him died, and eleven months after, *i.e.* on the 22nd November, 1756, the watchmaker married the widow. At the period of the marriage, he assumed for the first time the name of de Beaumarchais, which name, Gudin tells us, was borrowed from a very small fief belonging to the wife. The circumstance was afterwards adroitly turned against Beaumarchais by Göezman, in one of his memoirs, in which he says, '*Le Sieur Caron emprunta d'une de ses femmes le nom de Beaumarchais qu'il a prêté à une de ses sœurs*.' Though Beaumarchais was '*contrôleur de la maison du roi*,' he had not, to use the jargon of heralds and precisians, *passé gentilhomme*. It was not till 1761, five years afterwards, when he had purchased for 85,000 francs the '*charge*' of *secrétaire du roi*, that he acquired the right of bearing the name of his fief. When Göezman reproached him with his ignoble and plebeian birth, Beaumarchais stated, that he could nearly count twenty years of nobility,* which no one dared dispute him, for he had not merely the sealed parchment and the yellow wax, but the receipt for the money paid down on the nail.

The comparative ease and affluence which wedded life brought to Beaumarchais lasted but a very short time. In less than a year after his marriage he lost his wife from typhus fever. The coincidence of the death of husband and wife in a time so inconceivably short excited at this period no attention; but when, by a deplorable fatality, he lost his second wife at a juncture when fortune smiled on him, there were not wanting those who muttered suspicions of poisoning. These rumours at length acquired such a consistency that Beaumarchais was obliged to assume the defensive, and to resort to the testimony of four physicians who had attended the first, and five who had attended the second, wife.

It ought to be stated, in justice to Beaumarchais, that the death of his first wife reduced him again to comparative poverty. He had, however, an entrance to court by means of his '*charge*,' and an opportunity soon presented itself by means of which he might push his fortunes. It has been already stated that he was



* This was an exaggeration; he could only count twelve years.

passionately fond of music. He sang with feeling, and played with taste and talent the flute and the harp. His reputation as a harpist soon reached the ears of *Mesdames* of France, the daughters of Louis XV., and the four sisters desired to hear him play. His *début* produced a favourable impression, and *Mesdames* determined to take lessons of him. Very soon Beaumarchais became the organizer and the principal virtuoso of a *concert de famille*, which the princesses gave every week, and at which the king, the dauphin, and the queen, Maria Leczinska, assisted. It was one of the talents of Beaumarchais to adapt himself to the character of those whom he wished to please. But he had need of all his circumspection, for his position was difficult, and calculated to excite the envy and jealousy of the croaking things that creep about court. He was neither music-master nor *grand seigneur*, and here he was giving gratuitous lessons, purchasing pieces of music, and displaying his accomplishments in a manner not always permitted to a qualified person. One day Louis XV. insisted on hearing him play the harp, and forced the ex-watchmaker to sit down on the royal *fautcuil*. These and other circumstances, which we have not space to mention here, excited jealousies and prejudices against a young musician, whose first appearance at court was as a watchmaker. Many trifling indications of these bad and envious feelings are stated by M. de Loménie. At length the conduct of one of the malignants became perfectly outrageous. Beaumarchais, insulted and provoked, went out with his adversary and killed him. Another duel had like to have followed on the first, because Beaumarchais had dared to ask of a M. de Sablières, a noble, a sum of thirty-five louis he had lent him. But the affair ended bloodlessly, thanks to the spirit of Beaumarchais. The letters of M. Sablières touching this affair are given by M. de Loménie, and worse specimens of style and spelling never proceeded from any *rustre* of the stables or shambles.

The favour which Beaumarchais enjoyed at the hands of the princesses had been hitherto of little advantage to him. He was obliged not merely to gratuitously dedicate his time to these ladies, but occasionally to expend his money in the purchase of costly instruments. He was, however, too adroit and clever a man to compromise his credit by receiving a pecuniary recompense, which would place him in the rank of a mercenary. It more comported with his views to write as he did write:—‘I have passed four years in meriting the kindnesses of *Mesdames de France* by the most assiduous and disinterested efforts for their amusement.’ These efforts consisted in making all sorts of purchases for the princesses—purchases in which Beaumarchais

frequently exhausted his ready money, and was consequently obliged to address urgent representations to Madame Hoppen, the *intendante* of Mesdames. Midst these *désagréments*, however, Beaumarchais cultivated letters, and considered that he, like Voltaire, might secure the friendship of some wealthy or prosperous contractor, who would push his fortunes. Such a man he found in Paris Du Verney, a person engaged in many speculations. Du Verney's kindnesses towards Beaumarchais were not wholly disinterested. Du Verney was anxious that the *Ecole Militaire*, of which he was *intendant*, should be visited by the Royal Family, and with this view Beaumarchais put the princesses in motion. They visited the school in company with Beaumarchais, and were received by Du Verney with great pomp. From this moment the grateful financier, charmed to find in Beaumarchais a useful intermediary for his communications with the Court, resolved to make the fortune of the young man, and gave him a share in several lucrative speculations. It was under the influence of Du Verney that the watchmaker's son was bitten with that taste for speculation which never left him till his latest day—a taste which never ceased to torment his life, and which mingled in his case with a predilection, not less ardent, for the mental excitement and the gratification of a fancy ever active and ardent.

In order to make his way more quickly, Beaumarchais felt the necessity of becoming noble. He purchased what is called a *savonnette à vilain*, that is to say, a patent of *secrétaire du roi*. In order not to impede the progress of his son, old Caron agreed to give up his watchmaker's shop, and the brevet of *secrétaire du roi* was obtained by Beaumarchais on the 9th of December, 1761. This new situation increased the number of his enemies and the jealousy with which he was regarded. An employment of *grand maître des eaux et forêts* almost immediately became vacant. It was a lucrative situation, and cost 500,000 livres. Du Verney lent Beaumarchais the sum necessary to purchase it, promising him at the same time that he would be able to repay him the amount by fiscal operations and contracts which should be given to him. After the money to purchase the situation had, however, been lodged at a notary's, an objection was raised to Beaumarchais by certain *grands maîtres des eaux et forêts*, and a collective petition was addressed to the *contrôleur-général*, threatening that the *grands maîtres* would resign in a body if the watchmaker's son was appointed. But although the generality of the *grands maîtres* were not a whit better born than the watchmaker, being, as Beaumarchais tells us, the sons of hairdressers, carders, Jew brokers, button-makers, &c. &c., yet they carried the day

against him. This painful check at the commencement of an administrative career, which might have been brilliant, soured the heart and ulcerated the disposition of Beaumarchais, and it is not to be wondered that his opinions assumed a discontented and democratic hue. It is a fact, however, recorded in other pages than in those of M. de Loménie, that the real aristocracy of France was much less hostile to Beaumarchais than the nest of jobbers without birth (we mention the circumstance from the question being raised by *parvenus*), breeding, or honesty, who then, as now, batten on fat places for the most part useless or sinecure. The disappointed Beaumarchais now purchased a 'charge' of *lieutenant-général des chasses aux bailliage et capitainerie de la varenne du Louvre*. This office was for the protection of the pleasures for the game of the king. It was, we need scarcely say, most oppressive to the proprietors and farmers fifty miles round Paris. This was in 1763. At this juncture we find Beaumarchais employing himself between the duties of his *charge*, the functions of *contrôleur de la maison du roi*, and those of *secrétaire du roi*, without prejudice to three or four industrial enterprises, those pleasures which he always pursued, or those family affections which held so large a place in his life. He had at this period bought a handsome house in the Rue de Condé, in which he had installed his father and his two unmarried sisters, when he received a letter from another of his sisters from Madrid, which determined him to set out for Spain.

Two of the sisters had, some time previously to this, established themselves at Madrid, where one of them had married an architect. A Spanish man of letters, named Clavijo, became acquainted with both sisters, frequented their house, fell in love with the second, named Maria Louisa, and offered her marriage. She accepted the offer of his hand, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place whenever Clavijo should obtain an employment under the Government, which he sought and expected. When, however, the employment was obtained, and the bans published, Clavijo refused to keep his word.

It was under these circumstances that Beaumarchais set out for Spain. All the circumstances relating to the journey, to his sojourn in Spain, to his interviews with Clavijo, with the Duke of Ossuna, with M. Grimaldi, with M. Wall (whom he throughout designates M. Wahl) are most graphically and eloquently set forth in the *Quatrième Mémoire à consulter contre M. Goëzman*. We doubt if there be a clearer or more pungent forty or fifty pages even in the French language (enriched as that language is with the scolding, mocking, and bitter prose of Voltaire) than is to be found in this memoir, under the head *Année 1764, Frag-*

ment de mon Voyage d'Espagne. The manner in which Beaumarchais, after his arrival in Spain, opens the subject to Clavijo, is consummate for coolness, talent, and address, and shows how fine a diplomatist, or an *avocat*, was spoilt in the watchmaker, speculator, and man of letters. Clavijo y Faxardo was himself a Spanish man of letters of no mean talents, the editor of a successful journal called *El Pensador*, and was subsequently, for more than twenty years, the editor of the *Mercurio Historico y Politico de Madrid*. He was, like a great many Spaniards, gifted with a silvery tongue, with abundant cunning and astuteness, and with a born genius for insincerity and intrigue. He lied, he wheedled, he fawned, and bullied by turns, and for a time succeeded in raising all Madrid against Beaumarchais, and in procuring an order for his arrest and banishment. But the courage, energy, and address of the Frenchman were at length victorious. Beaumarchais changed the opinions of the Spanish ministers, and even of the king, and ultimately obtained the dismissal of Clavijo from his office. Nor did he confine his labours solely to an onslaught on his adversary. Furnished with letters of credit, cash, and recommendations from Paris Du Verney to the amount of 200,000 francs, he visited grandees, ministers, and ambassadors; attended assemblies and *tertullias*; played whist and ombre with Lord Rochford, the English Ambassador, afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs; made love like a dragoon to the *senoras* and *senoritas*; and meddled as busily with every industrial speculation as the late Mr. John Sadleir, of unhappy fame and memory, meddled in our own day, with this only and most remarkable difference, that Beaumarchais neither forged, nor cheated, nor overdrew any account, nor rigged the market. He was then, in 1764, in the heyday of life and spirits—in health, strength, and intellectual vigour, just entering his thirty-third year, which Scribe somewhere describes as *l'age de l'àplomb et de scélératesse*. The enterprises which Beaumarchais endeavoured to set on foot in Spain were larger than any dreamed of by the ex-Irish Sessions attorney and ex-Treasury lord. He desired, in the first place, to obtain a monopoly of the trade of Louisiana for a French company. Secondly, to provide negroes for all the Spanish colonies. Thirdly, to colonize the Sierra Morena. Fourthly, to improve the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of Spain, the country having then no manufactures whatever. Fifthly, he desired to contract for the victualling of the army of Spain and the Indies, and the *Presidios*. The capital required for all these schemes would amount to hundreds of millions of reals. But *n'importe*, the capacious resources of Beaumarchais had stomach for them all. It may be supposed, that to broach all these subjects—to work, to write, to have audiences, and make

long speeches and minutes, required much talent, toil, and trouble. But Beaumarchais hustled and fought his way, and we find him writing to his father:—‘People are well satisfied with the light I throw on certain difficult subjects; and if I don’t succeed in all I undertake, I shall at least carry away the esteem of those I have had to deal with.’

The letters of Beaumarchais from Spain are admirable, full of fine spirits, gaiety, and good humour. One of the most lengthy and interesting of the letters of Beaumarchais was written to the Duke of La Valliere; and it is a singular proof of the sagacity of the writer, that most of his observations on the character, habits, and manners of the people, and on their poetry, drama, institutions, and government, hold good to this day.

Beaumarchais remained about a year in Spain, and turned that period, in one sense, to profitable account. It is true he had failed in inducing the government to interest itself in his projects; but, on the other hand, Figaro, Rosina, Almaviva, Bartolo, and many other conceptions of character are due to his year’s residence in the ‘sweet South.’

A Creole lady of some fortune, but a fortune like most West India properties involved, had exercised a certain influence over the heart of Beaumarchais before his departure for Madrid, and on his return he was half disposed to marry her; but the match was abruptly broken off, and she subsequently married the Chevalier de S——, who had been introduced to her by Beaumarchais. That which rendered the marriage more remarkable was, that the Chevalier was the accepted and engaged suitor of Julie, one of Beaumarchais’ sisters.

It was not till 1767, at the mature age of thirty-five, that Beaumarchais began to write for the stage. He commenced by the drama of *Eugénie*, the MS. of which was considerably pared down by the Censorship. This drama was acted for the first time on the 29th of January, 1767. The piece was only saved from condemnation by the acting of a young and amiable actress, Mdlle. Doligny, who filled the part of *Eugénie*. Though severely handled by the critics, *Eugénie* was not only successful in France, but a piece, an imitation, rather than a translation of it, called *The School for Rakes*, was successful in England. The second play of Beaumarchais, produced in 1770, called *Les Deux Amis*, was rather a failure. After being played about eight or ten times it was laid aside. The capital defect of the drama is set forth in a quatrain of the time, cited by Grimm:—

‘J’ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c’est :
C’est un change où l’argent circule
Sans produire aucun intérêt.’

Beaumarchais was, in 1770, actively employed, rich and happy, and he could well console himself for the failure of a comedy. Between the production of *Eugénie* and *Les Deux Amis*, the young and pretty widow of a *garde général des menus plaisirs*, named Levêque, fell in love with him, and in April, 1768, he married this lady, who brought him a brilliant fortune. Associated with Paris Du Verney, he purchased from the State a great part of the forest of Chinon, and was more occupied in felling and selling wood than in writing dramas.

Within three years of the epoch of his marriage, Beaumarchais lost his second wife. She died on the 21st November, 1770, from the effects of a bad confinement. There were not wanting scandalous tongues who intimated that it was strange that a husband should lose two wives successively in the pains of childbirth, and poisoning was directly hinted at. But it was sufficient to state the real truth to stop those remarks. One-half the fortune of the second wife of Beaumarchais was a life interest, which depended on her continuing to live. Beaumarchais had the greatest interest in keeping her alive, instead of killing her.

It was while the flattering success of Beaumarchais' first drama was effaced by the comparative failure of the second, that a new direction and turn was given to his life by a lawsuit, which lasted for seven long years. Paris Du Verney had a settlement of accounts with Beaumarchais on the 1st of April, 1770, in which a balance was struck between them. Beaumarchais agreed on his part to give up to Du Verney 160,000 francs' worth of bills, and it was stipulated that the partnership as to the forest of Chinon should be dissolved. Du Verney on his part declared that he had no claim against Beaumarchais; that he owed him 15,000 francs, and would lend him for a period of eight years, without interest, 75,000 francs. These latter conditions had not been fulfilled when Du Verney died on the 17th of July, 1770, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, leaving a fortune of 1,500,000 francs. Du Verney left one of his grand-nephews *légataire universelle*. This was a certain Count de la Blache, who held the rank in the army of *maréchal de camp*, and who for a long time had been heard to say of Beaumarchais, 'Je l'ai cet homme comme un *amant aime sa maîtresse*.' When the parties came to a settlement of accounts, De la Blache stated that the signature of his uncle was a forgery, and he claimed from Beaumarchais not only 53,500 livres, but an additional sum of 139,000 livres. The suit lasted seven years. Beaumarchais was successful *en première instance*, but lost his suit on appeal. Ultimately, however, the judgment *en appel* was reversed, and Beaumarchais gained the

cause on all the points by an arrêt of the Parlement of Provence, on the 21st of July, 1778. It was a wearying and a harassing thing to have these imputations of forgery and fraud hanging over one's head for seven years. The vexation and agony to a sensitive mind must have been great. But there was an excessive energy and vitality in Beaumarchais which, joined to a conscious innocence, sustained him for seven long years of forensic warfare. It was the unhappy fate of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* to be no sooner well 'fixed' in one *imbroglio*, that he was landed in another. Before he was rid of the suit of the Count de la Blache, he was in another scrape. He had become acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, with the Duke de Chaulnes, who had left the army at the age of twenty-four with the rank of colonel, who subsequently became a member of several scientific societies, made some discoveries in chemistry, and otherwise distinguished himself, as his father and mother had done, by scientific attainments. This duke lived in great intimacy with Mdlle. Menard, an actress, his mistress, to whom he introduced Beaumarchais. The latter frequently visited at Mdlle. Menard's (whose house was frequented also by Marmontel, Sedaine, Rulhieres, and Chamfort), and learned from her that the duke treated her with a brutality and violence savouring rather of the wild beast or the savage than of a civilized man. Hereupon Beaumarchais wrote a letter to the duke, half deprecating, half expostulating, to which the latter did not deign to reply. But in some months after the receipt of this missive, the duke, being aware that Beaumarchais continued to see Mdlle. Menard, resolved to force him to fight him. Beaumarchais was at his office at the Capitainerie, when the duke insisted upon his instantly going out with him. Beaumarchais adjourned for a moment the court, and went into an adjoining room with the duke, when De Chaulnes, with the ferocity of a tiger, exclaimed, that he would kill him and drink his blood. The history of the dispute, which is now for the first time published, occupies some dozen pages in M. de Loménie's volume; and it would shed a curious light on the state of society in France at this epoch, if there were not some reason to think (the fact is not, however, hinted at by M. de Loménie) that there was a taint of madness in the blood of M. de Chaulnes. Certain it is, that the mother of M. de Chaulnes, after having distinguished herself by very high scientific attainments, afterwards degraded herself by the coarsest and most sensual excesses, and by her conduct caused the death of the father of the man whose sanity we are now considering. The upshot of the encounter was, that the duke obtained admission to Beaumarchais' house, seized upon the author's sword, tore

his clothes, wounded his face, and received in return a 'facer' from Beaumarchais. '*Misérable*,' said the raging wild beast, '*tu frappes un duc et pair*.' In these words there is more disclosed as to the relation in which the different classes of society stood to each other than could be written in a folio. Not content with rushing on Beaumarchais with a drawn sword, and subsequently with a carving-knife, the duke finished his attack by eating the soup and devouring the cutlets of the man he had thus outraged. A crowd collected round the house, and the police became apprized of the affair. In his depositions before the *lieutenant de police*, the duke stated, that as Beaumarchais was not a *gentilhomme*, he did not dream of fighting him, but only meant to chastise a *roturier*, who was an '*insolent*,' and charged with forgery. The *Tribunal des Maréchaux de France*, to whom the matter was referred, relegated the Duke de Chaulnes to Vincennes, and acquitted Beaumarchais. But the premier, the Duke de la Vrillière, sent the *roturier* Caron to For l'Évêque, where he was kept a prisoner for two months. Nothing could be more unfortunate to the luckless Beaumarchais. His personal liberty was then of the utmost consequence to him to solicit his judges! (such was then the practice), and to defend himself against his opponent.

Before he was imprisoned at For l'Évêque, however—indeed, on the very evening of the day in which there was this scene and squabble with the Duke—Beaumarchais read his comedy of *Le Barbier de Séville* to a numerous company at the house of a friend. It was while he was in prison that the (on-seiller Goëzman (a member of the Parlement Maupeou) gave judgment against him, on the 6th of April, 1773, in the affair of De la Blache. This judgment of Goëzman was the cause of the greatest celebrity which Beaumarchais ever achieved. One hundred louis and a jewelled watch had been given by Beaumarchais, through the intervention of one Lejay, a bookseller, to Madame Goëzman, with a view to propitiate the judge. Madame Goëzman required an additional fifteen louis, which she said was intended for the secretary of her husband. The lady promised Lejay that if Beaumarchais lost his suit all should be returned, excepting the fifteen louis, which were to be the perquisite of the secretary.

After the money had been paid, Beaumarchais obtained an audience of Goëzman, who, two days afterwards, decided against him. Madame Goëzman faithfully returned the hundred louis and the watch; but Beaumarchais, having inquired of the secretary (to whom he had already given ten louis) whether he had received fifteen louis additional, learned that Madame Goëzman

had never given him anything, retaining herself the fifteen louis. Irritated by the loss of his money and the loss of his suit, Beaumarchais wrote to Madame G. to demand his fifteen louis. This was a grave step to take, for, if the wife denied having received the money, there might arise a dangerous contest. The straightforward course of asking that the fifteen louis might be returned also had its advantages. Beaumarchais was under the impression that Goëzman had been purchased by a larger sum presented by the Count de la Blache, and he was not without the hope of convicting this magistrate of venality. Madame Goëzman denied that she had ever received the fifteen louis; on the contrary, she declared that she sternly repudiated the criminal offer that had been made to her. She admitted that presents had been offered to her, on the part of Beaumarchais, with a view to gain the interest of her husband, but that she had repudiated those offers.

Goëzman, the husband, also appeared, and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as guilty of having calumniated the wife of a judge, after having vainly tried to corrupt her, and, through her means, her husband. This was a bold course for Goëzman to take; but it is now manifest, by a letter in his own hand to M. de Sartines, under date of the 5th of April, 1773, that he hoped to obtain a *lettre de cachet* against Beaumarchais, and thus to be rid of an unplesant opponent. The irresistible inference is, that, in making this application to M. de Sartines, Goëzman was aware of the imprudence and guilt of his wife. The Government, not daring to grant a *lettre de cachet*, Goëzman attempted to suborn Lejay. Lejay, yielding to the temptation, declared that Beaumarchais had induced him to try and corrupt Madame Goëzman, but that the lady rejected the presents and the offer with indignation. Armed with this false testimony, Goëzman appealed to the vengeance of Parliament. The discredit to which Beaumarchais had fallen was inconceivable. The decision in the case of La Blache had tarnished his honour, had diminished his fortune, had destroyed his peace of mind. He was now prosecuted for corruption and for scandal before judges interested in finding him guilty. No advocate dared to plead his cause against an individual so powerful and so high-placed as Goëzman. He therefore determined on being his own counsel, and to speak and write out of the fulness of his heart in the broad glare of day. He resolved in his own mind on trampling under foot all the conventional and court rules which introduced secrecy into criminal proceedings, and which prevented the nation at large from judging its judges. Whilst the authorities were laying the flattering unction to their souls that all would be con-

ducted slyly, snugly, and quietly in the dark, Beaumarchais had in his own mind resolved to let in a stream of light, and to excite and arouse public opinion. But in order to this end, in order that public opinion should respond to the call of a man not known, or only known unfavourably, it was indispensable that he should draw around him readers; that to retain their attention he should excite their interest, their sympathies, their indignation, their pity, and, above all, that he should amuse them.

In this that very able and adroit man perfectly succeeded, investing his suit with all the interest of a drama and a romance. In the memoirs and pleadings which he wrote concerning this affair, he exhibited the most original and the most varied talent, giving to his *factums* an unspeakable beauty, vivacity, and interest. There was eloquence, audacity, sarcasm, historical allusion, dash, gaiety, malice, and the daring ardour of conviction. There was the tact, too, that showed Beaumarchais a consummate master of his art. He succeeded in turning the slumbering hatred of the nation against the *Parlement Maupeou*, which had displaced the ancient magistracy. The genius and address displayed by him throughout were marvellous and almost magical. There is as much good comedy in the cause and the memoirs touching it, as in any play in the French or the English language. No silliness, no hypocrisy, no knavery, no trait of character, escapes the practised and polished pen of the merciless wit. The sentence of the court, after both parties had pleaded, was, that Madame Goëzman was condemned '*au blame*,' and to the restitution of the fifteen louis, which were to be distributed among the poor; that her husband was put *hors de cour*, a sentence equivalent to condemnation, and which forced him to resign his office. Beaumarchais was also condemned '*au blame*.' This process was the ruin of Goëzman. For the rest of his existence he lived a life of ignominious obscurity, and twenty years afterwards was guillotined on the 7th Thermidor, two days before the fall of Robespierre.

Beaumarchais, though condemned '*au blame*' by the judges, became at once the most popular man in France. The first people in the land, among others the Prince de Conti and the Duke of Orleans, showered on him their hospitalities and ostentatiously left their names at his door. From the day of the process the opposition to the *Parlement Maupeou* increased, and within a year that Parliament was abolished and the old Parliament restored.

It may be asked how and in what manner were these wonderful memoirs and *factums* composed. They were composed under every difficulty by a man running here and there, and living *en*

camp volant, struggling with the *huissiers* of the Count de la Blache, and fighting an up-hill battle with the Judge Goëzman. Every scrap of the MS. of the memoirs and *factums* is, however, in the handwriting of Beaumarchais. All the best and most brilliant passages have been written three or four times over, so that he almost literally fulfilled the precept of Boileau, of polishing and re-polishing twenty times over. He corrected much, and recommenced and remodelled often. His first sketches, evidently rapidly written, are generally prolix and diffuse; in the second attempt are found amendments, prunings, loppings off, excisions, &c.

No man more attentively followed and read the proceedings and memoirs in the case of Goëzman than Voltaire.

'Quel homme,' he writes to D'Alembert, 'il réunit tout, la plaisanterie, le sérieux, la raison, la gaieté, la force, le touchant, tous les genres d'éloquence, et il n'en recherche aucun et il confond tous ses adversaires et il donne des leçons a ses juges. Sa naïveté m'enchanté, je lui pardonne ses imprudences et ses pétulances.'

It is a proof of the principle in Beaumarchais' heart, and the real kindness of his nature, that, at this period, when his affairs were in a deranged state and he had broken up his household, he continued to pension every member of his family.

In the next phase of Beaumarchais' career he appears in a widely different character. The unquestioned ability he had exhibited induced Louis XV. to employ him in one of those secret missions so common at the time under the ancient, and, indeed, now under the modern, Imperial Government of France. There was at that period in London a Burgundian adventurer of the name of Thévencau de Morande, who carried on a trade in libelling and scandal. He defamed and calumniated some of the leading personages in France, and his ribaldry and invective were eagerly imported across the Channel. To such a man Madame du Barry was a mine of wealth. He wrote to her announcing the publication of an interesting work, called *Mémoires Secrets d'une Femme Publique*, the MS. of which might be obtained for a con-si-de-ra-ti-on. The alarmed and furious courtesan communicated her anger and her fears to Louis XV. Various means were unavailingly adopted to silence or intimidate Morande, when it was determined to enlist the genius of Beaumarchais in this not very reputable cause. The mission was *not* very eagerly undertaken by him, but he completely succeeded in it. Three thousand copies of the MS. were committed to the flames, and for this holocaust the French Government agreed to give the adventurer Morande 20,000 francs down, and 4000 francs a year pension.

On Beaumarchais returning to Versailles to receive the thanks of Louis XV., he found the monarch dying. Had the king lived a few days longer the sentence of the *Parlement Maupeou* would have been reversed and Beaumarchais rehabilitated. The new monarch cared little about Madame du Barry; but Louis XVI. had scarcely ascended the throne, amidst the ardent hopes and congratulations of France, when his young and beautiful queen was attacked by another libeller domiciliated in London. Beaumarchais was again sent on a mission to London, in 1774, and at an expense of 35,600 francs, a Jew named Angelucci consented to give up and burn 4,000 copies of a libel on the queen. Beaumarchais subsequently proceeded with the Jew to Amsterdam to destroy the Dutch edition, when the Israelite gave him the slip, carrying off a single copy of the libel to Nuremberg, a town filled with the race of Abraham and Isaac. Beaumarchais overtook 'cunning little Isaac' at Nenstadt, and regained the copy of the libel from the Hebrew. Nor did the Frenchman's labours end with this achievement. He posted on to Vienna, to obtain from the mother of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Maria Theresa, an order for the arrest of Angelucci, and arrived in so excited a state that he was imprisoned till the Austrian government could communicate with the government of France.

His next mission was again to England, to obtain from the Chevalier d'Eon a secret correspondence which passed between him and Louis XV. Beaumarchais succeeded in obtaining the correspondence, with which he returned to Versailles. He was, however, charged with more important matters than any connected with the Chevalier d'Eon. He had undertaken to put the king in possession of information as to the insurgent American colonies; and it is now certain that it was owing to his ardent solicitations that the French government determined to secretly support the insurgents. Beaumarchais was charged with this important and delicate mission, and he exhibited in it, to use the words of M. de Loménie, 'a talent for organization, a vigour of mind, and a power of will, which many would be surprised to find in the author of the *Barber of Seville*.' On the 10th of June, 1776, Beaumarchais obtained from the king a million to work the great American operation, and he was at the moment labouring under a deprivation of all civil rights.

It was not till September, 1776, that the sentence passed on him by the Parliament of Maupeou was reversed, that he was restored to his civil rights and the enjoyment of the offices he had formerly held.

This *arrêt* of the new parliament was received by all Paris with the wildest joy, and Beaumarchais was carried in triumph from the Chamber of Parliament to his carriage.

He had now to run his great career as a dramatic author. The *Barber of Seville* had been originally written as an opera in 1772, when it was refused by the so-called *Italiens*. It was accepted at the *Français* in the following year, 1773; but the affair of Chaulnes and the imprisonment of Beaumarchais retarded the production of the piece.

The suit of Goëzman again interfered with the representation, when the immense popularity of the memoirs and *factums* against this functionary induced the actors to give out the comedy for the 24th February, 1774. For the first five representations all the places were taken; but, of a sudden, the piece was forbidden. On the 23rd February, 1775, the first representation took place, when the failure was all but complete; but it is a proof of the fertility and judgment of the author, that within four-and-twenty hours he condensed and altered his play so admirably that it had a brilliant and well-merited success.

At the end of a thirty-nights' run, the actors wished to convert the success of the *Barbier* to their own benefit; and, from that time forth, the object of Beaumarchais was to produce an union among literary men, so as to enable them the better to defend themselves against a combination of actors. If a labouring literary man, not a political writer, is enabled to live in France now and to enjoy the fruits of his brain labour, the result is, in a great degree, owing to the efforts made, nearly eighty years ago, by Caron de Beaumarchais.

We have already stated that Louis XVI. furnished Beaumarchais with a million. He received another million from the Spanish government. With these united sums he was to form a company to furnish the Americans with arms and munitions of war, in return for which they were to pay in the produce of their soil. Beaumarchais entered into contracts with houses at Havre, Rochefort, Dunkirk, and Nantes, and forwarded arms and stores to the Americans under the name of a firm of Rodrigue, Hortalez, and Company. Not content with these efforts, the active agent bought a vessel of sixty guns, the *Fier Rodrigue*, and commissioned her to convoy ten of his merchant ships. This vessel took part in the engagement between the French and English fleets under Admiral Byron, and her commander was killed in the engagement. It is a curious fact, that Ganteaume, who subsequently rose to the rank of admiral in the service of France, was originally a sailor, and subsequently officer, in the marine—if we may so call it—of Beaumarchais.

The immense assistance which Beaumarchais rendered to the Americans and their cause is very clearly set forth in these volumes of M. de Loménie; yet it appears that his just claims against the American Congress and nation were not even partially liqui-

dated till 1836, five-and-thirty years after his decease, and then only a small portion of the money due was paid. In 1795, Beaumarchais claimed from Congress a sum of 4,141,171 livres, and, after more than forty years of wrangling and struggle, his heirs received eight hundred thousand francs.

Not content with furnishing the Americans, Beaumarchais set about the establishment of a *caisse d'escompte* (the germ of the Bank of France), a *pompe à feu* at Chaillot, and two editions of the works of Voltaire, one in seventy and the other in ninety-two volumes. To accomplish this purpose he purchased the type of Baskerville (the same type with which the famous editions of Virgil, Horace, and Terence are printed) for 100,000 francs. The two editions took seven years to finish, and 15,000 copies of each were published. It is a singular fact that the number of subscribers did not exceed 2000, so that the loss must have been enormous. Yet, with all these losses and troubles, Beaumarchais had a hand 'open as day' to literary men in need, so that the list of his insolvent debtors amounted to twenty-three. The Prince of Nassau Siegen owed him 125,000 francs.

The years of 1784 and 1785 were the most brilliant portions of Beaumarchais' career. Though *Figaro* had been some time written, yet the king was opposed to its being acted. The author was now enabled to force it on the stage despite the opposition of the monarch. It had a run of sixty-eight nights. The money taken for the first representation amounted to 6511 livres; the money taken for the sixty-eight representations amounted to 5483 livres. In the eight months between the 27th of April, 1784, and the 10th of January, 1785, the piece had produced (without counting the fiftieth representation which had been given to the poor on the proposition of Beaumarchais) a gross receipt of 346,197 livres, of which there remained to the actors a nett benefice of 293,755 livres, with the exception of the portion dedicated to the author Beaumarchais, which amounted to 41,199 livres. The account of the representation of the piece will be found recorded in every periodical, in all the letters and memoirs of the time. People went to the theatre early in the morning, the greatest ladies dining in the actresses' dressing-rooms in order to secure places. Bachaumont tells us blue ribbons were elbowd by Savoyards, and La Harpe, that three persons were killed. If we are to believe an unpublished letter of Beaumarchais, he was present at all this excitement. He sat at the back of a *loge grille*, between two abbés, with whom he had dined at a jovial repast. He maliciously said the presence of these two abbés was necessary, that they might administer to him if necessary *des secours très spirituels*. In the midst of this brilliant success, another misfortune fell on Beaumarchais. Sicard criticised the *Marriage*

of *Figaro* severely, and was aided, it is said, in this labour by the Count de Provence, who had written some of the critiques. Beaumarchais answered the attacks with great energy, and the Count de Provence, feeling himself personally wounded, complained to his brother, Louis XVI., of the insolence of Beaumarchais, and artfully insinuated that the offence of the author of the *Murriage of Figaro* consisted not in using the words *l'insecte vil de la nuit*, but in using the words '*lions et tigres*,' which designated, as he alleged, the king and the queen. Louis XVI. was already irritated against Beaumarchais. The immense success of a comedy which had been represented against his will—a success which 'disquieted him as a king, and scandalized him as a Christian,'—to use the words of M. de Loménie—rendered him disposed to credit the most improbable accusations against the author. Without quitting the card-table at which he was seated, the monarch wrote in pencil on the seven of spades an order for the arrest of Beaumarchais, and, adding insult to rigour, ordered that a man of fifty-three should be conducted to the prison of St. Lazare, which was reserved for young vagabonds. At the end of the fifth day, Beaumarchais was almost forced to leave the prison against his will. The memoir which he addressed to the king from St. Lazare is curious, as disclosing a state of affairs as embarrassing for Louis XVI. as for himself. On his leaving prison, M. de Calonne wrote to him to state that the king held him exculpated, and would seize with pleasure occasions to confer on him marks of his good will. Soon after this *Le Barbier de Seville* was represented on the small theatre of Trianon, the Queen playing the part of Rosina, the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) that of Figaro, M. de Vaudreuil, Almaviva. By an order of the king, Beaumarchais not long after received 800,000 livres by way of indemnity for his *flotte marchande*, which, in addition to two sums previously received, formed a total of 2,275,625 livres.

Previous to the period of which we are now speaking, Mirabeau and Beaumarchais had not been acquainted. One day, says Gudin, Mirabeau called on Beaumarchais. The conversation was lively, animated, and *spirituelle*. At length, Mirabeau inconsiderately asked for a loan of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais refused with playful gaiety. Nothing is 'easier than for you to lend the money,' replied the count. 'No doubt of it,' rejoined Beaumarchais; 'but as I must quarrel with you the day when your note of hand would fall due, I may as well break with you now, and save my money.'

Beaumarchais had been concerned in a speculation to supply Paris with water. Mirabeau was chosen to write a pamphlet against this scheme. Beaumarchais pungently replied, when Mirabeau rejoined, reviving all the old calumnies. To this

diatribe Beaumarchais made no answer; but it may not be amiss to state that in 1790, a year before the death of the great orator, the two men were reconciled. M. de Loménie gives at length the letters that passed between them. Even an epitome of them it is beyond our space to afford.

In February, 1787, at the moment when Beaumarchais was occupied with the first representation of the opera of *Tarare*, a pamphlet appeared, intituled *Mémoire sur une question d'adultère, de seduction, et de diffamation pour le Sieur Kornman contre la dame Kornman, le Sieur de Jossan, le Sieur de Beaumarchais, et M. Lenoir*. Beaumarchais, after having investigated the case of Madame Kornman, became satisfied that she was an oppressed and injured woman, and procured a revocation of the *lettre de cachet* which her husband had obtained against her. Further, he advised Madame Kornman to appeal to the tribunals to save her children's fortune. A young advocate of the name of Bergasse was employed in Kornman's case, and he it was who composed the *Mémoire* which we have just mentioned; a memoir which circulated by thousands, and which gave rise to hundreds of pamphlets *pro et contra*. The style of Bergasse was turgid, but it was earnest and emphatic. His taste was none of the best, but he was personal, confident, used strong epithets, and introduced a great many extraneous topics to season the flavour of his *factum*. Beaumarchais proceeded against the advocate for calumny, and gained his suit. But there is a vitality, indeed an immortality, in slander, which causes it to survive the occasion; and though the Parliament pronounced in Beaumarchais' favour on the 2nd of April, 1789, directing the suppression of Bergasse's Memoir, and the payment by him of a thousand livres as costs and damages, yet some of Bergasse's imputations lived in the memories and thoughts of men during the progress of the Revolution, and affected the popularity, if they did not tarnish the repute of Beaumarchais. It was the singular destiny of Beaumarchais never to do good without its bringing him poignant suffering. 'Je n'ai jamais rien fait de bien,' he says, 'qui ne m'ait causé des angoisses, et je ne dois tous mes succès, le dirai-je, qu'à des sottises.'

While Beaumarchais was for two years struggling with Bergasse, he was writing and preparing for the stage his opera of *Tarare*, first produced on the 8th of June, 1787; an opera which has been played within a few years. He was also dabbling in the expensive recreation of brick and mortar, having purchased from the Municipality, near the Bastille, a site for a splendid mansion. This mansion was built in magnificent style, and sumptuously furnished with precious woods and marbles brought from Italy at great expense. In the study of Beaumarchais there was a

secrétaire valued at 30,000 francs. In this luxurious abode he received some of the most remarkable men of his time,—the Duke d'Orleans, Mirabeau, Sieyes, &c. From this stately dwelling, which is now called the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the owner of it witnessed the taking of the Bastille. He exhibited no desire to mingle in the fray, or to become deputy for his district. He limited his efforts to the preserving of order, and to saving from the enraged multitude disarmed soldiers. He remained in Paris during the progress of the Revolution, and in June, 1791, we find him seriously petitioning to obtain, in favour of the faithful of his quarter, a greater number of masses. Amidst preoccupations and inquietude of every kind, says M. de Loménie, towards the close of his second volume, Beaumarchais found time to dedicate to the two great passions which occupied his life—the theatre and commercial speculation.

He finished *La Mère Coupable* in 1791, and about the same period contracted to supply the government with 60,000 muskets—a contract which ruined his fortunes, and was the canker-worm of his subsequent life. While using every effort to obtain the muskets, he was denounced by the ex-Capuchin Chabot. On the 10th August, the mob suspecting complicity with Louis XVI., broke into his house and searched for the arms. Thirteen days afterwards, i.e. on the 23rd, being sixty years of age and deaf, he was sent to the prison of L'Abbaye. Here he remained till the 30th, a few hours before the massacres of the 2nd September. He owed his release to the magnanimity of Manuel, who thus nobly revenged himself for some stinging criticisms. Escaped from prison and death, Beaumarchais hid himself some miles from Paris, whence he proceeded to seek an interview with the ministers. The men in authority gave him his passport for Holland. On his arrival, he did not find the promised money. The Convention had now succeeded to the Legislative Assembly, and in the Convention Beaumarchais was accused of combining against the government. From London, Beaumarchais wrote a defence of himself, distributing 600 copies. The answer by the Convention to the defence was, that Beaumarchais was permitted to choose between a sequestration of his property, and the starting a second time to obtain the muskets. While things were in this lamentable position, his property was seized, his family sent to prison, and he himself was condemned also to prison by the *Comité de Salut Public* (whose agent he was) as an *émigré*. His difficulties were now great, and they became overwhelming when he found himself an emigrant in the free town of Hamburg. For some three-and-twenty months between 1793 and 1795, Beaumarchais contrived to save his muskets from the Dutch; but they were at length seized and

sold by the English government. So overwhelming and entangled were the series of misfortunes in which he was now enmeshed, that he was in utter despair. 'I ask myself,' says he, in a letter to his wife, 'whether I am not a madman or a fool, so difficult is it to fathom the depth of my misfortunes. Where are you?' he passionately writes to his wife; 'where do you live? what is the name you go by? who are your true friends, and who ought I to call mine? Without the hope of saving my daughter, the horrid guillotine would, for me, be preferable to my terrible state.' In July, 1796, the name of Beaumarchais was struck off the list of emigrants, and he was allowed to return to Paris. But his wife, sister, and daughter were then in a wretched state. On leaving a prison in which they were so nearly doomed to death, they found all the property of Beaumarchais sequestered, and his debtors clamorous to discharge their engagements, contracted under a sound currency, in depreciated *assignats*. Thus ruined and overwhelmed by no fault of his own, Beaumarchais could scarcely pay the window-taxes on his large house. There were, indeed, strange times between 1794 and 1796. We learn, from the letters and accounts of Beaumarchais' sister, Julia, that, in the depreciated *assignats*, sugar sold at 100 francs the pound, potatoes at 200 francs the bushel, pomade at 25 francs the ounce, &c.

Though Beaumarchais had acquired while at Hamburg the friendship of Talleyrand and Baron Louis, and albeit he was aware of the state of his affairs at Paris, still he was glad to return to his native city. Amidst all his troubles and misfortunes, and at a time when he had passed the grand climacteric, having attained the ripe age of sixty-five, we find him entering into all the theatrical and literary topics of the day with the eagerness and vivacity of youth. On the 4 Pluviose, an VI., i.e., in January, 1798, a commission, appointed by the Directory, declared that the State was indebted to Beaumarchais in a sum of 997,875 francs. This sum would have placed him in a position to satisfy the most importunate of his creditors, and to pass the remainder of his life in tranquillity—if by a singular fatality—which rendered his last days miserable—the Directory had not named a new commission, which came to a directly opposite conclusion from the first. Far from making the State his debtor, the new commission declared Beaumarchais to be debtor to the State in the sum of 500,000 francs. It was in struggling against the decision of this committee that the last days of Beaumarchais were consumed. After passing a happy evening with his family and a few chosen friends, on the 17th of May, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 18th of May, 1799. He died of an apoplectic seizure, produced

by the agitation and anxiety of his latter years, and the strange injustice by which he was deprived by two governments of the greatest portion of his fortune.

Such was the end of Beaumarchais. His life embraces the better part of the eighteenth century, and his works represent its spirit. His career was singularly chequered and agitated, but not more agitated than the history and fortunes of his country at this epoch. He mixed with all classes of Frenchmen, from the highest to the lowest, and he possessed in a greater degree than any man of his time the peculiarities, qualities, and talents of that vivacious, clever, and mobile people of France, once our bravest and bitterest enemies, now our firm allies. It has been truly said that Beaumarchais lived in the Palace, in the Court, in the *Coulisses*, and in the Exchange; and he imbibed the spirit of each, and turned it to the best account in the comedies, memoirs, factums, verses, and letters, with which he has enriched the language. Had he not lived so much at Court in early life, it is possible his *tableaux* might have been wanting in that airy grace and lightness, that careless gaiety, that suppleness and *jinesse*, so characteristic of the *ancienne Cour*. In the walks of commerce and the Exchange—among the *Fermiers Généraux*, *Financiers*, *Fournisseurs*, and *Intendants*, he obtained that clearness of view, that method and lucid order, that neatness and point which the daily handling of large affairs always improves and sometimes supplies. His art in managing, draping, and colouring characters—his style so sharp and pointed—he owes partly to the peculiar conformation of his mind, partly to his intimacy with the drama, his large acquaintance with human life in all its phases, and his long familiarity with the business of the stage. His penetration and spirit of observation were natural and inborn, and so were that moral and civic courage and independence which enabled him to stand up against parliaments and judges, and taught him not to fear the *gros bonnets fourrés*, so prone to hector and bully laymen in courts of law. The self-reliance and natural talents of Beaumarchais appear in this—that he played on all instruments, and was not a professional musician—that he invented a machine, and was not a professed mechanician—that he was a maker of paper without being a paper manufacturer—that he was printer and publisher without being bred to the trade—that he entered on operations of commerce, banking, exchange, finance, and navigation without being merchant, banker, and cambist—that he wrote judicial memoirs and *factums* without being an *avocat*, an *avoué*, or even a *notaire*—and verses, songs, and comedies without being a professed author or *littérateur*. What was he then? A dangerous man? Certainly he was in this, *that he was a persecuted citizen*—a man

whom society and his fellows wronged and misinterpreted. He was the first to call himself by this name of persecuted citizen, in 1774, as is well said by M. St. Marc Girardin; and from that moment opinion appears to have rallied round him, and to have made his cause the cause of the struggling and discontented people. He was the man from whose exposure of judges first arose the cry of '*Plus de vénalité de charges.*' His was the first voice—his were the first words in print, to clamour for publicity in legal proceedings, and for confrontation of witnesses equivalent to our cross-examination, with a view to the interests of justice and of truth. His was the voice which, by '*frappant juste et fort,*' destroyed the *Parlement Maupeou*.

In the *Marriage of Figaro*, Beaumarchais paints the French nation as it existed just antecedent to the French Revolution. The social edifice was quite undermined, the domestic virtues were altogether sapped. So in *Figaro*, the valet cheats his master, the husband his wife, the wife her husband; the judge is venal, the churchman is a sly go-between, a knave and a hypocrite; the peasant speaks of rights and duties, whilst the fool of quality insults his mother, and is a libertine and a debauchee. Court and town alike applauded, for this was the true reflection, these were the very manners, morals, and essential spirit of the time.

Such was Paris—such was France at the time the *Marriage of Figaro* was first represented. What have the French become since? What are they now? The present generation of Frenchmen, like too many among ourselves, care little for the past, unless in so far as it can minister to the present. If, however, some pupil of the people, some poet of the people, some writer of the people, or some dramatist of the people, were to rise up in 1856, possessing the talents of Beaumarchais, and being, like him,—*mutin, railleur, méchant, patient et courageux*,—possessing, like Beaumarchais, a style pregnant, sharp, and bitter, and a *génie souple et fertile qui suffisait à tout*, what revelations might he not make, what new characters might he not draw, in which hypocrisy, perjury, fraud, and lying, cheating in commerce, on the Exchange, and at cards, and forswearing in public and private, might be charged not on *Parlements*, not on *talons rouges*, not on the *vieille Cour*, but on a new generation of politicians and *maîtres fripons*, who have nearly all the vices, little of the grace and talent, and less of the gaiety of the race that witnessed the first representations of *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*. It would then be found that the sins of outworn monarchies may be committed with aggravation, and in a new fashion, in a new empire.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS.

THANK God, we have the prospect of peace: and, thank God, the English people have shown that there is no exigency in which they will not be found prepared to do their duty. When a nation less brave or less principled might have begun to show signs of wavering, or might have retreated in despair, Great Britain has only begun to grasp her weapons, and to look at her resources. Never have we been so prepared for war as at the moment in which we have listened to terms of peace. Our enemies abroad, and our traducers among ourselves, have reaped as they have sown.

But we shall still have enemies. Great Britain is not a power to be loved by despot or by anarchist. Our policy must be to desire peace, to seek peace, but to be ever prepared for war. Let Great Britain be known to *fear* a conflict, come whence it may, and in that hour her empire will have passed from her, and calamity incalculable will come on one-sixth of the human race. She has no worse enemy than the man who would counsel her to think lightly of her honour.

The cloud in the West will, we trust, pass away. But the signs there are not good. Where explosive materials accumulate, the danger is often as great to friends as to foes. If the States be wise, and if Great Britain be wise, the last thought to be welcome to them will be the thought of war between them. The hope of humanity would be hazarded in such a struggle.

In the contest which has now closed, the *British Quarterly* has never scrupled to utter what it believed to be the right word. But happy shall we now be to turn our thoughts into other channels, and to catch up many a thread which, for a season, we have been obliged to let drop.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

A Narrative of the Siege of Kars. By HUMPHRY SANDWITH, M.D., Chief of the Medical Staff. Murray.—The garrison and people of Kars have their place in history. Their skill, courage, and endurance entitle them to that honour. But nearly every other aspect of the catastrophe which has come upon that city should be felt as not only painful, but humiliating, by every Turk and every Englishman. Until the fall of Sebastopol the Crimean authorities, especially the French, were opposed to any considerable diversion of force in the direction of Armenia. This feeling caused delay, and contributed to render what was done at last feeble and ineffective. Every one who knew what the campaign in Asia had been in 1854, ought to have foreseen that what has happened in 1855 was sure to come to pass, unless new and special means were employed to prevent it. Concerning Selim Pasha, at the head of the force at Erzeroom, there can be but one opinion. The miscreant never meant to incur the hazard of attempting the relief of Kars, and his words—‘I am coming,’ as repeated from time to time, were only intended to stimulate the garrison, in the hope of their doing what he should have assisted them to do, without his aid. More was reasonably expected from Omer Pasha. His policy needs much explanation. At present he seems to have lost the reputation in Asia which he had gained on the Danube. We shall allow Dr. Sandwith to speak on this matter.

‘I am constantly asked the question—Could Kars have been relieved by Omer Pasha? My answer is, that to the best of my belief, it could. Had Omer Pasha landed at Trebizond, instead of making Soukum Kalé the base of his operations, he might have marched to Erzeroom through a friendly country, where the people and cattle of each village would have been at his service, and over a road which, being habitually traversed at all seasons by hosts of mules and muleteers, affords barley, corn, and other necessities for a marching army. The road is certainly difficult; but when Omer Pasha, after a monstrous delay, landed at Soukum Kalé, it was the best of all seasons for a march to Erzeroom.

‘The road, ascending higher and higher, becomes healthier at every step. The weather was dry and fine, the villagers had got in their harvest, and their oxen, carts, and corn were available without difficulty. Supposing the general wished to make a forced march, unencumbered by a heavy train of artillery, Erzeroom was teeming with artillery, ammunition, and military stores, sent all too late for the army of Kars. There were thousands of ox-carts and baggage horses awaiting him at an idle and abundant season, when the crops had been harvested, and men and oxen were resting from their labours.

'In Erzerroom there are spacious khans, mosques, and other buildings, admirably adapted for barracks and hospitals—in short, everything desirable as a base of operations; and the road from thence to Kars lies across a succession of broad, dry and healthy plains, through a corn-growing country, with streams of pure water at each step. It is more than probable that Omer Pasha, knowing the capacity of his subordinate officers, was in nowise anxious to meet a large and well-appointed Russian army in the field. The result would have been, to say the least, doubtful; supposing Mouravieff had offered battle. The Turkish soldiers, as we have seen, can fight splendidly, but, like other troops, they must be well handled; nor, whatever may be the talents of the generalissimo, can I conceive it possible, officered as they are, that they would meet a Russian army on anything like equal terms. Still it is giving Mouravieff credit for too much temerity to suppose he would have offered battle with a beaten army to a fresh body of well-appointed troops, and with a fortress in his rear containing men who, after one glorious success, were burning with martial ardour, and crying to be again led on; nor, in the event of any aid appearing, would they have cried in vain. The same general and the same officers who had led them to victory on the 29th, were no less eager than themselves to march with them to victory or death.

'The sudden move of Omer Pasha to Soukum Kalé was unaccountable. He seemed to have purposely put all the rivers and ravines of the country between himself and his enemy—a clever movement for a retreating army, but inexplicable under his circumstances. Mouravieff smiled as he remarked to us that Omer Pasha had gone to Soukum Kalé to relieve us.'—pp. 343-345.

The route by Trebizond and Erzerroom is that which Lord Clarendon urged should be taken by the army designed to relieve Kars. But his lordship afterwards consented to the adoption of the other course. The attempt, however, to act in favour of the besieged city from the Georgia side was beset, as Lord Clarendon had feared it would be, by enormous difficulties. Want of supplies, famine, disease, and other causes did their work in the army sent thither; and the brave General Williams had to call on Selim Pasha on one side, and on Omer Pasha on the other, for assistance, but for any practical result both were to him to the last as men who heard not.

But Lord Redcliffe—what of him? We have been disposed to think highly of the services of his lordship, and have defended him often against his accusers. But our feeling in relation to him as regards this case is of another kind. The following passages from the published correspondence show what General Williams must have felt:—

'On the 6th of December, 1854, Colonel Williams has to complain in another quarter. To Lord Redcliffe he writes:

'Since I fulfilled the duties confided to me, as her Majesty's commissioner to the head-quarters of the army of Kars, I have had the honour of addressing to your Excellency fifty-four despatches. Each packet has been accompanied by a private letter containing details and suggestions, which, had they found place in my public communications, would have inconveniently lengthened those documents. On the 23rd of September, I was honoured by a private letter from your lordship, appealing to my 'spirit and humanity,' relative to the captivity of those unfortunate Russian ladies, who had then recently been seized and carried into the mountains by Sheik Schamyl, the Circassian chieftain. Since the above date, I have not been favoured with a line by your Excellency, even with an acknowledgment of the reception of my public or private communications. To one, who has served your lordship for so many years such an avowal on my part can only be recorded with feelings of deep disappointment and mortification—feelings which I have studiously endeavoured to conceal, even from my aide-de-camp and secretaries, because each successive post was anxiously looked for, in the hope of receiving answers from

your lordship on the pressing and important affairs connected with my mission to the head-quarters of the army of Kars. I need not trouble your lordship with a recapitulation of the contents of my various identic despatches; but as the Earl of Clarendon and General Lord Raglan will be furnished with a copy of this communication, I owe it to her Majesty's government and to myself to remind your lordship of communications public and private, especially addressed to you.'

The brave man concludes by saying, 'I shall fail to preserve the power that I have. I shall not succeed in shielding the troops from starvation unless my demands be complied it.' As far back as the 25th of January, 1855, he writes—'What could I not have done in the shape of reform, had even a note from Lord Stratford, and an order from the Seraisikir, reached by the return of the first Turkish post, which was then as regular in its arrival as that between London and Constantinople.' Now, it is true that Lord Redcliffe did submit the substance of the communications received from General Williams to the authorities at Constantinople; but still there is this silence, leaving such a man as General Williams surrounded, as Lord Clarendon justly says, 'by robbers and traitors,' to suppose himself utterly neglected. And what is Lord Redcliffe's defence? General Williams, it seems, took more upon him than he had warrant for—that is, so far as we can see, showed himself the man for the exigency in his dealing with the said 'robbers and traitors.' His lordship, moreover, it seems, feared that in writing he might be encouraging expectations that would not be realized. Good tender-hearted soul! General Williams is, we trust, the last British hero that will be left to lean upon a gentleman of such exquisite sensibilities!

A History of Rome from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. By HENRY LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; late Head Master of the Westminster School. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.—If, to produce a good history of Rome, nothing more were needed than that a man should give proof of being fairly familiar with the material, ancient and modern, relating to it; and that to this knowledge he should bring good sense and good intentions, then the history before us should be a good history. But the qualifications we have named do not embrace the higher requisite for success in this field. The man who would really call up the heroisms of those old Roman times, must not be a man cooled down and governed by the conventionalisms of our own. It would be strange if any man, known as the head of a grammar-school, or as Dean of Christ Church, were found to be the man to deal with Roman history so as to realize this conception of it.

But in a narrative designed for the 'upper forms in schools,' perhaps the course which Dr. Liddell has taken is the best. The story is related in clear and simple language, and the reader is assisted in judging as to the measure of confidence that should be placed in the authorities on which it rests. The sceptical criticisms of Perizonius, Vico, Beaufort, and Niebuhr are all allowed their influence; but while, with Sir Cornwall Lewis, Dr. Liddell surrenders the accounts of wars and foreign transactions in Roman history before Pyrrhus as

uncertain, he makes a marked distinction in favour of the Civil History of Rome, even from the first ages of the Republic. There is in this portion of the history a consistency of progress, and a clearness, the fabrication of which, it is thought, would be more wonderful than its transmission in a half-traditional form. 'When tradition rests solely on memory,' says the Dean, 'it is fleeting and uncertain; but when it is connected with customs, laws, and institutions, such as those of which Rome was justly proud, and to which the ruling party clung with desperate tenacity, its evidence must doubtless be carefully sifted and duly estimated, but ought not altogether to be set aside.' So does our author attempt to draw the line between the legendary and the historical. By many readers the work will be accounted dull, but those who go to it mainly for information will not be disappointed.

Five Years in Damascus. By Rev. E. L. PORTER, A.M., F.R.S.L. 2 vols. Murray.—Such of our readers as wish to know what is to be known about the ancient and renowned city of Damascus—its history, topography, and antiquities; who wish to traverse the memorable plain in which that ancient city stands; or to make excursions in the direction of Palmyra, into Hauran, or into the country about Lebanon,—have only to avail themselves of Mr. Porter's guidance and their wish will be gratified. Mr. Porter's object in visiting those regions was philanthropic and religious; but he was intent on making himself acquainted with all matters of interest in those parts, and especially with such objects as bore any relation to biblical history. He describes, not only the Jordan, but Abana and Parphar, and has made some material contributions to our knowledge of the geography of those districts. The literary execution of the work, indeed, is not above the common level; but the information is carefully presented, and there is a fulness in it, as well as an accuracy, which could only be given to it by a man some time resident in the country he describes. Much of what is said about the Druses and the Arabs, about the bitterness of religious feuds, and the feebleness and corruption of the Government, has been said by others. But Mr. Porter sees with his own eyes, and has seen some things which others have not seen.

Minnesota and the Far West. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq. 8vo. Blackwood.—The chapters of this volume are divided into three parts: the first series relates to Canada; the second to the territory about Lake Superior; the last to Minnesota, lying westward from those waters. The work is full of information, both useful and interesting, touching all those regions. Mr. Oliphant takes his ears and eyes with him, and knows how to report what he has heard and seen. As an indication of what is going on in Canada, in 1849 that country did not possess more than fifty miles of railway; it now possesses more than 800, upon which ten millions sterling have been expended, and much more is contemplated. In 1830, the population of Toronto scarcely reached 3000; it now exceeds 45,000. The whole province has shared in this rate of progress. Within the last six years the population of Upper Canada has increased from 800,000 to 1,400,000. It is calcu-

lated that within ten years the whole of that vast tract of country, lying west of a line drawn due north from Toronto to Lake Huron, will be cleared. In 1847 there were only 62,881 acres of crown lands sold in Canada; in 1853 the returns were 256,059 acres. The imports in 1847 were hardly 3,000,000*l.*; they are now 7,000,000*l.* The exports, too, have more than doubled. In six years the revenue has risen from 300,000*l.* to 1,200,000*l.* The Red Indian, though reluctant to sell his lands to the white man, is induced to do so from time to time, and the race will ultimately become extinct.

The route into Minnesota, from the Canada side, is over a space of country where there is little probability of seeing the face of a white man. The first face of that complexion met with was that of a missionary, resident with the Chippeway Indians, settled at Mill Lacs, about seventy miles from Sandy Lake. In this northern part of Minnesota there are still about four thousand Indians resident, but the settlers from the States are advancing rapidly upon them, and in a short time will extend their settlements over the whole country. In return for the information which Mr. Oliphant and his companions obtained from the missionary, our author says:—

‘We gave the good man a history of our travels and future intentions, while the voyageurs were enlightening an attentive group of natives upon the same subject; not, however, with any result beyond that of mystifying them more than ever, as they could not conceive what other object but trade could induce four pale-faces to go through the hardships and fatigue of a bark canoe voyage to a village so far removed from the usual haunts of Americans. Very often during a whole year the only white man they saw was their missionary. The voyageurs did not lose so good an opportunity of magnifying their own importance by marvellous accounts of our proceedings;—they told them, instead of allowing ourselves to be conveyed along by our men like gentlemen, we never ceased paddling ourselves;—how we did nothing but sing, and laugh, and bathe, and make huge bonfires of fallen trees, and insist upon shooting impossible rapids, and upon always having our own way in everything, and otherwise comporting ourselves in a manner totally opposed to the habits of sober-minded Yankee traders under similar circumstances;—a description which served to elicit from their auditors a continued series of ejaculatory ‘*waughs*’ and ‘*ughs*,’ and which was regularly repeated to every individual, either red or white, whom we afterwards met. Indeed, the voyageurs used to treat us with a kind of condescending indulgence, as if we were wilful children who were not to be thwarted.’—p. 198.

Of this finely-watered country Mr. Oliphant says:—

‘It is not too much to predict that in a very few years the agricultural produce of the white man, from the fertile banks of St. Peter’s, and the thriving farms upon the Red River—lumber from the head waters of the father of rivers, and minerals from the shores of the mightiest of fresh-water seas—will be hurried through the woods and forests of Minnesota,—and the shriek of the engine scare away the startled water-fowl on distant lakes—or the plashing of paddles in streams, or savannahs deepened and connected by canals, considerably astonish the beavers. If the navigation of the Upper Mississippi were improved, and its rapids avoided by locks, it would only require a canal thirty-five miles long to connect the St. Louis below the falls with a stream running into Sandy Lake, and thus enable a steamer entering the mouth of the St. Lawrence to make its exit at New Orleans, and complete 4000 miles of internal fresh-water navigation through the finest country in ‘creation.’—p. 209.

Our travellers glide down the Mississippi to the town of St. Paul, a growth of the last five years, which now numbers four or five hotels

and at least half a dozen handsome churches, besides sundry lesser places of worship, and a population of some seven or eight thousand to supply them with congregations. Besides stores and shops, as well supplied as any in the Union, there is also 'an academy, of the highest grade, for young ladies;' and what is more, four daily, four weekly, and two bi-weekly newspapers. In 1850, the white settlers in Minnesota were little more than 6000; they are now 140,000. 'From its position,' says Mr. Oliphant, 'near the centre of the continent of North America, with excellent water carriage to the Gulf of Mexico in the St. Lawrence, a railway to the Pacific is only needed to render perfect a chain of communications which would advance the prosperity, not only of the territory from which it started, but of the whole Union, and of Canada' (259). Our author points out the course which the lines to realize this conception will probably take. Writing, apparently, of the state of things some eighteen months since, Mr. Oliphant says there were 'small sections' of people in the eastern cities of the Union who professed to sympathize with the Allies, but that except in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, he never heard a soul express sentiments that were not those of bitter disaffection to this country. 'Throughout the West public opinion seemed unanimous in its expression of an earnest desire to see the allied armies defeated in the Crimea' (276). A certain Colonel Brown, editor of one of the five newspapers published for the seven thousand inhabitants of St. Paul, expressed himself to Mr. Oliphant on this question after the following elegant and amiable fashion:—

'I conclude that I can about see as far into a millstone as the man that pecks it. Wal, you Britishers air 'cute—you go on the high moral ticket. You call annexation robbery and territorial aggression; but there aint a power in creation that's swallowed more of other people's country without choking than you have when nobody was looking perticler. And now you're a going to fight civilisation, by protecting the most barbarous power in Europe, and for liberty, by allying yourself with a French despot and a Mahometan tyrant; but chaw me, if liberty aint a long sight better off in the hands of that old 'possum, Nicholas, than such mealy-mouthed hypocrites. You understand stabbing great principles in the dark—you dô! Liberty's all bunkum with you. If it aint, what do you go cringing and scraping to all the despots in Europe for, when you could raise the hull continent in the cause of freedom if you had a mind to? Why don't you choke off your privileged classes, and sot your oppressed white niggers free, and give back the black niggers in the Indies the country you've robbed 'em of, instead of screeching at us, and coming over here with your long faces, and almighty jaw, and unremillin lies, about slavery and Cuba? There's no sin in creation your no-souled, canting, bellows-winded parliament wont commit, if they can make a darned cent by it. And if you were to take the Crimea, there'd be no holding you; civilisation and liberty, and all the rest of it, would be in danger over here then,—and the slaves in Cuba would have to be protected, and you'd be fighting against us to preserve the liberal institutions of Spain. But there's no fear of that. The Russians will whip you into ribbons when they get a chance. Why, they've got the sympathies of our country with them, and it's well known that every great question t'other side Jordon is settled by the public opinion here. You'll find out the mistake you made when we offered to mediate between the belgeant powers (the colonel never allowed a long word to stop him), and you took so long to consider upon it that it never came off at all. Now, you'll all go to the blazes together, and there aint a man in these diggins as won't be glad to hear that the old country has

a busted up, fighting for,—ha! ha! ha! boys, what do you think?—Liberty!’ and the colonel wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked like a man who felt he had distinguished himself.’—pp. 275, 276.

So elegantly and so kindly spoken are some of our sweet cousins! Leave them to their humour, Mr. Bull—only be sure and keep your powder dry.

The Life of Henry Fielding; with Notices of his Writings and his Contemporaries. By F. LAWRENCE. Arthur Hall.—There is no lack of light and shade in the life of Fielding; and his relation to his contemporaries opens a scene of great variety and richness to the literary artist. Mr. Lawrence’s volume contains a fuller collection of material than will be found in any one preceding writer, but we cannot reckon him as equal to his subject. He is more painstaking than gifted. His facts are interesting, the criticisms he cites are often excellent, but his own strictures are of no great value. Concerning our two greatest novelists, Fielding and Smollett, Walter Scott has said much in few words. ‘Both were born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined during their lives by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life and to literary labour,—and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they both retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution and an exhausted fortune. Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully; they both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they showed that their good humour was not wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.’—*Lives of the Novelists*.

The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph, sometime King of Spain. 2 vols. 8vo. John Murray.—These volumes contain the letters and orders of Napoleon to his brother Joseph from the year 1795 to 1814. They embrace, accordingly, an autobiography of the writer from the twenty-sixth year of his age to his fall. Everywhere we see the action of the same clear, prompt, and energetic intellect. Every page, almost every sentence, brings up the sight and sound of movement. The scene shifts with the greatest rapidity, but the same figure is still prominent. One mind seems as if made to give impulse and guidance to all other minds. But much as that mind seemed to differ from ordinary minds, it had its moods in common with minds of the usual mould. Hear our general of brigade at twenty-six:—‘As for me, little attached to life, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in the state of mind in which one is on the day before a battle, feeling that while death is always amongst us to put an end to all, anxiety is a folly—everything joins to make me defy fortune and fate:—in time I shall not get out of

'the way when a carriage comes. I sometimes wonder at my own state of mind. It is the result of what I have seen, and what I have risked. Good bye, my dear Joseph.' Three years later, with the glory of his achievements in Egypt about him, he thus writes, some suspicion of the fidelity of Josephine being then on his mind. 'I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me; feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge but pure selfishness. Adieu, my only friend. Love to your wife, and to Jerome.' But the return of our misanthrope to Paris was not, as history knows, a return to isolation. One letter written by him in 1806, touching on Prussian character and Russian policy, is so much in accordance with recent experiences that we must quote it:—

'I am here (Würzburg) since yesterday, which has enabled me to converse at some length with the duke. I have communicated to him my firm resolution, whatever be the result of the present discussions, to break off all alliance with Prussia. According to my last news from Berlin, we may not be at war, but *I will have no alliance with a power so changeable and so contemptible*. Of course I am ready to be at peace with her; I have no right to shed uselessly the blood of my subjects. I want a continental alliance to support my maritime projects. Circumstances led me to one with Prussia; but *she is now, as she was in 1740, and always has been, without constancy and without honour*. I esteemed the Emperor of Austria even in his calamities when events separated us; I believe him to be constant and true. Of the three powers, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, I want one for an ally. *Prussia can never be trusted*: there remain Russia and Austria. An Austrian alliance once enabled us to be strong at sea. Austria, like myself, wishes for quiet. An alliance based on the independence of Turkey, guaranteed by us, and with a mutual understanding, securing the peace of Europe, would enable me to turn my attention to my fleet. It would suit me. Austria has often hinted this to me—*Keep watch on Moldavia and Wallachia, and let me have early notice of any attempts by Russia on Turkey*.'—i. 214, 215.

Such is the material for history of which these volumes are full. With regard to the above extract, is it not strange that we should be always hearing so much about German learning and German genius, and at the same time see so much of German meanness and hollowness? If the people of Prussia be as their government, is this all their proud culture has done for them? And if they be not as their government, when will they learn to free themselves from such an odious misrepresentation?

A Constitutional History of Jersey. By Charles LE QUESNE, Jurat of the Royal Court, and Member of the States. 8vo. Longman.—This *Constitutional History of Jersey* should be a work of some interest to the student of the constitutional history of England. Since the Norman Conquest that island has been annexed to the English crown. But as known to us, its people, its laws, and its institutions have come from Normandy. While the spirit, and law, and customs of the Normans were all undergoing considerable modification in this country from the surviving power of the Saxons, the course of things in Jersey was left to perpetuate itself with less disturbance. There is much, accordingly, in the political and constitutional history of Jersey tending to show how far the laws and usages of Normandy before the

Conquest did or did not accord with those of our Saxon forefathers. Great revolutions have taken place in English history since the Norman Conquest, but the undulation of those changes has broken but feebly on the Channel Islands. There is a list extant of the names of the people resident in the different parishes of the island as far back as the year 1331. For the most part, the same names are still found in the same parishes. So that, according to the author of this volume, 'it is easy to ascertain to what parish a Jerseyman belongs, or from which he has come, from the name he bears.' This has resulted in great part from the old Norman law in relation to the descent of property in land. The eldest son, on the death of his father, has the house and a certain portion of the land for his share, and he usually purchases from his brothers and sisters the portions which they have inherited. Thus property in land remains in the same family for centuries; and there is an honest pride felt by the people in this circumstance, which induces them to keep their property together, and to transmit it to their children; while to sell the old patrimony would be generally accounted as something very disreputable. The effect of this state of things is seen in the practical and sober temperament of the people, fitting them to make the best use of their large political privileges. The institutions of the island are based on this feeling of independence and responsibility. They suppose its existence, and they tend to perpetuate it. We do not find the Anglo-Saxon tithing, and hundred, and court leet, and the like, in Jersey under those names; but institutions of a Norman origin so nearly resembling them are found there, as to corroborate the opinion, derived from other sources, concerning the comparatively little influence of the Anglo-Norman laws on those which had previously obtained in this country. In some important instances, as in trial by jury, it was left to the Norman to perfect what the Saxon had left imperfect. The Anglo-Saxon juror was simply a witness for or against the accused. He did not judge him—gave no verdict of guilty or not guilty. We cannot attempt an analysis of the volume before us; it must suffice to say that the author appears to be fully competent to the work he has undertaken. The book is the result of considerable research and care. The area of the island includes forty-five square miles; the population, according to the census of 1851, was 57,155.

A Lady's Second Voyage Round the World. By IDA PFEIFFER. 2 vols. fcap. Longman.—In the time of our grandfathers a man who had been 'round the world' was something of a curiosity; but what would they have said had they seen a 'lady' of such performance—a lady who had achieved the thing once and again? The world, indeed, would seem to have become wonderfully less within the last hundred years. What is more, the people who go round and round it so thickened upon the road, that half the world would seem to have little else to do. Common, however, as a trip of this sort may now be, Madame Pfeiffer is no ordinary person in this field. What she has done in her single-handed, self-reliant mood is very extraordinary, and scarcely less so the small cost at which she has managed to do

it. Her Dutch kindred, especially in India, were of good service to her, and in the United States her reception was very agreeable. But she does not appear to have found a very genial resting-place in England, and English people and English matters seem to have lost charm very much in her estimation in consequence. If the lady's account of what takes place on the other side of the world be not more uniformly accurate than her description of what happens within a moderate radius of St. Paul's, her narrative must be accepted with considerable deductions. Her mistakes, however, we are willing to believe, are not so much the result of prejudice as a necessary consequence of the restlessness which seems to be always prompting her to 'keep moving.' What she sees, she reports with ease and vivacity, as she sees it; but to say much of any people without living much among them, is to say many things which were better not said. The lady's route in this instance was from London to the Cape of Good Hope, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Ceram, the Moluccas, &c.; California, Panama, Peru, Escudador, and the United States.

Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. 2 vols. Parker and Son.—Miss Murray is classed, we should think, by her United States' friends, among the 'smart' ladies who sometimes perform the voyage from the Old World to the New. We know not what the lady's utterance may be, but we can answer for the rapidity with which she can use the pen. The sea, the land, people, places, customs, whites, blacks,—all are no sooner seen than described. There is, no doubt, great freshness in such a style of writing; how far it is likely to be very profound, or strictly accurate, is another matter. That Miss Murray is as she appears in these volumes, that she thinks and feels as she writes, we cannot doubt. It is her never-failing vivacity, and her manifest honesty, which makes her letters pleasant reading. One feature of the publication will be deemed especially noteworthy. Miss Murray, English-woman as she is, comes out as the settled and resolute antagonist of Mrs. Stowe. Miss Murray entered the States with some misgiving as to the truthfulness of the pictures usually given of American slavery. And she now becomes, if not a great admirer of that 'domestic institution' of her new friends, its zealous apologist on all occasions. It is true it has its evils and abuses. But of what may not that be said? If we will only look at home, we may find quite as much that needs mending. This is unusual talk to come from an intelligent, kind-hearted British lady. What has made the lady so susceptible of conversion on this subject we do not know, but a special cause for it we suspect there is, which some may have the means of knowing.

'It appears to me,' says Miss Murray, 'our benevolent intentions in England have taken a mistaken direction, and that we should bestow our compassion on the masters instead of on the slaves. The former by no means enjoy the incubus with which circumstances have loaded them, and would be only too happy if they could supersede this black labour by white: but as to the negroes, they are the merriest, most contented set of people I ever saw: of course there are exceptions, but I am inclined to suspect we have as much vice, and more suffering, than is caused here by the unfortunate institution of slavery: and I very much doubt if freedom will

ever make the black population, in the mass, anything more than a set of grown-up children. Even as to matters of purchase and sale, it is disliked by masters ; and I find compassion very much wasted on the objects of it.'—i. p. 302.

Such is the substance of Miss Murray's doctrine, given again and again, with various measures of expansion and illustration. It is in vain to say that the 'as much vice' and the 'more suffering' to be found among ourselves belong to the individuals, and not to our laws or institutions. The distinction is denied. Our Irish peasants, and our parents and children in factories and mines, are all, in the language of Miss Murray, *slaves*, for they are obliged to submit or starve ! (ii. 314.) With a lady so bent upon her object, it avails little to reason.

But if Miss Murray be not expert in reasoning, she has a faculty of observation, and there are some instructive and pleasant bits to be picked from her pages. Here is a good word for our kinsmen in the New World, after a fortnight's experience of their hospitality :—

'The Americans, who are a go-a-head people in all their concerns, appear to me to carry their hearts in their hands ; this is very pleasant to a stranger coming suddenly among them, and it is difficult for me to realise that it is only fourteen days to-morrow since I landed on these shores, so many homes and hearts upon it have already been open to me.'

Miss Murray speaks of the people of the northern states as a people of great beauty and refinement of features, but as of a fragile aspect somewhat painful to look upon. In the case of the ladies this is attributed more to the want of healthy tastes and exercises than to climate.

'I find American ladies are at this moment so little informed with regard to natural productions, and so unfitted for country pursuits, that their ignorance of these matters is at once the evidence and the cause of their lack of physical strength.'

On the difference between the Americans and ourselves our author says :—

'Our highest classes have more principle, elegance, and refinement ; the women more energy and activity, and the men more athletic amusements ; while our middle and lower classes are less highly educated, perhaps rather more narrow-minded, and physically work harder ; although in some respects I think the Americans wear themselves out sooner, particularly those occupied in manufactures or mercantile affairs.'

Cuba :—

'I have become acquainted with some pleasant intelligent Cuban families here, and their accounts make me feel it impossible not to wish that their fine island should be more free, misgoverned and pillaged as it is by its present masters ; and not being very far from the American shores, I wish America could purchase it : the case would be analogous to that policy of Mr. Pitt, by which the crown of England took possession of the little kingdom of Man.'

.. In Washington our fair traveller was introduced to the Mormon delegate :—

'A gentlemanly respectable looking old man with a bald head. I did not inquire if he had twelve wives ; but an amusing account has been given me with

regard to the domestic arrangements of that strange people. It seems that when the first wife wants help in the household, she petitions her husband to take another spouse—a good cook, or a dairy-woman, for instance, or a sempstress; as one wife is housekeeper, another has the cooking department, a third manages the nursery, and so forth.'

Thus an unnatural attempt at equality, says our author, has caused a return to the terrible evils of polygamy, the choice of being one wife with many being preferred to being a single wife, subject to everlasting annoyance from servants. Miss Murray has a passing notice of Mr. Attorney-General Cushing, whose meek and amiable temper has become somewhat conspicuous since.

'Mr. Cushing informed me without circumlocution, speaking of the European war, that the Turks being *effete*, and a sea-board being necessary for the Russians, it was perfectly right and proper that the latter should devour the former. If it be possible for republicans to be in the pay of despotism, I should imagine this gentleman must be one of the favoured emissaries of the Emperor Nicholas.'

Miss Murray has no good word for the Know-Nothings. But we are disposed to think it requires a greater political sagacity than has fallen to her lot to form a wise judgment on that matter. With the following passage, touching on the general aspect of political affairs in the United States, we must take our leave of these volumes—volumes, the interest of which is but very imperfectly indicated by the passages we have cited:—

'There seems a dearth of strong men in the Union—men capable of taking the lead, and sufficiently patriotic to sacrifice their own present personal interest to the public weal. I observe a *sad spirit of corruption and self-seeking among the younger men*; and I also see that *fear and doubt are shaking the spirits of the wiser and elder people*. No one seems even to guess what will come out of the fermenting process which the commonest observer must see at work. The lees have risen to the surface; whether they will sink again to the bottom of the political caldron, without poisoning the life-blood of this world-wide community, is the question seldom uttered, but deeply seated in the minds of honest and thoughtful persons.'

The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Macmillan.—This Christmas book did not reach us until too late to be noticed in our Christmas number. But as the tales related take us into north and south, into summer regions and winter, through fair weather and foul, so we doubt not they will be read by many a young soul with an enchainèd interest almost as strong as the links which bound Andromeda to her rock, in the summer bower as well as by the winter hearth. It is, indeed, a charming book, adapted in style and manner, as a man of genius only could have adapted it, to the believing, imaginative, susceptible spirit of youth. Perseus, the Argonauts, and Theseus are the 'heroes' of these tales. Telling these anew, in his own manner, and for the amusement and instruction of his own children, the gifted author concludes the volume with these fatherly words: 'So it is still, my children, and so it will be to the end. In these old Greeks, and in us also, all strength and virtue come from God. But if men grow 'proud and self-willed, and misuse God's fair gifts, He lets them go

'their own ways, and fall pitifully, that the glory may be His alone.
'God help us all, and give us wisdom and courage to do noble deeds!
'but God keep pride from us when we have done them, lest we fall,
'and come to shame!'

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. Griffin.—Those of our readers who are old enough to have been readers of the 'Buff and Blue,' thirty years since, will dip into these volumes with a kind of interest which younger men will scarcely understand. They take us back into the thick of the political struggle which extended with unabated force over the first quarter of the present century. Some of the sharper personalities of the hour are here a little softened, but the freedom and fire which remain are sufficient to remind us of a strife the oscillations of which were often watched with an almost breathless attention by the people of this great empire. As we read, we often feel that the estimate of character and of questions where politics are in any way concerned is oratorical rather than judicial, and we have to bear in mind that, to expect a severe impartiality in one who speaks only at the intervals between onset and onset, would be to expect unreasonably. The great substance of these volumes, however, impresses us as consisting of sound material for history. Large is the range of information they present, and powerful—often almost beyond rivalry from any living man—is the stream of condensed and impassioned thought which seems to bear everything before it. The culminating point in his lordship's career was on the passing of the Reform Bill. That event, if not a finality to Lord John, was a finality to Lord Henry. Since that day the course of this extraordinary person has been often wanting in consistency and magnanimity, and as often wanting in the same degree in power. But we have been willing, in reading some of these papers, to recall the antagonistic Henry Brougham as we once knew him, and to forget things which have place in his history as an ex-chancellor.

The articles here selected for republication are classed under the following heads: Rhetorical Articles; History and Historical Memoirs; Foreign Policy; Constitutional Questions; Political Economy and Finance; Criminal Law; Physical Science; Miscellaneous, Literary, and Historical. The portions of these compositions which will prove to be of the most permanent value, and will be read with the deepest interest, are those which relate to the public men who have become conspicuous in our affairs from the time of 'Walpole and his Contemporaries' to our own.

After Dark. By WILKIE COLLINS. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.—These two volumes consist of six separate stories, five of which have appeared in *Household Words*. They are here given as pictures with a new setting—as tales picked up by an artist, who, under a loss of sight, is supposed to dictate them to his wife as his amanuensis. The only time the good lady had at her disposal for this kind of labour was 'after dark,' which has suggested the general title under which the series is comprehended. This conception is skilfully ma-

naged; but it is not, we think, in itself a good one. The simple reprint of the tales, as such, would, in our judgment, have been in better taste, much as we have come to love that jewel of a body, the artist's wife. That so large a space should have been ceded to Mr. Collins in *Household Words*, is a sufficient proof that, in the estimation of Mr. Charles Dickens, he is an artist in such matters of considerable power. And such assuredly he is. Once get over the difficulty of supposing that stories so finished, and tender and spirit-stirring, have come from the lips of that almost disconsolate artist with the green shade over his eyes, in his narrow apartments at a farm-house, and all then is smooth sailing. As frequently happens in such narrations, we now and then feel that the incidents are somewhat unnatural, and people seem to become quicksighted, or the contrary, more according to the exigencies of the plot, than from more obvious causes. But the volumes abound with genuine touches of nature; and the 'after dark,' when such stories were told, must, we suspect, have been the most wakeful portion of the day on the wakeful side of bed-time.

Amberhill. By A. J. BARROWCLIFFE. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.—This novel is autobiographical in its form, and has a very faulty personage for its heroine. Such a conjunction is unusual, and demands skilful management. The author has ably surmounted the difficulties of his design. If the writer (as we suppose) be young, the unity of purpose and judicious self-control manifest throughout are the more remarkable. The subject abounds in temptations to morbid rhodomontade, to misplaced description, and to ill-timed moralising. Yet to no one of these temptations has he fallen a prey. The descriptions of natural scenery exhibit a true poetic feeling; they convey in a few touches the spirit of a landscape; they are dramatically coloured by the feelings of the speaker. The heroine possesses an active imagination and an uneasy conscience. Nature is, therefore, full of omens to her. When there is no principle to hold by, the restless spirit clutches at auguries. There is great depth and truthfulness in the exhibition of this trait. The purpose of the tale is goodly and healthful. It shows how much more serious are the mischiefs wrought by mere weakness than is commonly supposed. It shows how self can work even in seeming self-sacrifice, and how rapid and fatal the entanglement and deterioration of the moral nature when truth has once been sacrificed to blind affection or to present case. The action moves well forward, though the characters are comparatively few; and the interest is not only living, but urgent, to the very close. Real life authenticates, by many an example, a contrivance of the author's plot, by which it is shown in the sequel that the result for which a sin has been committed would have been realized without the sin, that seemed so necessary, had the guilty one listened to faith instead of fear. The tragedy would have been deepened, as it seems to us, had the vehicle of the moral—that pulpit Spagnoletto, Mr. Phillip—been drawn with colours less dark. The weakness of the father and the harshness of the moralist would have been more true to nature, and

would have developed more of pathos, had they been associated with a larger measure of some redeeming element.

Western Wanderings. . By W. H. KINGSTON. London, Chapman and Hall; Montreal, Benjamin Dawson. 1855.—This book is the result of a visit made to the continent by Mr. Kingston and his wife while they were on their wedding tour. His destination in the first place was Canada, after which he staid in the United States as time would allow. Mr. and Mrs. Kingston subscribed to two principles of which tourists in general would find the advantage: one was, not to bind themselves to proceed in any particular direction should they find it convenient to alter their tour; the other, not to allow themselves to be disquieted by any of the *contretemps* to which travellers in all lands are liable. Mr. Kingston left the Mersey on the 24th August, 1853, and, after visiting New York, he proceeded up the Hudson to Albany, thence by rail and coach to Lake George, through that 'lovely sheet of water,' as he calls it, and Lake Champlain to Plattsburg, and again by rail to Montreal. Mr. Kingston remained a considerable time in Canada, of which he gives a very favourable account. The hotels are excellent, and the progress, moral and material, of the country seems to be most rapid and satisfactory. As one among many instances of public works, we may mention the Welland Canal. It is about twenty-six miles in its entire length from Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, to Port Colborne, on Lake Erie. It has cost £1,299,000. Large as the sum which this has cost the colony, it has paid well. In 1849 no less than 265,324 tons of shipping passed through it up and down, an amount of tonnage since doubled.

No city in Canada has made greater progress than Hamilton. It was laid out in 1813, but for a long time made little progress. In 1845 it contained only 6000 inhabitants: in 1850 they had increased to 10,200; and incredible as it may seem, their numbers have since more than doubled, and they now amount to upwards of 22,000 persons, while within the past year 5000 at least will have been added.

Mr. Kingston's descriptions of Yankee life and hotels are smartly written. He goes at a more measured and stately pace through Canada, and seems to have toned his colouring somewhat down.

IN France, M. Ampère has recorded the results of his western travels in a couple of volumes, with a title which, among us, would be accounted affected—*A Promenade in America*. While taking his walk, M. Ampère has observed our transatlantic brethren with a keen though friendly eye. Uniting to scientific tastes, derived from his illustrious father, a lively imagination, he depicts the future of America in colours with which Brother Jonathan should be heartily satisfied. M. Ernest Hollander has translated into French the *Comedies of Moratin*,—that unfortunate satirist who took refuge in France from his angry countrymen, and died at Paris, about thirty years since. An ingenious essay has been put forth, by M. Camboulin, designed to show that the Greek drama is not in reality more fatalistic than that of other nations. We do not believe it possible to establish the posi-

tion. It may, however, be no difficult matter to show that the sphere of the Æschylean fate has been exaggerated by some critics. *La Hongrie, son Génie et sa Mission* (Hungary, her Genius and her Mission), by M. Ch. L. Chassin, is a history of the services rendered by Hungary to Europe, accompanied by a portrait of her great hero, John of Hungad. No generous mind will be disposed to judge with severity the enthusiasm which animates this record—the tribute of a young man to the memory of his unhappy country. M. Artaud's translation of Aristophanes appears in a fourth edition. The *Studies in Social Philosophy* (*Etudes sur la Société*), of M. Léon Delaporte, advocate the sacrifice of the individual freedom to social requisitions after a fashion which is, we fear, but too acceptable to the France of the present day. An eminent naturalist, Dr. Hercule Straus-Durckheim, has consecrated the results of some forty years of observation in a natural theology (*Théologie de la Nature*), showing that creation has not spoken vainly to him at least concerning a Creator. The student of French history and antiquities will derive valuable assistance from Dr. Cheruel's *Historical Dictionary of the Institutions, Manners, and Customs of France* (2 vols.) A volume by M. Heinrich on the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and the legend of the Sangreal, attests the interest of French scholars in the best literature of the middle age. The last volume issued of the *Works of Frederick the Great*—the twenty-seventh—contains the correspondence of the king with his favourite sister, the Margravine of Beyreuth, the publication of whose letters did so much to darken his memory. It may be true that the Margravine was somewhat spitefully disposed towards her brother during the period of those letters; but much evil must still remain, which it will not be easy to clear away. *Letters from the East* (*Lettres écrites d'Orient*) are written by a Protestant minister, Emilien Frossard, who was deputed to follow the French army to the Crimea, to meet the spiritual wants of his co-religionists there. Those who are curious concerning the mediæval drama will read with gratification M. Carnandet's careful edition of old William Flamang's *Mystery*,—representing the life and martyrdom of St. Didier, Bishop of Langres,—a famous spectacle in the fifteenth century. An interesting work by M. Salvado, a Benedictine, has been translated from the Italian into French by the Abbé Falcimaguez, entitled *Historic Recollections of Australia* (*Mémoires Historiques sur l'Australie*), giving a lively picture of life among the natives, with an appendix on the gold discovery. *A Coachful of Musks* is the quaint title chosen for some score of short tales by the brothers De Goncourt, already favourably known by their pictures of French society under the Directory and during the Revolution. *Caffa, and the Genoese Colonies of the Crimea*, by Sainte-Marie Mévil, will instruct our travellers eastward in the story of those lofty towers and crenelated walls, whose ruins strike the eye at Balaklava and at Galata. Alexander Dumas has professed to throw new light on the well-known figure of Madame du Deffand from unpublished memoirs. We do not hear of anything new resulting from such discovery, and the work is generally regarded, we believe, as based

on materials already known, with an addition of fiction very transparent, and certainly less clever than is commonly produced by the pen of that most fertile of romancers. M. Louis Enault gives us a new translation of Goethe's *Werther*, with a biographical and literary notice. Victor de Chalmbert's *History of the League under the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV.*, is a truly Romanist version of the doings of the house of Guise, and will be acceptable to those good Catholics who still look back with mingled admiration and regret to the sacred slaughter of St. Bartholomew. The *Spanish-American Echo* has published a *Selection from the Old Spanish Theatre* (*Collección selecta del Antiguo Teatro Español*), comprising well-chosen pieces from twenty of the most eminent dramatists of Spain. We say 'well-chosen,' because the selection has been made by Auguste Comte, whose competent acquaintance with Spanish literature we the more gladly allow, that we dispute his enormous pretensions in a higher province. A Swiss historian, M. L. Vulliemin, has written a *Life of William Penn*—a defence from a distance too remote to cope with the charges of Mr. Macaulay. The *Journal de la Comtesse de Sanzay*, by the well-known antiquarian, Comte Hector de la Ferrière-Percy, exhibits the interior of a castle in Normandy during the sixteenth century, and is full of interesting details concerning the furniture, the journeyings, and the household expenditure of the French nobility in those days. M. Zeller, Professor at Aix, has written a volume entitled *Episodes de l'Histoire d'Italie*, depicting in succession the Sicilian Vespers, Rienzi, the capture of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, and the career of Masaniello. A new and enlarged edition of his treatise *On the Dæmon of Socrates* has been put forth by M. Lélut—a work which created considerable sensation two-and-twenty years ago. It is an application of psychology to history,—an attempt to show that the Grecian sage, wise as he was, had a small screw loose on one point; that his notion of an inward voice or deity was, in fact, a monomania. It is easy to imagine the scandal which such a theory must have given to scholars and to Platonists. A manuscript, said to have been discovered in the library of the University of Turin, and edited by M. Luigi Chiala, contains some new and interesting details concerning the early life of Cardinal Mazarin. The account is professedly written by an intimate who shared in the amusements, the straits, and the adventures of the cardinal's youthful days. We grow suspicious of discoveries, as we hear how successfully Boeckh, Lepsius, and Dindorf have been duped by M. Simonides. But we are not aware of anything in the contents of the narrative edited by M. Chiala which has been regarded as invalidating its pretensions.

A R T.

The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture. By JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.S., B.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.—This is not the first publication we owe to the study and taste of Mr. Fergusson. Knowledge of large compass, and great judgment and skill in the selection and disposition of materials, were alike necessary to success in the work which our author has in this instance attempted. An 'Illustrated Handbook of Architecture,' beginning from the beginning, and coming down to our own time, must cover a wide field; and to do this satisfactorily, and still to keep in mind that the book is to be only a 'handbook,' must have been felt to be an undertaking of no ordinary difficulty. No doubt there are bookmakers to be found who would attempt an achievement of this sort, and a hundred beside still more difficult, without hesitancy, for a reasonable consideration. But men who have something to lose by promising more than they perform, have their scruples on such matters. In this case, the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee that the work before us is no hasty or ill-digested production. The service rendered by Mr. Fergusson should be the more appreciated from the fact, that good architectural works are generally costly, and often occupied with technical details of little interest except to the professional student of the art. The material for a history of architecture is now abundant. The great want felt, is that of an easy access to the few libraries rich in such publications. The present work is designed to be in some degree a remedy for this inconvenience. It is intended to supply a brief and popular account of all the principal buildings in the world, giving, within a comparatively small space, the information contained in the ponderous tomes composing an architectural library, and by generalizing all the styles known, and assigning to each its relative value, to enable the reader to acquire a more complete knowledge of the subject than has hitherto been attainable without deep study.

The classification of styles adopted is not strictly chronological. The whole are treated under two divisions—the non-Christian and the Christian styles. The first volume is occupied with the non-Christian, which embraces the Buddhist, the Jaina, the Hindu, the Chinese and American, the Asiatic and Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Sassanian, and the Saracenic. The second volume, forming the second division of the work, treats of the Christian styles. It begins with the Romanesque, and embraces the Lombard, the Rhenish, the Gothic, and the Byzantine. The illustrations, representing buildings, decorations, ground-plans, &c., are of course on a small scale. But they are nearly a thousand in number, and are all beautifully executed.

Handbook on the Arts of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, as applied to the Decoration of Furniture, Arms, Jewels, &c. Translated from the French of M. JULES LABARTE. With Notes and copious Illustrations. 8vo. Murray.—It is justly observed by the translator

of this volume that it is only of late years that archæologists have understood that art is exhibited, not only in architecture, statuary, and monumental painting, but also in ecclesiastical utensils, in arms, in jewels, in furniture, and even in objects of the most common use. In such products we may clearly trace the artistic talents of former times, and read the character of an epoch. It is of art as thus indicated that this volume treats. The work was originally written as an introduction to a descriptive catalogue of the Debruge-Dumelil Collection, of which M. Jules Labarte was in part the inheritor. It gives a complete history of the origin and development of the decorative arts during the Mediæval and Renaissance periods. In English, we have no separate work on this subject. What we know of it we are left to collect in fragments from many scattered sources. The reputation of this production in France is deservedly very high, and it is now made accessible to the English student, enriched with more than 200 beautiful illustrations.

There are a few pages at the close of the volume on Oriental Art; but European art, in the form above-mentioned, is the subject of the work; and the topics treated of are Sculpture, Painting, and Calligraphy, including Painting on Glass, Engraving, Enamels, Damascene Work, the Lapidary's Art, the Goldsmith's Art, the Ceramic Art (Art in Clay), Glass, the Locksmith's Art, Clockwork, Ecclesiastical and Domestic Furniture. On all these subjects the historian and the antiquary may here find information of the most trustworthy description. The following passage, in regard the art of *painting* on glass, as distinguished for the use of merely *stained* glass, may be taken as a sample of the learning of which the book is full:—

'It is certain that when, on the establishment of Christianity, the ancient basilicas were converted into Christian temples, the windows of these new churches were adorned with coloured glass. Emeric David, in support of this opinion,—which he entertains himself,—thus translates two verses of the description left to us by Prudentius, of the Basilica of San Paolo fuori le Muri, built by Constantine:—'In the round windows are displayed panes of glass of various colours; thus do the windows shine when decorated with the flowers of spring.'

If, in order to refer to a later time the use of coloured glass in churches, the fidelity of this translation has been disputed, and the *hyalo insigni varie* of Prudentius interpreted to mean mosaics, the writings of Gregory of Tours, says M. Labarte, leave no doubt of the existence of coloured windows in the sixth century. Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, his contemporary, extols, in several passages of his poems, the brilliancy of the coloured windows.

In these brilliant glasses of various colours there was yet no figure, no ornament painted on the glass; they were composed of a number of pieces variously coloured, each being throughout of a uniform tinge, and cut, and in different patterns, and arranged to form designs. These can only be considered as transparent mosaics.

In fact, there is a great difference between colouring glass and painting upon it. The coloured glasses are obtained by mixing metallic oxides with glass in a state of fusion, by which means a uniform colour

is given to the whole mass. This process produces what is called stained glass, which must not be confounded with painted glass. To obtain the latter, the artist makes use of a plate of translucent glass, either colourless or already tinted in the mass, and gives the design and colouring with vitrifiable colours upon one or both surfaces. These colours, true enamels, are the product of metallic oxides, which give the colouration, combined with vitreous compounds known by the name of fluxes. These fluxes serve as vehicles for the colours, and it is through their medium, assisted by the action of strong heat, that the colouring matters are fixed upon the plate of glass and incorporated with it. (pp. 66, 67.) Other reasons are assigned, and authorities cited by the author, to show that we have not warrant to attribute *painted* glass to an earlier period than the eleventh century. We have manuals on nearly all subjects in our time, but among books of this description, of the very first class, we must place this Handbook by M. Jules Labarte.

S C I E N C E.

The Wonders of Science; or, Young Humphry Davy, the Cornish Apothecary's Boy, who taught himself Natural Philosophy, and eventually became President of the Royal Society. By HENRY MAYHEW. London: David Bogue. 1856.—Mr. Mayhew has endeavoured to develop a taste for science in youthful minds by exhibiting Sir Humphry Davy under a semi-romantic aspect. Laying hold of him as a lad, whose passion for research had been intensely excited, he carries him through a succession of inquiries respecting heat, and flame, and light: these are all supposed to be conducted by the young philosopher in person, who thus gropes his way to results which, in reality, were either attained by himself in later life, or which were derived from the labours of other individuals exclusively. In fact, science is put under contribution without any regard to its strict chronology, in order to show how an ardent mind, like Davy's, might have elaborated some of its most surprising truths by a course of acute experiment and observation. Mr. Mayhew, therefore, makes use of a sort of literary licence, which enables him to shape his materials as may best suit the purposes of his book, without incurring the responsibility of committing anachronisms at every step. By virtue of this fictitious framework he secures many advantages. It entitles him to tell a story, which is a great thing when youthful ears are to be addressed. He can exhibit young Humphry as a kind of Chevalier Bayard in the fields of science, or rather, we should say, as a species of Robinson Crusoe, who lives in a desert region of philosophy, but contrives to accomplish the most surprising feats by his own solitary exertions. It warrants him also in excluding the 'flighty theories' which Davy entertained at the commencement of his scientific history, and in working him up into a perfect model for all exploratory lads. We can certainly see some danger in a scheme like this. Young people are both unable and unwilling

to separate fact from fiction; and, when larger knowledge compels people to do so, the reality is ever treated with injustice, because it appears tame when once stripped of its romance. Who does not turn a cold shoulder to the memory of Alexander Selkirk, and feel personally insulted by his intrusion into history? We all hate the fellow, and persist in treating him as a poor vulgar phantom with a meagre experience of desolate islands, whilst Robinson is cherished to the last as a good, hearty, substantial personage, who weighed at least nine or ten stone, if ever man did, and who is, for us at least, as valid an individual as Daniel De Foe himself. But Mr. Mayhew has gone to work with a conscience. He has adhered to Davy's own views, and expressed them in Davy's own language, wherever circumstances would permit. Sometimes, indeed, the sense of incongruity is strongly roused when we find a boy talking like a philosopher of seventy, and when extracts from the great chemist's publications issue from juvenile lips, where we should expect all the negligence of a simple soliloquy. But these are trifling abatements from the excellence of the book. Mr. Mayhew is a master of style. His language is often very poetical, and his scientific descriptions are frequently lit up by vivid flashes which make the dark places of science radiant with meaning. He exhibits a quick perception, too, of the beautiful contrivances which nature everywhere presents, and reads the great Poem of Creation with a glowing eye and a grateful heart. So far, therefore, as this book professes to teach certain elementary branches of science, we cannot imagine a more attractive production for youthful and inquiring minds. Not only are the principal facts relating to heat, and light, and flame brought forward without the dryness of a set treatise, but a splendid moral is continuously inculcated in the strivings and achievements of the young philosopher. There have been few purer students of physical nature than Davy. His burning ambition to be useful to society entitles him to lasting love. 'I have neither riches nor birth to recommend me,' said he, when a lad; 'yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and to my friends than if I had been born with these advantages.' And when, long afterwards, a friend hinted to him that, if he had secured his safety-lamp by a patent, he might have made 5000*l.* or 10,000*l.* a year by the invention, he replied, 'Riches could not give me either fame or happiness; they might, undoubtedly, enable me to put four horses to my carriage, but what would it avail me to have it said that Humphry Davy drives his carriage-and-four?'

Sermons in Stones ; or, Scripture confirmed by Geology. By DOMINICK M'CAUSLAND. London: Richard Bentley. 1856.—This book appears to have been suggested by Professor Baden Powell's treatise on the *Unity of Worlds*. It is intended to refute his conclusion that there is a 'palpable contradiction' between the story of Creation, as told by Moses, and that which is engraved on the rocks of the globe. Mr. M'Causland does not simply assume a *general* harmony and correspondence between the 'Two Records;' he does not merely advocate a substantial accord in the two schemes of development, but

he maintains that the sacred narrative is a literal epitome of the process of formation actually pursued, and that the most accomplished geologists could not add or subtract a single line without endangering its fidelity. The discrepancies that have troubled mankind have arisen, partly from a misinterpretation of the Mosaic language, and partly from erroneous views of geological facts. Now, as some of the ablest professors of the science do not feel themselves warranted in looking into the bowels of the earth for visible confirmation of *each* of the various acts of the creative drama, it will be seen that Mr. M'Causland has undertaken an arduous task. Hugh Miller, for example, in his lecture on the 'Two Records,' is content to show that plants, reptiles, and mammalia followed each other in the order described in the sacred text; but he does not attempt to elicit any information from the earth as to the proceedings of the first, second, and fourth days—the periods when light was created, when the firmament was stretched between the superior and inferior waters, and when the celestial bodies cast their first rays upon their brother orb. Mr. M'Causland comes in to supply these missing links, and to corroborate the biblical cosmogony by reading extracts, if we may so speak, from the volume of nature itself.

In the first place, the author turns rapidly over the pages of that pictured book, in order to point out the chief features of geology, and to show the actual progress of life from the Silurian zoophyte up to the latest planetary production. He next examines the statements of the Mosaic record, and afterwards proceeds to compare the teachings of the stone-book with those of the sacred text. This is done step by step. Interpreting the words translated 'without form and void,' as signifying 'invisible and unfurnished' (in conformity with the Septuagint version), he concludes that, as there are no traces of terrestrial vegetation during the Silurian age, the earth must have been wholly covered by the sea, and therefore 'void;' whilst, at the same time, it was enveloped in vapour, and consequently shrouded in 'darkness.' The moving of the Spirit of God upon the waters is supposed to apply to the first act of life-creation; and, in accordance with this view, geology demonstrates that certain Fucoids, Graptolites, and Lingulæ, being submarine productions, were the earliest specimens of organized things. These, it is contended, were destitute of all sense of sight, but other creatures followed in the Silurian rocks—Trilobites and Cephalopods, for example—which possessed unquestionable organs of vision. Therefore light must have been let in upon the world meanwhile—agreeing, in this respect, with the order of creation described by Moses. The second day's work, the production of the firmament, consisted in the formation of an elastic atmosphere; the waters above being the clouds; the waters beneath the sea. The existence of this atmosphere is inferred from the constitution of the Upper Silurian creatures. The appearance of dry land and vegetables on the third day is substantiated by the signs of convulsion and upheaving which present themselves at the close of the Silurian and the commencement of the Old Red-Sandstone eras, and by the actual development of terrestrial plants about

those periods. The work of the fourth day was the manifestation of the sun, moon, and stars. The correspondent geological era was the Carboniferous; and this, it is well known, was characterised by its profuse vegetation, as evidenced in the coal measures, and consequently indicates the prevalence of sun-power. The products of the fifth day—sea monsters, creeping things of aquatic habits, and winged creatures—are attested by the Ichthyosaurus, and other marine reptiles of the Permian and Oolitic systems; by the great land Saurians; and by the Pterodactyles, or winged lizard-like things. The sixth day was employed in the development of purely terrestrial creatures, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth; lastly, of man. Then rocks, too, serve to show that these followed in due order. In the chalk appears the Marsupial, the connecting link between the reptile and the mammal; but not till we reach the summit of the soil does man make his entrance into the earth. The author concludes with a chapter on the Inspiration of the Sacred Narrative. From the brief sketch thus given it will be seen that this work is entitled to an honourable place amongst the attempts which have been made to reconcile the apparent discrepancies of the two great records. It is highly ingenious, and, if not convincing, this uncertain result may be expected where so much must necessarily consist of pure speculation. We do not think that the several 'days' (using that word as expressive of eras or extended periods), can be read off on the dial-plate of geology with the absolute precision asserted; but we have been much pleased with the book, and with his clear and able handling of the subject, and can heartily commend the zeal which has impelled him to the task.

The Geological Staircase, containing the Steps of Rocks and Floors of Allurium, &c. By PROFESSOR DONALDSON. With 76 coloured Engravings, &c. London: James Cornish. 1855.—The title of this work excited our expectations—we scarcely know why. It seemed to promise some novelty of treatment, and we could well imagine that in the hands of an accomplished writer, the idea of dealing with the several rocks as the steps of a great staircase, and thus mounting from era to era, and glancing at nature from the successive terraces of creation, might be turned to pleasant and ingenious account; but we are sorry to say that the perusal of a few sentences were sufficient to dispel any favourable anticipations. The language at once betrays an unpractised craftsman, and a confused and undisciplined thinker. Nor can we eulogize the science of the volume. As the work has been freely advertized, and its title may possess a charm for others as it did for ourselves, we feel bound to inform our readers that they will find Mr. Donaldson's *Staircase* somewhat hard to climb, and that the prospect from the summit will not repay them for the toil of the ascent.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. By JOHN TIMBS. London: David Bogue. 1856.—Always a welcome little manual. The volume for 1856 is equal to any of its predecessors.

Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie; or, the Romance of Natural History. By W. C. WEBBER. London: Nelson and Sons. 1855.—The author's object, as expressed by himself, has been to give a life-

like interest to the study of natural history, such as cannot 'always be derived from the technical treatises of the mere naturalist.' And in truth there are few subjects which require open-air treatment so much as the habits and characteristics of the brute creation. What would a man know of flowers if he had never seen them but in a *hortus siccus*, and what of animals, if his only acquaintance with them had been obtained from the stuffed department of the British Museum, or from the captive quadrupeds at the Surrey Zoological Gardens? We cannot certainly say that we are partial to the mode of study adopted by the author—he appears to have learnt natural history by *hunting* in the woods and prairies of America. But if such a training is desultory, and destitute of everything like system, the knowledge acquired is unquestionably more vivid and truthful than the best treatises can convey. Hence Mr. Webber has been able to produce much interesting information respecting the creatures to whom his attention has been specially, and for them we may say painfully, devoted. The reader will find himself amongst bears, peccaries, foxes, buffaloes, panthers, lynxes, wolves, moose-deer, and other piquant quadrupeds; and the interest he will feel in these proceedings will not be lessened by the tales and adventures which are scattered through the book. Part of the work is occupied with an account of the celebrated naturalist, Audubon, with whom the writer had some intercourse. There have been few more striking instances of passion for a particular pursuit than this man's life exemplifies. 'In making his drawings of the 'golden eagle (says the writer) his incessant application through many hours of hurried labour, without rest, threw him into a violent fit of illness which nearly cost him his life. In many other instances he suffered greatly. He sometimes worked, while in Labrador, until the pencil absolutely dropped from his stiffened fingers, frozen in that bitter air; and in the South his exposure to the opposite extremes was quite as great.' Yet Audubon was quite unconscious that there was anything remarkable in his pictured reproductions of the birds of America, until Charles Lucien Bonaparte, on looking over his portfolio of drawings, burst out into an exclamation of astonishment—'Mr. Audubon, do you know that you are a great man—a very great man—the greatest ornithologist in the world!' We have read portions of Mr. Webber's book elsewhere, but as a lively and interesting peep at various animals in their native haunts, we are sure it will be acceptable to a numerous class who may prefer the lighter to the severer aspects of a subject.

Handbooks on Natural Philosophy. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. 2 vols. Walton.—One of these volumes treats of Heat, the other of Optics. The knowledge on these subjects is simplified with great felicity of method, and illustrated with numerous engravings, which serve nearly all the purposes of models. Nothing can be better adapted to facilitate the work of the educator than these publications.

Geological Facts; or, the Crust of the Earth. By the Rev. H. G. BARRETT. 12mo. Arthur Hall. This book, too, is a handbook, though it does not bear that title. The 'facts' it contains are well

distributed, and clearly presented. There is life in the book, and we know not another better adapted to awaken an interest in the science of geology in the young mind. Its design is to show what the crust of earth is, and what are its uses; and these questions are answered by one possessing competent knowledge, and whose imagination and heart are in his subject. The fascinations of this youngest of the sciences are widely felt; the marvel is, that there is any quarter in which they are not felt.

A Manual of Zoology. By M. MILNE-EDWARDS, Member of the 'Institut.' Translated by R. KNOX, M.D. Fcap. Renshaw.—The Council of Public Instruction of France have given their sanction to three works as Manuals in the department of Natural History. Botany and Geology have their separate manuals; the volume before us is the approved Manual on Zoology. The translation is in some degree an abridgment of the original work, but an abridgment affecting language only—not fact or opinion. The work is printed on good paper, in a clear type, and is illustrated by some five hundred first-class wood engravings. After a few preliminary pages, the two great divisions of the work follow; the first on the 'Conformation and Classification of Animals;' and the second on the 'History of the Principal Physiological Functions.' The work, in its original form, has passed through seven editions, and the substance of it has been used by literary contrabandists for the purposes of trade again and again. Natural History, treated on scientific principles, is of comparatively recent origin. Cuvier is the father of Geology. Carl Linné, Count de Buffon, Palliset, are all modern names; and with these scientific natural history may be said to begin. Some acquaintance with this subject is now coming to be recognised more and more as an important section in every scheme of liberal education. Of Dr. Knox's own style, as indicated in his Preface and Introduction, we cannot speak in the way of commendation. But in the work itself, which is strictly didactic, no inconvenience is felt from this cause.

THEOLOGY.

The Nature of the Atonement, in its Relations to Remission of Sins, and Eternal Life. By JOHN MCLEOD CAMPBELL. 8vo. Macmillan.—We have read this book with much interest. The question to which it relates is one of the gravest that can occupy the thought of man, and Mr. Campbell has approached the subject with the reverential and earnest spirit proper to it. We might find fault with the style, for it is wordy, much involved, and full of repetitions. But, on the whole, it is possible to see what the author means, and that is something, now-a-days, on such subjects.

Mr. Campbell's views concerning the nature of the atonement are explained as differing considerably from those of the Reformers, as set forth by Luther; and from those of the moderate Calvinist in our own time,

as set forth by Dr. Payne and Dr. Wardlaw. This difference, however, in either case, is not quite so great, we think, as the writer seems to suppose. In one respect Mr. Campbell's teaching on this subject is, in our view, both true and beautiful; but on more points than one, after tasting his new wine, we are constrained to say the old is better.

Mr. Campbell is concerned to present both the holiness and the sufferings of the Saviour in their relation to the Atonement, in such a light, that, while constituting the real means of our deliverance, they shall be seen as presenting that pattern of spiritual life to which all that believe are to be conformed. It is assumed throughout the volume that modern Christians do not look to the atonement sufficiently under this aspect. They are supposed to be inclined to look to it simply as a way of escape from the condemnation of law, and not as being in itself an embodiment of the spirit of all law. To believe in Christ to any good purpose, it is said, is to believe in him for eternal life, as much as for remission of sins. Now, for our part, we know not where the modern Christians are to be found who ever think of believing in Christ for anything less than this twofold result. One of the commonest truths recognised among us is that which regards the Saviour as being at once our Saviour and our example. But Mr. Campbell extends the obligation to conformity beyond this general ground. Without meaning to say that we are to make atonement for ourselves, he does mean to say that there was nothing in the atonement made by Christ which is not to exist anew in us. We are to be made conformable to his death in this sense. Christ's sinless life was his form of confessing the sinfulness of humanity, as represented in him; and his suffering was purely the effect of a holy nature being so conditioned as to see sin as God sees it, and to love humanity as God loves it. His sufferings were to perfect this feeling of brotherliness towards man, and this feeling of filial trust in God. By becoming all this in relation to God, he puts honour in the place of dishonour; and for his sake, as thus just, God justifies the ungodly, and bestows on them eternal life. Great pains are taken to explain a multitude of scriptures in harmony with this view. What Christ became in relation to sin and holiness in making atonement, we must all become if we are truly saved. It is so ordered, that faith in him for salvation shall include in its own nature a return of the soul to that state of loyalty towards God, and of right feeling towards men, from which we have departed. Such, we believe, is in substance the view of the atonement which Mr. Campbell is desirous of placing in a convincing light to the mind of his readers. For ourselves, we can say that it has long been our own view.

But Mr. Campbell does not halt at this point. He goes much further. From the doctrine thus explained he deduces inferences which, in our judgment, are unwarranted, unscriptural, and of injurious tendency. Such prominence is given in the argument to the relation of the Divine Being as a Father, as to leave small space to his relation as a King and a Moral Governor. It is said, indeed, in so many words, that the sufferings of Christ are not to be considered as being

in any sense penal—a punishment for sin. Perhaps the word punishment, in such a connexion, is not a fitting word. But when Mr. Campbell describes the sufferings of Christ as so great, and all as the consequence of his seeing the sins of men as men ought to have seen them, and of his mourning under the burden of them as men ought to have mourned, how is this to be explained except upon the principle which has made sin, and nothing but sin, to be penal? Supposing this suffering of the Holy One to come simply from the contemplation of the unholy, have we not here the *effect* of sin, and can we conceive of this effect of sin as other than *penal*? We may be assured the strong language of Scripture on this subject is not without a deep meaning. Had Paul been beset with the difficulty felt by Mr. Campbell and some others, on this subject, he would never have written his Epistle to the Romans. Mr. Campbell's view of the atonement does not require that he should take this ground, and there are scriptures, we think, which forbid his doing so.

Further, in his solicitude to exhibit the atonement as presenting to men, not a way of deliverance only, but eternal life, our author proceeds so far as to regret the distinction commonly made between justification and sanctification. But it is not the Protestant Reformer, nor the modern Calvinist, that has made this distinction—the sacred writers have made it—whom ‘he justifies them he *also* sanctifies.’ That sanctification and eternal life are linked with the atonement—comprehended in it, we all admit. But the distinct conception of the atonement as relating immediately, and in the first instance, to the way of pardon; and of Sanctification as a subsequent and progressive change—are forms of Protestant thinking which have produced fruits greatly more like those known to have been produced by apostolic teaching, than will be found to have resulted from the less distinct teaching on these points which have prevailed elsewhere. Let the distinction between justification and sanctification be softened down and discarded, as in the Church of Rome, and by some of our Anglican churchmen, and the result of this washy process will be what it has ever been—it will leave little room for any depth or earnestness of feeling, and it will furnish the priest with the instrument he covets, wherewith to work upon the conscience of his victim. In brief, the devout author of this able treatise has looked at the whole matter too much from the advanced point of his own religious thinking and feeling, and not enough in relation to minds otherwise attuned and conditioned, and to feelings much more incipient. ‘Men and brethren, be it known unto you, that through this man is preached unto you the *‘forgiveness* of sins, and that those who believe in him shall be *justified* ‘from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of ‘Moses.’ Here there is not only a distinctness given to the doctrine of forgiveness and justification, but the foremost place is assigned to the proclamation of those doctrines. In the preaching of St. Paul, this manner is still more observable. True, the apostles never meant to deliver a message of mere forgiveness, or mere justification, any more than the sinner coming to God through Christ ever thinks of

looking to him for those blessings only. To be saved must be to possess eternal life. But the first exigency of every penitent has respect to a forgiveness of the sins that are past: the apostles knew this, and they acquitted themselves accordingly. Grave, however, as are the errors connected with Mr. Campbell's theory, they are not so grave as some which are precluded by it, and they are in great part neutralized by the truth which that theory contains. We repeat—we have read the book with much interest, but, as will be seen, with only a limited approval.

The Gospel in Ezekiel, illustrated in a series of Discourses. By the REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. Black, Edinburgh.—These are just such sermons as we can imagine Rowland Hill to have preached, had his warm and devout heart been allied to a more potent imagination and a better disciplined intellect. In genialness, in a broad and deep sympathy with humanity, and in a certain noble carelessness of manner, the two men have much in common, in our eyes. There is something, too, in the elocution and gait of the Scotchman as a preacher which has reminded us of the veteran Englishman above named as he appeared to us in our early youth. Genuine products are these discourses, coming fresh and strong from the intellect, the imagination, and the heart, of the man whose name is on the title-page. The word 'illustrated' occurs in the said title-page; and the power of *illustration* is a grand power in the hands of Dr. Guthrie. What his eye sees his heart feels, and what his heart feels his imagination adorns—*illustrates*. This is the secret of his power both as preacher and a writer. He is no specimen of the hard Scotsman. On the contrary, his feeling and his imagination sometimes rush ahead of the powers that should lead, but they bound on so healthfully and so lovingly together, that it is a right pleasant thing to be of their company. To our friends south of the Scottish border who do not know Dr. Guthrie, we say, procure this volume and read it, and you will feel that you have made the acquaintance of a man whom it were worth while to go some distance to see. We do not mean to say that you will not feel, after a while, that you want something more than he gives you—a little more of the didactic, the instructive, the thorough in that way; but if you wish to know how new life may be given to old truths, and strong immediate impression produced by them, go and hear Dr. Guthrie.

The Difficulties of Belief, in connexion with the Creation and the Fall. By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, M.A. Macmillan.—This is a significant volume. Its author has his place with that section of the clergy of the Church of England who are most wedded to the old standards of theology. From the school of our Bickersteths, and Stowells, and McNeiles we expect piety and earnestness; but we have not been wont to look in that direction for largeness in biblical interpretation—for liberality in theological opinion. Mr. Birks, however, appears to have felt that the time has come in which something of this nature ought to be attempted by men of his class. The 'Difficulties of Belief,' with which the writer deals, are difficulties which arise out

of the theological doctrine avowed very generally from the pulpits of evangelical churchmen. The conflict is seen to be strong between the doctrines so pronounced and the moral consciousness of many intelligent and religiously disposed minds. It is easy, of course, to rebuke such minds, to denounce them as proud and carnal, and to account the matter as settled by citing some familiar, and it may be grossly misunderstood, texts. But Mr. Birks has come to think that such persons may not be wholly in the wrong, and that a more excellent way of dealing with them may be, to consider their objections candidly and freely, in the light of reason and Scripture. This he has done, and with a result highly creditable to his intelligence and piety.

The topics treated in this volume bear the following titles: On the Knowledge of God—the Power of God—the Nature of Evil—the Creation of Free Agents—Temptation in Free Agents—the Creation and Fall of Angels—the Creation and Fall of Man—the Permission of Satanic Temptation—Original Sin. These headings will suggest what some of the difficulties are which the author thinks he can somewhat abate, if not wholly remove. The style of the volume is easy and flowing, but it is much too diffuse and rhetorical, often wanting in the philosophical precision proper to such questions. On the whole, however, there is more carefully-digested thought in this book than in anything we have seen from the pen of the author. Some of the views which Mr. Birks seems to regard as novelties are really not new. But there is a good deal of original thinking in these chapters. We wish we could say that the difficulties grappled with are difficulties disposed of. But, from the nature of some of the discussions, it can hardly be expected that we should be prepared so to speak. Many current notions in regard to creation, the fall, and original sin, are shown to be as unscriptural as they are unreasonable. We would wish this book to be read and pondered by evangelical preachers of all denominations. It would tend to induce a more guarded and a more accurate style of expression concerning the mysteries of our faith. The mischiefs done by bold and indiscriminate utterances on such subjects are incalculable.

Sinai and Palestine, in connexion with their History. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A. Svo. Murray.—Mr. Stanley is a man of historic tastes, and he is fond of attempting to realize the facts of history by means of the localities with which they are associated. He sees more of Augustine and Becket in Canterbury than elsewhere; and so with Moses and the Wilderness, and with a greater than Moses and Palestine. Much has been written on the history and geography of the chosen people; but comparatively few attempts, says our author, have been made to illustrate the relation in which each stands to the other. Room is still left to point out how much or how little may be done by causing the Bible to speak as through the eyes of the country, or the country to be seen through the eyes of the Bible; in other words, to exhibit the effect of the Holy Land on the course of the Holy History. A preface of some twenty pages indicates the method in which this object is pursued; but the volume must be read

if the reader would see the extent to which this object has been kept in view. Of course, there is nothing really new in this idea. All Christian men who have visited the Holy Land have done so with some such purpose. But it is one thing to have the conception, and another to possess the sensibility and imagination necessary to realize it.

'A work of this kind,' says Mr. Stanley, 'in which the local description is severed from the history, must necessarily bear an incoherent and fragmentary aspect. It is the frame without the picture—the skeleton without the flesh—the stage without the drama. The materials of a knowledge of the East are worthily turned to their highest and most fitting use only when employed for a complete representation of the Sacred History, as drawn out in its full proportions from the condensed and scattered records of the Scriptures. Without in the least degree overloading the narrative with illustrations which do not belong to it, there is hardly any limit to the legitimate advantage derived by the historical and theological student from even such a transient glimpse of eastern life and scenery as that which forms the basis of the present volume.'—Preface, xxix.

After an introductory chapter on Egypt, the volume presents a series of chapters under the following headings: Peninsula of Sinai—Extracts from Journals—Palestine—Judea and Jerusalem—the Heights and the Passes of Benjamin—Ephraim—the Maritime Plain—the Jordan and the Dead Sea—Perea and the Trans-Jordan Tribes—Plain of Esdraelon—Galilee—the Lake of Meron and the Sources of the Jordan—Lebanon—Damascus—the Gospel History and Teaching—the Holy Places. On these localities, Mr. Stanley gives us the joint result of study and observation. The volume is a welcome contribution on a subject which can never cease to be interesting.

Rational Godliness, after the Mind of Christ, and the Written Voices of His Church. By ROWLAND WILLIAMS, B.D. 8vo. Deighton.—Mr. Rowland Williams, 'Fellow, and formerly Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Hebrew at Lampeter,' is not a common man. He has thoughts which are his own, and a way of uttering them which is his own. Neither his thinking nor his style are of the ready-made professional description. He is a man who takes a broad and penetrating look at things; and he has a somewhat homely, simple, and direct way of expressing himself, which has reminded us very pleasantly of some of our best writers in days gone by. But his 'rational' Godliness has too strong a tincture of Rationalism. In his views concerning both the authority and the doctrine of Scripture, there is much to which we cannot assent. In the last discourse preached before the academics of King's College, Cambridge, the doctrine taught is pure Barclayism. The inner light leaves small, very small, place to the outward;—the spirit is almost everything, the letter almost nothing. Does it never occur to gentlemen who take this ground to inquire, whether the fact that their inner light has thus *anticipated* the subject of revelation, may not be a strong presumption that the supposed objective truth in this case has been simply a creation of the subjective? If the supply be so really like the demand, how are we to know that the one has not produced the other? Given the certainty of the letter, we may rightly claim the

spirit as a precious heritage. Let the former break down, and the latter *may* be something more than a dream; but we can never *know* that it is. Mr. Williams has said many good things in this volume, but it is not one of his good deeds that he should thus aim to put asunder what God has joined together. If the Christ of his conception be anything more than a conception, to show that fact is beyond the province of metaphysics or psychology;—that piece of service belongs to history. The historical proof does not settle *everything*. We are not expected to rest on it *alone*. But it has a great, an essential work to do if our professed Christian godliness is indeed to be ‘rational.’ But the tutor of a theological college writing as Mr. Williams does, is one of the awkward signs of the times as regards the Church of England.

Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation. By JOSIAH CONDER. 12mo. Snow.—This neatly-printed volume includes the hymns written by the author at intervals during a lifetime, and some not before published. The bringing together, arranging, and completing this collection, was the last work of the estimable man whose name it bears. There are few Christians who would not be pleased with the thought of his own last work being one of such a complexion. The praise of earth approaches nearest to the worship of heaven. The arrangement of this collection presents, under their respective headings, Versions of the Psalms, Hymns of Praise and Adoration, Collects in Verse, Hymns or Passages of Scripture, and a selection of graceful verses by Mrs. Conder. Mr. Conder knew too well what was expected in such compositions by Evangelical Nonconformists, to indulge in any of those more subtle forms of thought and of expression on which poetry in other connexions so much depends for its reputation. In religious poetry which is to become popular, it is indispensable that the meaning should be very clear, and the language very simple. The great majority of popular hymns have little beyond the easy flow of their verse to recommend them, but they do a great work not the less on that account. From this ground we would warn off that whole class of poets who must often become obscure that they may be supposed to be profound. Mr. Conder’s labours were so much connected with periodical literature from early life, as to leave him small space for separate publication. More than one work of this description, creditable on many grounds to his ability, he published; but we suspect that Conder’s Hymns, like Watts’s Hymns, will do most to make its author known to devout minds in the next generation. His lightest work will live the longest. His more weighty labours were for the men of his own time, and they were so continuous as to have reached a large amount within the limits of a life of moderate extent. It is pleasant to see a Christian man bidding adieu to the controversies of his age, with which he had been largely mixed up, by uttering anew his *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*. On the morning of the 13th of January, 1841, Mr. Harris paid a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of the

deceased, in a discourse rich in the qualities of excellence which always distinguish the productions of his highly-cultured and gifted mind.

The Rivulet: A Contribution to Sacred Song. By THOMAS T. LYNCH. 12mo. Theobald.—Mr. Lynch has done a good work in publishing this 'Contribution to Sacred Song.' The Church greatly needs such aid as he has rendered. In these 'hymns' the distinctive facts or doctrines of Revelation are not so prominently nor so distinctly given forth as we feel assured they ought to be in hymns designed for public worship. But we see no reason to suppose that what some may account as the shortcomings of this volume in this respect are the result of any want of a sincere appreciation of those doctrines. Enough is said to forbid any distrust of that sort. There are minds which must not approach the mysteries of our faith too nearly, nor pry into them too curiously, but must see the glory abated, and the beauty softened by distance, and who must worship there. It is easy to say that this should not be, but who art thou that judgest another man's servant? We have our individualities from God; and out of such varieties come a greater fulness, and a richer harmony and beauty. If these hymns be not always hymns fit for the sanctuary, they are always fitted for the Christian heart and the Christian family. They are pervaded by the simplicity which should ever characterize such productions; and the feeling in them, if never boisterous, and somewhat wanting in force, is not the less sincere or the less deep because of the chastened subduedness with which the expression of it steals upon us. At the end of the volume a list of tunes is named appropriate to the hymns respectively. We commend these sacred songs very cordially to our readers.

A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation. By CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A. Macmillan.—This sequel to Mr. Hardwick's Manual on The History of the Church during the Middle Ages, brings the author upon ground where the authorities are more numerous and conflicting, and where the points to be dealt with involve much more of modern controversy. In this volume, as in the former, Mr. Hardwick has shown a most praiseworthy determination to avail himself of the best authorities, both of former and of recent times. But the events to be touched upon in this narrative are so many, and the questions which come up are so complex and weighty, that nothing beyond an outline, and for the most part a not very satisfactory outline, has been possible, even by means of the most skilful abridgment and compression. Bearing in mind that this is an account of the Reformation, contemplated from an English point of view, and by a member of the Church of England, it can hardly be said to be unreasonably partial. But had the author weighed the pregnant sayings of Lord Bacon on the Puritan controversy in his *Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England* (*Works*, by Montague, vol. vii. 28—60), he would have seen reason, we think, to modify some of his statements on that subject. Great,

however, is the abatement of prejudice in dealing with such topics on the part of churchmen, compared with what we can remember forty years since; and Mr. Hardwick has shared in this better influence. On the whole, we know not where to point to a single volume furnishing so much well-digested and well-authenticated information concerning the History of the Church during the Reformation.

The Doctrine and Difficulties of the Christian Faith, contemplated from the Standing Ground afforded by the Catholic Doctrine of the Being of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. HARVEY GOODWIN, M:A. Deighton. —This volume contains the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1855. In conformity with the will of the founder, the lectures treat of a branch of Christian evidence. It is one of the advantages attending this periodical discussion of a given topic, that it necessitates the exercise of some ingenuity on the part of the lecturers, that while they keep to their prescribed subject, they may do so without becoming mere repetitions of each other. All the parts of a theme have thus a fair probability of being ultimately discussed, and each part of being presented in its turn in new lights.

Mr. Goodwin, in dealing with *The Doctrines and Difficulties of the Christian Faith*, does not begin by showing that the Scriptures are truthful as history, that their miraculous facts are realities, and that their teachings in consequence come to us as a duly-attested revelation from God to our race. On the contrary, his 'standing-ground' in this argument is on the opposite side. Granted 'the Being of our Lord Jesus Christ,' the lecturer proceeds to show that in the fact of the Incarnation we have that which should prepare us for the great facts which follow, and which constitute the doctrines of the gospel. Supposing the divinity of our Lord, and that his history has been given with substantial truthfulness, it is argued that our conceptions of such a person and of such a history may well be expected to bring along with them results as great and transcendental as are those embraced in the doctrine of Atonement, as that doctrine is interpreted by sober Christian men. In like manner, the nature of our Lord being such, it was not to be supposed that he could be holden of death, but that he would rise again. Thus the miracle of the Incarnation prepares us for that further miracle, and, in fact, for all the other miracles of the sacred history. This conception of our Lord is further viewed in its relation to 'the character of God in the Old Testament,' and to his supposed 'dealings with the heathen world.' Inspiration, also, is taken up as seen from this ground:—

'It seems to me,' says Mr. Goodwin, 'to be practically much more important, to have found the right point from which to look at difficulties, than to be supplied with ingenious theories for getting over them; it is well to know that certain objections against the doctrines of the Faith have been answered, but it is still better to be in the habit of contemplating the doctrines from a point of view, from which the difficulties are not perceived, not felt to be difficulties. Herein consists, as I conceive, the true value of Butler's *Analogy*, as compared with books of evidence in general, that it supplies us with a method of dealing with a whole class of objections, all those, namely, which are analogous to objections capable of being raised against the ordinary course of nature; and the mind which has once gained

that point of view which forms the basis of Bishop Butler's works, is led to see that a great number of apparently plausible difficulties require only to be looked at steadily from that point, in order to be recognised as belonging to a class which ought not to torment the mind of a Christian, and which an opponent of the faith parades in vain.'—Preface.

There is justness in this representation. But it will be felt at once that the truth which the argument of Mr. Goodwin requires to be ceded is a great truth, the truth, indeed, which has been described as being in itself '*the mystery of godliness.*' The being of our Lord Jesus Christ in this view, once granted, the ideas of an atonement, a resurrection, miracles, inspiration, and of much beside, do follow as natural sequences, rather than as difficulties.

Mr. Goodwin objects, in common with Mr. Campbell, to some popular modes of statement and expression in relation to the atonement; but, like Mr. Campbell again, finds himself obliged to retain the ideas which those expressions are intended for the most part to convey. The idea of suffering as being '*vicarious,*' of righteousness as being '*imputed,*' is deemed inadmissible, while what is really intended by those expressions, in the case of not a few who use them, is, after all, confessed. If our divines are to be scared from the idea of substitution by the phrase '*legal fiction,*' it will become them to avoid even such expressions as '*through the merits of Christ,*' or '*for the sake of Christ;*' in short, to discard the idea of mediation altogether, accounting it, after Mr. Theodore Parker's manner, a low and servile thing for a man to think he may not go to his Maker without the help of an '*attorney.*' Mr. Goodwin's mode of dealing with the question of inspiration will be generally felt, we think, to be inconclusive and unsatisfactory. But the conception of his general argument is good, and in the working of it out we come here and there upon some interesting processes of thought.

Reformers before the Reformation. By Dr. C. ULLMANN. Vol. II. Clark.—This volume and its precursor, will open to many an English student a comparatively novel field in ecclesiastical history. We have heard much of the reformers who *belong* to the Reformation, comparatively little of those who were *before* it, and who did so much to prepare the way for it. Who among us, for example, knows much of '*The Brethren of the Common Lot and the German Mystics?*' Let Ullmann's Third book, which opens this volume, be read, and the philosopher and the theologian may find that there is much to be known concerning the said '*brethren*' and the said '*mystics*' which is really worth knowing. Who among us, again, knows much of '*The Life of John Wessel?*' Let the fourth book in this history be read, and it will be seen that a man of potency in his day, and of potency after death, once bore that name. We are sad sycophants all. Servile worshippers of success. Were it not so, the men who were first in the breach would not be so commonly forgotten in our worship of men who would, perhaps, hardly have entered it at all, apart from such leadership. We have long done homage to the reformers of the times of the Reformation; have we no homage to render to the men who were the fathers

of those times ? The translation of this admirable history is one of the many good works for which we are indebted to the public spirit of the Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh. Their Foreign Theological Library is a most valuable accession to our literature.

Charges to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes. By JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A. 8vo. Macmillan.—The *Charges* in this volume are three in number, delivered in 1843, 1845, and 1846. They are now published for the first time. The first is on 'The Wants of the Church,' the second on 'Romanizing Fallacies,' the third on 'The Romanizing Tendencies of the Age.' The first, and nearly the whole of the second, have been revised by the author for the press, the third is printed as it was delivered. The ten or more years which have intervened since their delivery have considerably changed the circumstances and the position of the parties to which they refer ; but these discourses possess both a theological and a historical value, and they are pervaded by that fine blending of courtesy and firmness so conspicuous in everything which came from the pen of the lamented author. Not the least interesting portion of this volume is the 'Introduction' by the Editor, explanatory of the Archdeacon's 'position in the church with reference to the parties which divide it.' It sets forth the phases of his time, ecclesiastical and social, with fidelity, and furnishes ample proof of the conscientiousness and courage with which he acquitted himself on the side of evangelical truth, according to his own judgment of it. There is a passage in a letter given in this introduction from one of Hare's old pupils at Cambridge, which, for several reasons, we feel disposed to cite.

'Hare, I believe, had his vocation. He must have been prepared for it by some special discipline, which we who profited by it may not be exactly able to understand.

'We have a hard enough battle, but I have sometimes thought that theirs must have been in many respects harder, whose boyhood was passed in the stirring years between Trafalgar and Waterloo ; and who in their manhood, when they might have expected to see the fruits of the seeds which had been sown by Spanish and German wars of independence, found themselves amidst the flatness and foppery which lasted to the end of the reign of George IV. Then, when it was bitterness even to think of foreign politics ; when domestic politics were absorbed in the one question, whether a few Roman Catholic gentlemen should or should not be allowed to add their quota to parliamentary loquacity and electoral corruption ; then, when the spiritual movement of Methodism had subsided, and seemed to have left behind it only a cumbrous religious machinery ; then, when so genial a writer as Sir Walter Scott, so free from the affectations of his own time, so full of sympathy with past times, could only maintain his ascendancy over his contemporaries on the condition that he never affronted them with a single type of heroical excellence ; then, when so acute and charitable an observer as Miss Austen, scarcely introduced into her exquisite sketches one being, lay or clerical, male or female, who had ever breathed, even in dreams, any air purer and freer than that of a pump room ; in such a time there must have been an unspeakable sinking of heart, and a terrible questioning whether all which has been told in other times of a good that the senses could not judge of, and that gold would not buy, did not belong wholly to those days. The Bible surely might have satisfied that demand ; but how possible is it for a mercantile age to find in the Bible nothing but the indorsement of certain accommodation bills that it has drawn, the worth of which rests not on a real faith, but on an imaginary credit ! I have spoken as John Bulls and clergymen are wont to speak of the German literature and philosophy, in

which Hare is supposed to have taken a great interest; have spoken of them, I mean, with much fear and little knowledge. But if that literature and philosophy were instrumental in sustaining him against the influences of English society, if they prevented him from becoming the slave, or which is the same thing, the leader, in some one of its circles, he may have owed it to them that he did not lose his fervent love for the thoughts and language of Shakespeare, Hooker, and Milton; that the Old and New Testament became dearer and dearer to him every year that he lived.'—p. 9.

Truly society needs men who will not become its slave, and who for that reason have no wish to become leaders—men who, in their settled fear of God and love of man, deliver their independent message, and feel that in that they do the work given them to do. Of all the slaves of party, the men at the head of parties are commonly the greatest.

The New Testament Quotations collated with the Scriptures of the Old Testament. By HENRY GOUGH. 8vo. Walton and Maberly.—Mr. Gough has had precursors in this field, but the volume before us is more complete upon its subject than any that has preceded it. The quotations given include those from the Old Testament and the Septuagint; and the real or supposed quotations from the Apocrypha, and from Talmudic and classical writings. Those from the Old Testament are given in the original Hebrew, without points; those in the version of the LXX. from the Vatican text; and those in the Greek of the New Testament are from the *textus receptus*. Various readings are added, so far as they tend to the reconciliation or illustration of the several copies. The original Hebrew, and the Greek of the New Testament, are accompanied by the authorized version; and the version of the LXX. by an original translation, as nearly conformable to our English version as a close rendering would permit. There is also an appendix of notes, or apparent discrepancies and difficulties. Mr. Gough has executed his task with ability and judgment, and rendered a welcome assistance to the biblical student.

An Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures. Edited by JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D. 8vo. Griffin and Co.—This is a volume of nearly eight hundred pages, printed in three volumes of small but clear type. It consists simply of Scripture references, printed under classified heads. Thus, under the letter A, we have Agriculture, Animals, Architecture, Army, and Arms; and under each of these heads, we have what the Scriptures contain on these several subjects; and so on to the end of the alphabet. Professor Eadie states honestly that the idea of such a work is not his own; but he assures us, and we can readily believe him, that to carry out the idea as he has here done has cost him considerable time and labour. The idea of such a work is beset with so many difficulties, that only an approach towards perfection in relation to it can be realized. It must suffice to say that, in these busy days, Dr. Eadie has done a good service to the preacher, and to persons engaged in any way in biblical instruction, by the preparation of this volume for the press.

The Hebrew Text of the Old and New Testaments revised from Critical Sources, being an attempt to present a Purer and a more Cor-

rect Text than the received one of Van Der Hooght. By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. 8vo. Bagster and Sons.—The author of this volume says, at the close of his introduction, that ‘he is thoroughly convinced ‘of the necessity that exists for the procurement of a better text than ‘that of Van Der Hooght, or any of his corrected reprints, and would ‘gladly see the task taken up in all its extent by a competent scholar. ‘In the mean time, his own work may help to satisfy a pressing want. ‘It is far from being perfect or complete. Such as it is, however, he ‘is willing to send it forth into the world, knowing that persons aware ‘of the difficulties inherent in the task will feel grateful for what he ‘has done.’ The volume possesses all the claims on the attention of the biblical student indicated in the above passage, and something more.

The Influence of Christianity on International Law. The Hulsean Prize Essay in the University of Cambridge for 1855. By C. M. KENNEDY, B.A. Macmillan.—We cannot say that this essay has realized our expectation. Mr. Kennedy has read for his subject, and has brought together many interesting facts; but, with a good deal of division and subdivision, there is still a great want of clearness and vigour in his treatment of the topic. It is nowhere compressed and gathered up so as to enable us readily to see what has been aimed at and accomplished. The information which the essay, according to its title, should give you, comes upon you in scattered dribbles, and when you have reached the end you feel that you need go back again to ascertain what these small and different contributions amount to when taken together. The volume, indeed, will not be uninteresting to those with whom the subject is new; but there are other readers who will feel that the subject requires power of greater compass than Mr. Kennedy has brought to it. Mr. Leone Levi’s treatise on *The Law of Nature and Nations as affected by the Divine Law*, noticed in our last number, is a more helpful book to those who need help on this subject, though we are ourselves far from concurring with all that is to be found in that volume. We may add that information not to be obtained from either of these works may be found in *Two Introductory Lectures on the Science of International Law*, just published by Dr. Travers Twiss (Longman). Within the limits of sixty pages Professor Twiss has given the results of much reading and study.

The Truth of the Evangelical History of our Lord Jesus Christ Proved, in Opposition to Dr. D. F. Strauss. By WILLIAM GILLESPIE. 8vo. Black.—Mr. Gillespie has brought a large amount of material together, but he has not managed it well. First, we have a section of text; on this text we have notes, and on these notes come notes again. The three sets of type meet us in nearly every page. The substance needs to be good which a man is expected to seek through layer after layer in this fashion. We must confess that we find it all but impossible to read books so written. Good ore, however, there is in this mine, though not without some alloy. All we can say is, that such of our readers as are disposed to go to the ‘diggings’ in this quarter need not labour altogether in vain.

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical. By the REV. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A. 8vo. Second Series. Edited by JAMES AMISAUX JEREMIE, D.D. Macmillan.—We welcome this second volume of discourses from the pen of the late Professor Butler. Bearing in mind that these sermons have not had the advantage of revision for the press, and are ‘a faithful transcript of the original manuscript,’ they furnish an extraordinary proof of genius. It is not a little refreshing to find so much of the doctrine of the apostolic age blended with a philosophy so well adapted to demonstrate its reasonableness and worth to the thoughtful of our own time.

The Principles of Ethics, according to the New Testament. 12mo. Macmillan.—This is a muddled and unsatisfactory performance. It can do the author no credit.

Sermons for the Times. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Parker and Son.—These sermons bear the impress of Mr. Kingsley’s genius; but they betray certain weaknesses allied with that genius more strongly than anything he has written. The contempt of the Rector of Eversley for the merely conventional is often indicated in his selection of topics for the pulpit, and always in his popular, idiomatic, and racy mode of treating them. His boldness, his novelty of thinking, and still more, his novelty of manner, so little in keeping with the ordinary clerical type, have, no doubt, exposed him to suspicion, and it may be, to hard words, in some quarters. But in this volume, with something of the wilfulness characteristic of him, he appears to have determined to make it clear, that, with all his contempt for men who merely float with the stream, he is really a sounder and a more thoroughgoing churchman than the great majority of those who make a mighty boast of their churchmanship.

If there be any document among what our Scotch neighbours would call the ‘standards’ of the Church of England, to which churchmen themselves have taken more exception than to any other, that document is the Church Catechism. But it so happens that it is in this Catechism, and in some of the most exceptionable expressions contained in it, that Mr. Kingsley finds the evidence of great wisdom and piety—virtues enough, in fact, to regenerate this most degenerate nation, if the nation could only be brought to heed them. What Mr. Kingsley finds in the Church Catechism, as he thinks, is, for the most part, very good. But it is not there. It comes from his own head and heart, and its being linked with that formula is the work of his own errant fancy and imagination. *Without* such an expositor, we all know what a dark letter that formula is found to be; and *with* him, its uses are wholly superseded. But Mr. Kingsley is not disposed to look at the matter in this light. Deploring the want of the dutiful between parents and children in our days, the preacher says:—

‘So it is too often now-a-days, and so it will be until people condescend to learn over again that simple old Church Catechism, which they were taught when they were little, and to read it to their children, not only with their lips, but in their lives.

‘The Church Catechism,’ some here will say to themselves, with a smile, ‘that is but a paltry medicine for so great a disease—a pitiful ending, forsooth, to such a severe sermon as this, to recommend just the Church Catechism!’ Let those laugh who win, my friends. If you think you can bring up your children to be blessings to you—if you think you can live so as to be blessings to your children, without the Church Catechism, you can try. I think that you will fail. More and more, year by year, I find that those who try do fail.’—p. 13.

But this is not all; in a sermon on *The Strength of England*, Mr. Kingsley says:—

‘And if any one ask me why God has so blessed and preserved this land, I can only answer, and I am not ashamed or afraid to answer—I believe it is on account of the Church of England; it is because God has put his name here in a peculiar way, as he did among the Jews of old, and that he is jealous for this Church, and for the special knowledge of his Gospel and his law, which he has given us in our Prayer Book and in our Church Catechism, lighting therein a candle in England which I believe will never be put out. It is not merely that we are a Protestant country—great blessing as that is—it is, I believe, that there is something in the Church of England which there is not in Protestant countries abroad, unless, perhaps, Sweden; for every one of these (except Sweden and ourselves) have suffered from time to time, invading armies, and the unspeakable horrors of war.’—p. 225.

Sweden has, in common with England, an episcopal establishment, and so transcendent it would seem is the piety which prompts a nation to subordinate priests to prelates, that every such people may expect to be saved thereby from invasion and the horrors of war! That such a man should put material of this sort upon paper and send it to the world in type is a curious business. The Puritans, the Nonconformists, the Dissenters, the Methodists,—all have made themselves felt in succession as a religious power in this country; and without them the Church of England could hardly have been saved from Romanism, in the time of Laud, or from an empty rationalism or a dry orthodoxy, a century later; but no one of these, not all of them together, count as anything in this estimate of England’s piety, past or present, compared with the one virtue of her possessing an endowed episcopacy. When God places England in the scales, and determines her worth, the object which attracts his attention and approval beyond all things else is the bench of bishops. Mr. Kingsley can hardly mean this—but if not, why does he say it? That the Church of England has had a great work to do in relation to the intelligence and religion of this country, every candid Nonconformist will at once admit. But that a work has been achieved, upon the whole quite as good in its quality, and hardly less in quantity, by agencies not of that church, is to the Nonconformist a fact as little doubtful. Do your own work, Mr. Kingsley, and God bless you in the doing of it; but be sure of this, there are heads as clear as yours, and hearts as stout, and hands as strong, which find their work to do in this broad England of ours; and it would be only graceful in you, we think, were you to bid them God speed in their labours, in place of seeming to reckon their work as no work, because they do not happen to have been fortunate enough to find baronial prelates in the New Testament.

. *The History of the Christian Church during the First Three Centu-*

ries. By the Rev. J. J. BLUNT, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. Murray.—This is a posthumous publication, but written in great part with a view to the press. The style is lucid and agreeable, and we find in the volume—as in everything from the same pen—a good deal of acute observation. But for such a subject it is a thin performance. By the side of the late Bishop Kay's works in the same field, and Dr. Burton on the early heresies—to say nothing of the series of German works on the early Church, now happily familiar to us in our own language—it is very unsatisfactory. One special attraction, indeed, this volume may possess. It is thoroughly episcopalian. Of the bias of the author in this respect the reader may judge from the fact that he pleads most earnestly for the authenticity and genuineness of *all* the epistles attributed to Ignatius.

On Acquaintance with God: Twelve Lectures. By JOHN HOWARD HINTON, M.A. Fcap. Houlston.—The conception of this course of lectures is good, and the execution is good. The style is clear and simple; the matter is presented with discrimination and caution, and the spirit of the book is deeply reverential. All this is as it should be. The following are titles of the discourses:—Acquaintance with God—the Importance and Sources of it; God an Infinite Spirit; God a necessary Being; God a Social Unity (the Trinity); God an Intelligent Being; God an Emotional Being; God a Voluntary Being; God an Active Being; God in Council; God in Consummation; God not perceived by the Senses; God manifest Hereafter. On all these subjects this modest volume is adapted to render very material service to the thoughtful Christian.

The Christian Sacraments Explained and Defended. By JAMES STACEY. London: Methodist New Connexion Book Room.—The genesis of this book is supplied by the author in his preface. It has expanded from the outline first contemplated into a goodly volume of 400 pages, and we are thankful for the casualty which rescued the valuable material it contains from the comparatively subordinate uses originally designed, and has caused it to assume the dignity of an independent treatise. The primary purpose of the book is expository; and whatever of controversy appears in it, holds a strictly secondary position. Controversy of course there is, and must be, in any endeavour to expound the nature and define the application of the sacraments; and Mr. Stacey does not shrink from a clear avowal of his own opinions, so far as he regards them as based upon the Word of God. In his third and fourth chapters, which treat upon the subjects and modes of baptism, he occupies an adverse position to that of the Baptists; but he conducts his argument in a manner which cannot fail to win the respect and affection of his opponents. It would be the height of folly to expect that he has supplied any light sufficiently strong to settle this hoary controversy. Centuries of hot and angry, and on both sides learned, debate, have failed to weaken the convictions with which Baptist and Pædobaptist cling to their respective tenets; and we cannot imagine whence the evidence is to come which shall constrain them into one mind. There are conflicts which evidence

can never terminate, and which must melt away in the ardour of a common Christian charity, and this is one of them. The light of logic has failed long enough. We have never taken sides on this discussion in these pages, nor have we any intention of so doing. The work before us, as we have intimated, touches upon it only as being a part of its general subject, and, taken as a whole, is not without interest for those who care little for the sacramental controversy, since its pages are not infrequently filled with incidental expositions and illustrations of Christian truth and duty, which are remarkable for their beauty and power.

The Benefit of Christ's Death. By PALEARIO. Deighton and Co.—The above is the title of a small treatise which made its appearance in Italy a little before the middle of the sixteenth century. It was published anonymously. But so popular did it become with pious Romanists, that in Venice alone several thousand copies were sold annually. It soon passed into various languages, and it became scarcely less popular with Lutherans on the one side of the Alps, than it had been with Catholics on the other. Produced apparently by a Romanist author, and being restricted to an inculcation of its own truth, without any attack on the Romish church, it was allowed to pass into this wide circulation, notwithstanding its strictly Protestant ideas in relation to the way of forgiveness and salvation. But the jealousy of the Inquisition was at length directed towards it. The utmost effort was made to destroy it. Such, too, was the apparent success of this effort, that of the myriads of copies printed in Italy not a single copy, it was supposed, had escaped the flames. Ranke says, 'the book entirely disappeared, it is no longer to be found;' and Macaulay, in his positive style, says, 'The Inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone; they proscribed it, and it is now as hopelessly lost as the second decade of Livy.' It turns out, however, that the work is not lost. Copies of it, in translations in English and French, exist; and two copies are extant in the original Italian, one in the Imperial Library of Vienna, the other in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. The present publication is an exact reprint from the latter copy, and with it the versions in French and English are also printed. The English version, it should be added, is a translation from the French, and made in 1648. In the sixteenth century the book was one of the commonest in Europe; a century later it was one of the most rare.

The work is attributed, on good authority, to Antonio Paleario, of whom the following account is given in the preface to this volume:—

* Antonio dalla Paglia was born in or about the year 1500, at Felori, in the Campagna di Roma, and, after studying under eminent masters with great success, passed several years in Rome. He then removed (in or about 1534) to Sienna, where he was made public teacher of Greek and Latin, and lecturer on philosophy and belles lettres. His letters (of which he published four books, and to which accessions have been since made) show that he was on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished men of his day. Among his correspondents were Cardinal Bembo, Pietro Vittorio, Cardinal Sadoleti, Cardinal Maffei, and the Latin Pindar, Benedetto Lampridio. He was also the friend of M. A. Flaminio, to whom he was peculiarly attached; of Bernardino Ochino, and of Cardinal Pole. His poem on

the *Immortality of the Soul*, in which he imitates the style of Lucretius, is termed by G. J. Vossius a divine and immortal composition; and his rhetorical exercise, *In L. Musænam*, which affects to be delivered in opposition to Cicero, as well as other orations, which were written in sober seriousness, and his Epistles, '*Adeo feliciter exprimunt Ciceronem tum quâ dictionem, tum quâ numeros*,' that Morhoff doubts if any one is his superior in Latinity. Being driven from Sienna in consequence of his freely-expressed attachment to the reformed doctrines, he was invited to Lucca by the Senate, where he was elected to the office of Public Orator, a post of greater honour than emolument. This seems to have been in 1546. After remaining at Lucca about ten years, he accepted a more lucrative appointment at Milan, and became Professor of Elocution. Being persecuted in this city, he meditated flight to another, and was on the point of removing, in 1566, to Bologna. But when Pius V. ascended the papal chair, Paleario, and many others, became the victims of his intolerance. He was removed to Rome under the custody of Frate Angelo di Cremona, the inquisitor, and after an imprisonment of more than three years was suspended on a gibbet, on the 3rd of July, 1570, and afterwards committed to the flames. 'When we take into account,' says M'Crie, 'his talents, his zeal, the utility of his writings, and the sufferings he endured, Paleario must be viewed as one of the greatest ornaments of the reformed cause in Italy.'

We are indebted for this publication to Mr. Churchill Babington, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge; and great praise is due to him for the taste and care with which he has executed his task.

Sermons. By the late REV. F. W. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.—Accident prevented us from calling the attention of our readers to the first of these volumes, when it made its appearance some twelve months since. Mr. Robertson was the incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; and ended his brief career in his Master's service a little more than two years since. These discourses have not had the advantage of revision from his pen, or they might have taken their place beside some of the best sermons in our language. As it is, they are full of thought and beauty, and admirable illustrations of the care with which a gifted and disciplined mind can make the obscure transparent—the difficult plain. Mr. Robertson never attempts to *do* the simple. He knows how to couple simplicity with dignity—how to be so explicit that the feeblest shall apprehend his meaning, and yet so graceful that the strongest shall be sensible to his power and goodness. There is not a sermon in the series that does not furnish evidence of originality without extravagance, of discrimination without tediousness, and of piety without cant or conventionalism.

Independency in Warwickshire. By JOHN SIBREE and M. CASTON. Coventry: G. and F. King. London: Ward and Co. 1855.—This volume belongs to an interesting and important department of literature; which, though not requiring for its successful treatment any extraordinary amount of mental power, or of literary attainment, yet imperatively demands a high degree of wisdom, and the most rigid impartiality. If the historian has to relate matters affecting himself and his contemporaries, it is plain, that to these rare qualities must be added an unusual measure of self-oblivious, delicate, and generous feeling. We are extremely sorry to say, that, in our judgment, *Independency in Warwickshire* is so defective in these respects, as well as in its literary character, as to extort from us the verdict that it is badly executed and by no means thoroughly trustworthy. When we have said that it exhibits some painstaking in research, and contains

a good many interesting facts, we believe we have well-nigh exhausted its meed of praise, so far at least as the greater portion of it is concerned. As a literary performance its position is a very humble one. But the most serious charge we have to bring against the book is, that it abounds in representations so defective, as to assume the character of misrepresentations and omissions, which could not be mere oversights, utterly unjustifiable in a professedly historical work. The combined influence of these faults necessarily is to deprive the book of all authority. We could adduce many instances in proof of the statement we here make, and make with much regret.

AMONGST the most recent appearances in Germany, belonging to the department of theology, is one which has been long and anxiously expected, and which we hail with great satisfaction, not untinged, however, with a certain shade of melancholy. We allude to the new critical edition by Professors Duncker and Schneiderwin (the latter now, alas! no more), of the invaluable Patristic treatise, first discovered on a dunghill, within the precincts of one of the monasteries on Mount Athos, in 1842, and blunderingly ascribed to Origen, in the *Editio Princeps*, which issued from the Oxford University Press in 1851. This same academical press, by-the-by, has, we believe, just had the luck to print the forgeries of the rascally Greek, Simonides; although four copies only had escaped beyond recall before the detection of the imposture. It will be seen from the superscription that the Georgia Augusta has repaired, in the new edition of the *Refutatio Omnium Hæresium*, the wrong done by her learned sister on the banks of the Isis, and has restored the book to its rightful owner. The title-page now runs:—*S. Hippolyti, Episcopi et Martyris, Refutatio Omnium Hæresium, Librorum decemquæ supersunt. Recensuerunt Latine verterunt notas adiecerunt LUD. DUNCKER, Theol. Dr. et F. G. SCHNEIDERWIN, Phil. Dr. Professores Gottingenses. Fascicul. I. continens Libros I. IV. V. Gottingæ, sumptibus Dieterichianis. 1856. Londini: Williams and Norgate.*—The lamented death of Professor Schneiderwin, although an irreparable loss to classical philology, will not, the publishers assure us, prevent the completion of the publication before the close of the year, since his MS. was left nearly ready for the press, and will forthwith be put into the hands of a competent philologist, to be associated with the surviving editor. Professor Umbreit, of Heidelberg, who is favourably known as joint editor with Dr. Ullmann of that erudite periodical, the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, and, as the author of learned and valuable commentaries on many books of the Old Testament (Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Canticles, The Prophets, Psalms, &c.), has just presented us with a strikingly original exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, ‘as read with eyes fresh from the study of God’s former revelation.’ (*Der Brief an die Römer, auf dem Grunde des Alten Testaments. Ausgelegt von Dr. F. W. C. UMBREIT. Gotha: Perthes, 1856. London: Williams and Norgate.*)

The work, which is of no great extent, not running to more than

360 pages, is distributed into two parts, the former of which (pp.1-150) is a compressed commentary, whilst the latter is reserved for a copious body of additional notes and illustrations, drawn almost exclusively from the Old Testament, and now and then swelling to the dimensions of pretty lengthy *excursus*. These annotations, from the pen of one who has so thoroughly studied the Jewish Scriptures during a long and laborious lifetime (Dr. Umbreit is now sixty), and that, as all competent judges must admit, to very good purpose, are always interesting, and often throw considerable and unexpected light upon the apostle's text. Dr. Umbreit studied in the school of Eichhorn; and, therefore, we can hardly be surprised to find him still clinging to some of the superstitions of the exploded rationalism of the era; such, for example, as the spuriousness of Daniel, and of the so-called second part of Isaiah (chaps. xl.—lxvi.). But, upon the whole, the spirit of this and of other works of the same accomplished Orientalist and biblical scholar is anything but rationalistic. His profound science is baptized with the Christian element, and we venture to say, that this his latest production is one which will greatly add to his already considerable renown. Dr. Umbreit here appears in a new character, but in one which is organically connected with all his previous pursuits. We are glad to see him thus, in his latter years, devoting his boundless treasures of Old Testament lore to the elucidation of the New, and especially to that portion of the Christian revelation which stands most in need of this sort of illustration. The Epistle to the Romans is acknowledged on all hands to be, at the same time, the most important and the most difficult of all St. Paul's writings. One principal source of the obscurity which hangs about it is to be found in the fact, that it moves to an extent, of which even careful readers have for the most part no conception, within the circle of Old Testament ideas. It was the theocratic consciousness in which the apostle and his Jewish forefathers had been trained during fifteen centuries which lay at the basis of all that the apostle taught and wrote; and it is from this point of view that his grand doctrinal system, which is nothing but that consciousness, transfigured under the impulses of the Holy Spirit into a universal religion, may best be understood. This is the stand-point which Dr. Umbreit has endeavoured to reach; and we think he has in some measure succeeded. No earnest student of the Epistle must neglect this important commentary.—Pastor Kähler's *Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians*, in 25 discourses (*Auslegung der Epistel Pauli an die Philipper*. In 25 predigten. Von C. N. Kähler, Pastor in Brügge, bei Kiel. Kiel: Swers'sche Buchhandlung. 1855. London: Williams and Norgate), is a work which makes no pretensions to erudition, but is not without its value on other grounds. These discourses are simple, earnest, thoroughly evangelical, and are drawn from the consecutive portions of the text to which they respectively belong. In fact, we have here a homiletical commentary upon the most affectionate and tender of St. Paul's letters, by a Christian pastor, who has quite caught the great apostle's spirit.

Note referred to at p. 437.

As the proof-sheets of this article are leaving our hands, Stahl's *Anti-Bunsen* (*Wider Bunsen von Stahl*. Herz; Berlin. 1856. Post 8vo. pp. 157) reaches us, and we hastily run our eyes over its pages. It consists of five chapters, headed respectively, 1, Freedom; 2, Christianity; 3, Toleration; 4, The Church; 5, The Union. At first sight we should have been almost disposed to think that Bunsen might really claim him as a convert. Bunsen had quoted (*Signs of the Times*, ii. 93, 94) the celebrated fourteenth thesis of the quaker Barclay's *Apology*, which runs thus:—'Since God hath assumed to himself the power and dominion of the conscience, who alone can rightly instruct and govern it, therefore it is not lawful for any, whosoever, by virtue of any authority or principality they bear in the government of this world, to force the consciences of others; and therefore all killing, banishing, fining, imprisoning, and other such things, which are inflicted upon men for the alone exercise of their conscience, or difference in worship or opinion, proceedeth from the spirit of Cain, the murderer, and is contrary to the truth; providing always, that no man, under the pretence of conscience, prejudice his neighbour in his life or estate, or do anything destructive to, or inconsistent with, human society; in which case the law is for the transgressor, and justice is to be administered upon all, without respect of persons.' This noble thesis, which is surely large enough for the Religious Liberation Society itself, Stahl declares himself perfectly willing to subscribe. 'I subscribe every word of it,' he says (p. 85). But, alas! we soon find that the convert is not to be depended on. Stahl has evidently imbibed the principles of *Tract XC.*, as well as those of the rest of the series, and signs Barclay's thesis in a non-natural sense. He has still a hankering after the forbidden thing. A few Baptists, Uhlichites, and other small game he could dispose of without scruple, his edifying repetition of the orthodox creed notwithstanding. For after putting his hand to the quaker apologist's thesis, he subscribes also the resolutions of the Eisenach conference of last June. This conference consists of ecclesiastical delegates from all the Protestant governments of Germany, and at its last annual meeting it unanimously adopted, at the instance, we are sorry to be informed by Stahl, of Professor Nitzsch of Berlin, a number of 'General Principles concerning the Treatment of the Sects,' which are anything but creditable to their authors. We can only stay to quote the first of them, with the remark, *ex uno disce omnes*. It runs as follows:—'It is perilous to the State to guarantee on principle the liberty to form sects, nor can such a liberty be regulated according to the analogy of the right to form free political associations and assemblies. On the contrary, the only wise plan is, to make permission, toleration, or acknowledgment depend upon a previous scrutiny of the religious principles which any religious community of separatists from an existing church own to as theirs, and for the maintenance of which they answer.' There is plenty more in Stahl's rejoinder which shows that, although he is somewhat ashamed of his former escapade, yet he is by no means a sincere penitent, and must not be suffered to come down from the stool and doff the white sheet as yet. On the other hand, we are bound to say, that in his chapter on 'Christianity,' in which he takes Bunsen severely to task for the Gnostic element pervading some of his works, and especially his *Hippolytus*, he has the best of the argument, and often contrives to impale his antagonist on very awkward dilemmas.

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